

RADIO MIRROR

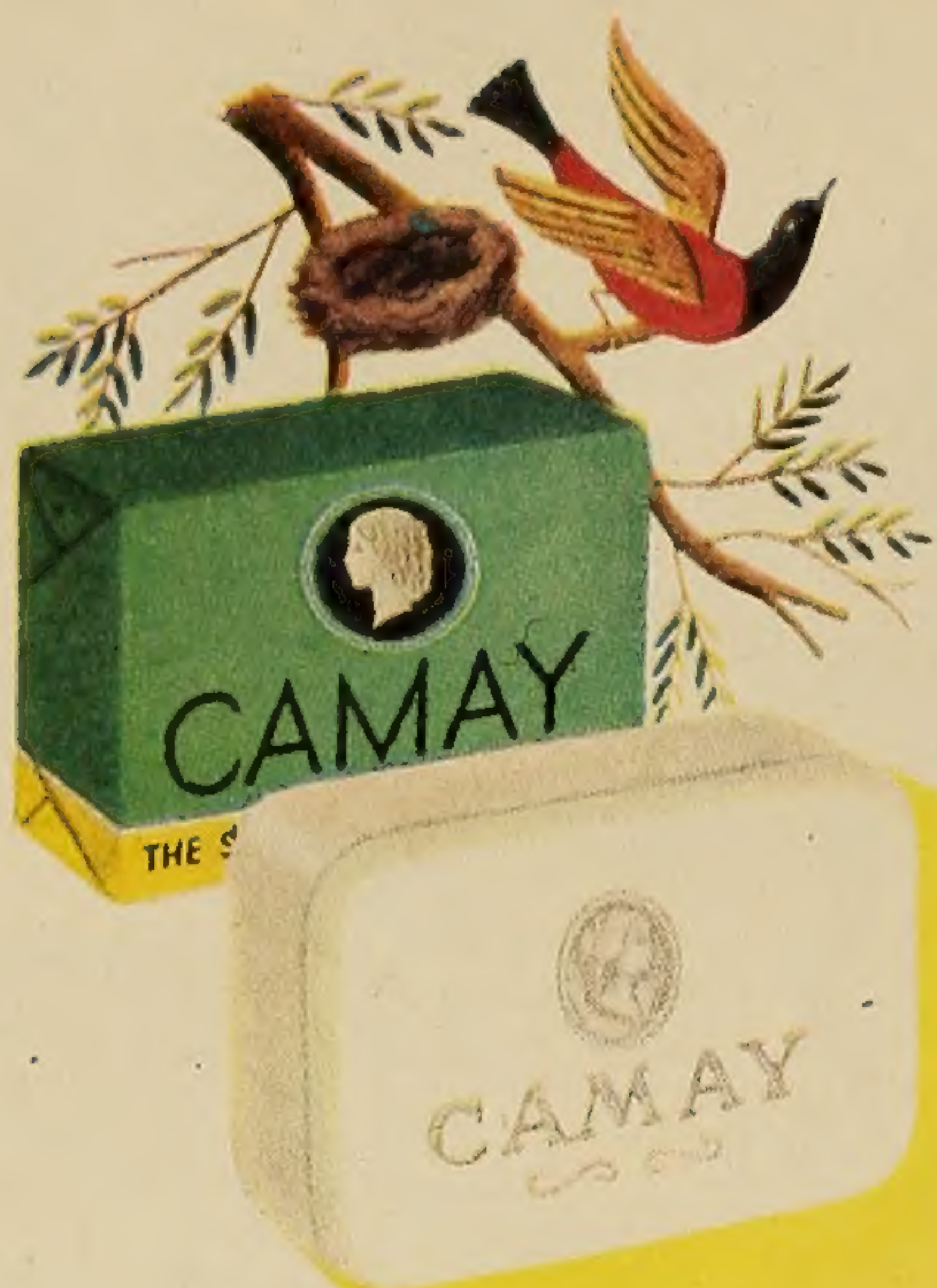
September

25¢



E ADAMS

A New Young Doctor Malone Story



MRS. GERROLD WESTON HART
the former Shirley Humphreys of New York
Bridal portrait painted by *Samoff*

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE HART STORY:

Romance began when Gerrold came to tea at the Humphreys' family apartment in New York. No wonder — Shirley's complexion is really something to see!



After a June wedding the Harts honeymooned in Oklahoma where they saw the famous Indian dances, and Shirley's "little-girl" loveliness nearly stole the show. P.S. Shirley promises to stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!



Just One Cake of Camay brings your Skin a Lovelier Look!

Compliments come to you when your complexion's right. And you can possess a softer, lovelier skin with just *one cake* of Camay! Renounce all careless cleansing and go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet! Follow directions on the wrapper. Camay—*so mild it cleanses without irritation*—can make your skin so much smoother, lovelier!



Are you really
sure of
your present
deodorant?
Test it against
New Perfect
Fresh

See if New
Perfect **Fresh**
isn't the most
effective
cream deodorant
you have
ever been able
to buy

Never before in History!

*But now Fresh brings you a new fluffier,
creamier deodorant . . . to give you carefree
underarm protection even on hottest days.*

*Only Fresh can give you this patented
combination of amazing ingredients in a new
deodorant that has never been made before.*

New Fresh is the most effective cream deodorant
you have ever tried . . . we think you'll agree!
Yet dresses are perfectly safe from rotting . . .
normal skin is perfectly safe from irritation.

New Fresh is delicately perfumed, delightful to
smooth on. No gritty crystals or annoying hard
particles and it doesn't dry out in the jar.

But don't take our word for it—test it. Test
New Perfect Fresh today against your present
deodorant—see if it isn't the most effective—the
most pleasant cream deodorant you have ever
been able to buy. Get your jar of New Perfect
Fresh now—for carefree underarm protection
even on hottest days. Available at all drug and
toilet goods counters.



Be lovelier to love with new perfect Fresh

New Perfect Fresh comes to you at the same low pre-war prices . . . 10¢, 25¢, 43¢, and new 59¢ economy size.

*Coming
Next
Month*



Biggest news, of course, is the news we've begun to tell you about in this issue—the First Annual Radio Mirror Awards. There'll be further details on our *very first* Reader Ballot in the October issue.

* * *

Appropriate for the "back-to-school" season, we give you the story of Aline Neal, selected by the Quiz Kids as the Favorite Teacher in the whole country.

* * *

There's a bachelor's home life in Hollywood, with Tony Martin... Ethel and Albert in a four-page picture story... Big Sister in Living Portraits, with wonderful color... and, very extra-special, a story by Chichi, of Life Can Be Beautiful—a story so thought-provoking you won't even notice the tear it will bring to your eye. Plus a lovely color-portrait of Chichi, her baby, and Stephen; this you'll certainly keep to frame.

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It's Keen!

SERVES
ONE-AT-
A-TIME

*Candy Coated
means More Flavor!*

FRANK H. FLEER CORP., PHILA., PA.



Allen Ducovny

Allen Ducovny, director and assistant producer of Superman—MBS, Mondays through Fridays, 5:15 P. M. EDT—thinks people play around a little too loosely with the word genius. The term has been applied to him since he joined radio circles, but he scoffs at the idea.

It was comparatively recently that "Duke," as he's called by his associates, found his niche. He had tried being a newspaperman, an actor, an advertising copywriter and a press agent before he tied in with Superman, Inc.

Ducovny was born in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., 36 years ago and his earliest remembered ambition was to be a doctor. In high school, he discovered a talent for public speaking and decided to become a lawyer.

"So I did the next best thing to cutting my throat," he says. "I became a press agent."

After five years as a free lance publicist, Ducovny accepted the job of director of Public Relations for a new American hero who was just looming on the horizon—namely, Superman. Gradually, from mere script editing, he moved on to the more intricate phases of direction and production involved in bringing Superman to the listening audience.

One of the nicest things about Duke is that he doesn't take himself too seriously. About the only thing he really grows serious about is kids. He loves them and understands them deeply, which leads him to set some rather stringent rules for the Superman show.

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**Keep
Fresher!**



**Feel
Smoother!**

**Stay
Daintier!**



**with this "oh-so-refreshing"
talcum powder**

KEEP FRESHER! After your bath, powder your body, bountifully, with Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Its cooling caress makes you feel fresh as a flower at dawn.

FEEL SMOOTHER! You'll love Cashmere Bouquet Talc for the

satin sheath it imparts to your skin—a protection against chafing.

STAY DAINTIER! To preserve bath-tub freshness use Cashmere Bouquet Talc often during the day. It points up your feminine appeal with the fragrance men love.

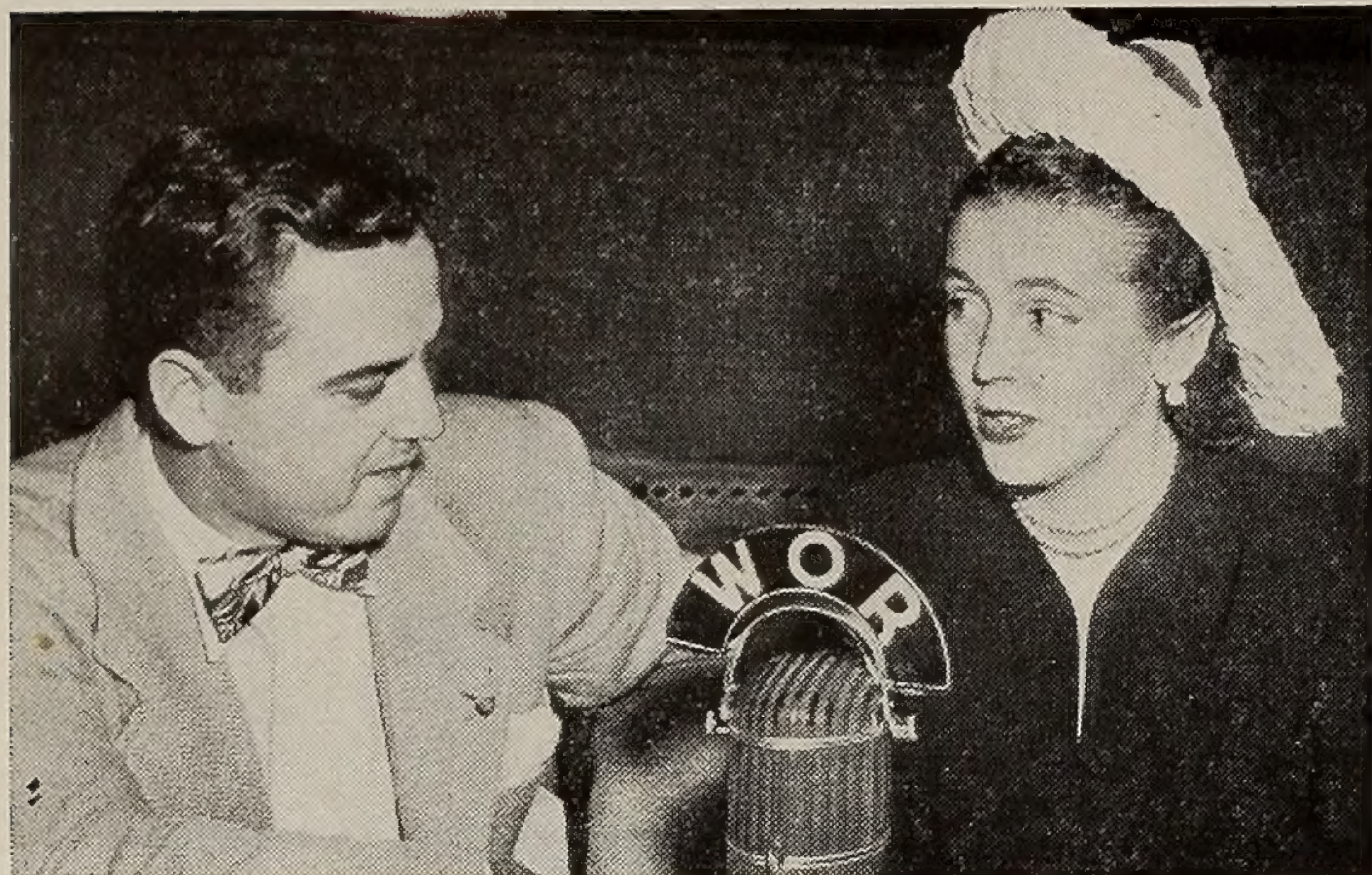


*Ultra-luxurious
is Cashmere Bouquet
Dusting Powder . . .
smartly packaged, with
huge velour puff!*

**Cashmere
Bouquet
Talc**

with the fragrance men love

Barbara HAS A WAY WITH HER



Florence Pritchett and announcer George Hogan as they broadcast WOR's daily Barbara Welles program.



Bing Crosby chats with Barbara at her debut.

SHE was born Florence Pritchett, in South Orange, New Jersey, but she belongs to the First Families of Virginia. Through school (she is a graduate of Ridgewood High, also New Jersey), she was still Florence Pritchett. On magazine covers and as a model, still Florence. But then she joined the staff of *Mademoiselle* and signed her stuff "Joan." She wrote a column for the *New York Journal-American* and signed that "Barbara Bruce." Now she is heard, Monday through Friday, over WOR at 3:00 P.M., as "Barbara Welles." If by now you are confused, call her "Pritch" as her friends do.

Brown-tressed, brown-eyed and beautiful, 5' 6" without her shoes, Florence has been modeling for eleven of her twenty-five years. Back in 1936 her first glamor photo appeared in the first issue of *Life*. Since then portraits of her have graced the pages of every major magazine and have appeared on the covers of most fashion journals.

In 1938 *Mademoiselle* ran a contest for the Typical American Girl, which Pritch won hands down. For two years each issue of the magazine carried a story in which she was featured.

Oddly enough, it was modeling for John Robert Powers that led to Pritch's writing career. She was teaching in Powers Charm School when the famous model man told her, "If you can teach you can write." So she went inside magazines while still gracing covers and did a monthly column on beauty and fashion for a movie magazine and various feature articles.

Singer Morton Downey read and liked her pieces and suggested she get some newspaper experience. Pritch soon was appointed assistant beauty editor of the *Journal-American*—and three months later she was named fashion editor. She held the post for two years, meanwhile writing special features for newspapers and magazines.

On the advice of Steve Hannagan, she went into publicity work. She became a special representative for David O. Selznick, doing exploitation and publicity for "Duel in the Sun."

In addition to her newspaper and publicity experience, Barbara-Florence brings several years of radio background to the Barbara Welles Program.

Last summer she served as one of three substitutes for Walter Winchell while the columnist-commentator was on vacation. She spoke on "the women's side of the news," between Ben Grauer and Quentin Reynolds. Two years ago she became a regular panel member on WOR-Mutual's *Leave It To The Girls*.

Barbara-Florence, who was one of the "Ten Best Dressed Women" in 1945, designs and makes her own dresses and hats. Her other hobbies are collecting old chinaware and classical records. Her favorites are Tschaikowsky, Chopin and Ravel.

Her sister, Dancey Pritchett, takes an active interest in her program, helping to make it one of radio's most interesting women's-interest shows.



Helmut Dantine bestows a tender kiss.



Paul Douglas, leaving, wishes all the best.

You can't
get away with it, Lady!



INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF?... LISTERINE, Quick!

MAKE a habit of using Listerine Antiseptic and massage as a precaution. And if infectious dandruff does get started, remember to use Listerine Antiseptic and massage regularly. Listerine Antiseptic attacks an infection as it should be attacked... with germ-killing action... kills millions of the "bottle bacillus" (*Pityrosporum ovale*). This is the ugly little germ that many noted dermatologists call a causative agent of the trouble.

You'll like Listerine Antiseptic for infectious dandruff. It's so easy, so freshening, so delightful... so cool-

ing. Almost at once you will see ugly flakes and scales begin to disappear.

Remember, in a clinical test, twice-a-day use brought marked improvement to 76% of dandruff patients within a month. Your scalp feels so much healthier, and your hair looks so much more attractive.

Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

Lambert Pharmacal Company
St. Louis, Missouri



THE TESTED TREATMENT

"I can't find words enough



to praise Tampax!"

You'll understand this enthusiasm some day—the day that you first use Tampax! How good it will feel to find yourself free from all external reminders that "it's sanitary-protection time".... Tampax is an internal absorbent and comes without belts, pins or outside pads. A dainty applicator makes insertion easy. After that, the Tampax is unseen and *unfelt*.

Now let your imagination carry you on! No chafing, of course. No odor. No disposal trouble. Your dresses will never show an edge-line from Tampax nor will there be twisting or bulging.... Made of highly absorbent cotton, compressed by a patented process, Tampax was invented by a doctor. It is a serious product intended for full-time protection and by no means only for incidental use.

**NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR**

Millions of women are now buying Tampax—at drug stores and notion counters everywhere. Three different absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior). Get it for "next time." Month's supply slips into your purse. Economy Box holds four months' average supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

NEW RECORDS

**RECOMMENDED
By KEN ALDEN**



MARGARET WHITING:

Improving with each disc, this talented daughter of a famous songwriting hitmaker, Richard Whiting, has just made a swell new Capitol album of Rodgers and Hart tunes, including the lovely lyrical but seldom heard, "Funny Valentine."

PAGE CAVANAUGH TRIO:

This little group is going places and their new Victor grooving of "Walkin' My Baby Back Home" and "Heartbreakin'" will win them new friends.

FRANKIE CARLE:

The nimble-fingered pianist has a new album, solo chiefly but with some rhythm assistance, wrapping up such tunes as "Stardust" and "Deep Purple" in his own inimitable style. (Columbia)

DORIS DAY:

A former band singer strikes out on her own and she has a good chance of making the grade solo. Hear her sing "It Takes Time" and "Pete" and judge for yourself. (Columbia)

PHIL HARRIS:

Another comedy spin for home listening. Harris pairs the oldie, "George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Ulysses S. Robert E. Lee" and the new novelty, "I'm So Right Tonight." (Victor)

DESI ARNAZ:

The Cuban husband of Lucille Ball finally hits his record stride with a swell double header, "Brazil" and "Babalu." (Victor)

THE CLARK SISTERS:

A nice new rhythm team do cute musical tricks with two old favorites, "Tip Toe Through The Tulips" and "I'm Just Wild About Harry." (MGM)

BUDDY CLARK:

Sings the lovely "Come To Me" and the revival click "Peg O' My Heart" (Columbia). But Buddy is not the only discer to chant the praises of the Irish lass. Art Lund (MGM) and The Three Suns (Victor) also chime in and quite effectively too.

FREDDY MARTIN:

Smooth dance stuff with "Come to the Mardi Gras" and "Lolita Lopez" (Victor). Woody Herman (Columbia) is another top flight recorder on the beam with a Latin American lilt. His is called "Pancho Maximilian Hernandez." (Columbia)

JOHNNY MERCER:

Joins the Pied Pipers in a click cutting of our old girl friend, "Cecilia" with the new tune "Tallahassee" on the reverse. (Capitol) The Three Suns (Victor) also have waxed the former tune.

THE CHARIOTEERS:

It took this fine quartet to come up with one of the most inspired versions of a new hit, "Chi-Baba." Pay close attention to the tenor's tricky passages. The more standard "Say No More" is on the reverse. (Columbia)

HARRY JAMES:

Pure swing in "Moten Swing" which rides both sides of this fast-paced Columbia disc.

TEX BENEKE:

Pays tribute to his late boss, Glenn Miller, with the latter's "Moonlight Serenade." The reverse has a nice new ballad "My Young and Foolish Heart" well sung by Garry Stevens. (Victor)

JO STAFFORD:

Distinctive discing of "Passing By" and "I'm So Right Tonight" for a standout Capitol platter. Jo's radio theme "Smoke Dreams" is sung by Helen Carroll and The Satisfiers for Victor.

INGRID BERGMAN

as Joan Madou, a woman of the shadows

CHARLES BOYER

as Ravic, the ghost doctor



The Enterprise

Studios



present this

magnificent production of

Erich Maria

Remarque's

great novel... the most

important screen event in years!



Painted by world-famous French artist BERNARD LAMOTTE

They kissed . . . and the street noises of Paris, the ominous shadows of tomorrow, seemed far away . . .



ARCH OF TRIUMPH

co-starring **CHARLES LAUGHTON**

with **LOUIS CALHERN • RUTH WARRICK • ROMAN BOHNEN**
RUTH NELSON • MICHAEL ROMANOFF • A LEWIS MILESTONE Production

Produced by **DAVID LEWIS** • Directed by **LEWIS MILESTONE** • RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS



One of CBS's biggest shows has come under the baton of Meredith Willson: the Wednesday night Showroom.

Facing the

By KEN ALDEN

MEREDITH WILLSON'S first experience on the stage was so discouraging it's almost a wonder he recovered and went on to become one of radio's best known orchestra leaders.

He was six at the time and he had been promised what he considered a whopping big fee to appear on the stage of the Princess Theater in his native Mason City, Iowa. When the moppet got to the theater the stage manager told him to don a frog suit and hop around the stage. But that was by no means the only requirement of the debut role. Two wires from a flashlight battery went into his tender young mouth with instructions to bite them together to make the frog's eyes flash on and off. Meredith recalls he would have quit right then and there except for one thing: "I had already spent the fifty cents fee."

Getting on the stage—even as a well-lit frog—was all part of a master plan to be climaxed by joining John Philip Sousa's great military band. The little Iowan worshipped the maker of martial music.

Actually young Meredith did get to become a flute player with Sousa, trouped three seasons with him. But times and ambitions changed and when radio started to make a big commercial noise, Meredith set his ambitious baton in that direction. Today he's doing a big broadcasting job—narrating and conducting the Showroom, Wednesday night show on CBS (9:30) and Mutual's prestige sustainer, Family Hour.

Off the podium he's equally busy writing music. On the serious side, the prolific, ruddy-faced, well-built Willson wrote a tone poem dedicated to San

Francisco, and another big piece, "Missions of California" which the Los Angeles Philharmonic recently introduced. For a change of pace he turns out Tin Pan Alley tunes. In 1941 he had two compositions, "You and I" and "Two in Love" on the Hit Parade simultaneously. The publisher cleaned up. By strange coincidence the publisher happened to be Meredith Willson; he also scored Chaplin's "The Great Dictator," Bette Davis' "The Little Foxes."

In 1942, Meredith volunteered for service in the Army, was put in charge of music for the Armed Forces Radio Service and supervised all the music for the star-studded "Command Performance" and "Mail Call" shows. He got out in 1945 as a major.

Meredith's musical career started with the piano but he soon gave it up for a more compact instrument—the flute. At 17, he came to New York to study under the famous flutist, George Barrere. The Big Town didn't floor the Iowa lad, who says: "Look, I learned to eat oysters in New York, which is, in itself, an acquired taste. Once you learn to bluff this town out of that upper-classman-in-a-world-of-freshmen superiority and expose its imitation cold-heartedness you never get it out of your system."

But getting a job was tough. He thought the big break came when he was told to play at the Winter Garden. Meredith assumed it meant the famous Broadway theater, known for its Al Jolson and Passing Show revues. "I found New York had two Winter Gardens and the one I was hired for was a burlesque house on the Bowery."

But by next Spring he got the job with Sousa,



Willson follows in music with character and purpose, sets a standard that comedy makes Paulena and Ben enjoy living up to.

Music



Willson follows in music with character and purpose, sets a standard that comedy makes Paulena and Ben enjoy living up to.

moved on up to the New York Philharmonic, under Toscanini's baton, and in 1928, shifted to the Hollywood Bowl orchestra. Agent George Gruskin, of the William Morris office, started to handle him, and Willson was "in."

Meredith has given his music character and purpose. He never once forgets Musical Americana and that most American listeners like most the music they understand.

"I like to get across music that reminds us of our home towns and our kid days, of flexible flyers and Sears Roebuck catalogs, of picnics and ball-games, of pecans via Wells Fargo Express, the circus, and best of all, flute players and John Philip Sousa."

* * *

Although Dinah Shore and George Montgomery are expecting their first blessed event, this hasn't stopped the busy singer from continuing her professional career. Although she dropped the Ford show to Meredith Willson, she should have a new radio show by the time you read this, and possibly an extra daytime one, which would be a Mr. and Mrs. setup direct from the Montgomery ranch.

* * *

Stan Kenton's unexpected collapse brought the distraught missus back for a possible reconciliation.

* * *

I talked to Paul Whiteman about his new ABC network disc jockey show and "Pops" told me that once the show gets rolling he plans to shift it to Hollywood and incorporate transcribed informal interviews with such big singing personalities as Bing Crosby, Judy Garland, the Mr. and Mrs. team of



The strange Greek-chorus chant of the Talking People lives CBS's Showroom as at its most original effects.

Why do you act so funny, honey?



JEEPERS, JEANIE! I'M NO BIG DAME HUNTER—I'M THE GUY WHO'S GOING TO BE YOUR HUSBAND. REMEMBER?

I'M NOT SO SURE, TED. I'D RATHER BE SHOT THAN TELL YOU THIS—BUT WON'T YOU PLEASE SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT BAD BREATH, DEAR?

TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!

"Colgate Dental Cream's active penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the cause of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently and safely!"

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



OUR BRIDAL PATH IS SMOOTH AND SUNNY AND JEAN'S MY LITTLE CUDDLE-BUNNY!



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!



Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM after you eat and before every date

Facing the Music

Phil Harris and Alice Faye, direct from their homes. Whiteman is confident that network disc jockey shows will click and that music union czar Petrillo will not interfere since, under a separate arrangement, the more phonograph records sold, the more revenue for musicians.

Incidentally, the king of jazz told me about an embarrassing incident regarding his disc jockey series. He was just trying out the idea for his own amusement and admitted some true but highly confidential anecdotes about fellow music greats. But he didn't know that the ABC engineer in the studio piped the whole proceedings through to the network brass hats. The language was colorful and so was Paul's face after he heard what had happened.

A lot of listeners like to hear the Four Chicks and Chuck, the five-part harmony team heard on Kate Smith's show and on many transcription shows, but few know their names. Just for the record they are Chuck Goldstein, the only male in the group and bossman, arbiter, and organizer, Claire Frim, Diane Carol, Fran Barber, and Marilyn Jackson. The latter is a new chick, having replaced Ginny McCurdy who left the group to marry comic Alan Young.

Bing Crosby's excellent piano soloist, Skitch Henderson, has formed his own dance band, and its first date was in New York's Hotel Pennsylvania.

Lee Wiley, one of the better radio canaries, and at one time one of the air's top vocalists, is returning with a bang and a Bing. She has just recorded a Decca album with Crosby of songs from "Showboat" and will make a series of records and personal appearances with an orchestra conducted by her husband, pianist Jess Stacey.

Dick Haymes and his wife expect their third child this Fall.

Remember Shep Fields of "rippling rhythm" fame? Well, the erstwhile bandleader is now managing the Glen Island Casino in Westchester, a fresco rendezvous for eastern dance fans.

No good visiting Russia if you can't speak the language. Benny Goodman's tutor is authoritative: Mrs. Igor Stravinsky, wife of the composer.

Singer Doris Day and husband George Weidler have called it a day.

With little hope of a new sponsor this Fall, Ginny Simms will probably do personal appearances in theaters from coast to coast.

Although they'll deny it, the sponsors of the Tony Martin Sunday fiestas on CBS are quietly looking for a replacement and a non-musical show at that.

Despite the accepted success of the Bing Crosby air shows, The Groaner confides to intimates that he needs a novelty idea for incorporation into his series. He doesn't feel that he can depend on spectacular guest stars like Al Jolson for those frequent and needed Hooper hypos.

Mel Tormé's highly ballyhooed debut in New York's Copacabana recently didn't come off quite as his strategists planned it. The foggy baritone seemed lost in a room of the Copa's size.

Hoagy Carmichael will probably try a transcribed radio series now that his network show has been officially called off.

Arthur Godfrey, thanks to sponsorship of his morning strip and Talent Scouts, now joins the ranks of millionaire radio performers.

Oscar Bradley, musical director of We, The People, has been given what is virtually a lifetime contract with that show's sponsor, due reward for an excellent performance record.

GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM ALL OVER . . . Bing Crosby back on the air September 24th . . . Harry James has offered songstress Patti Clayton the vocal roles on his recordings . . . Vera Vague, the man chaser on the Bob Hope show, may appear in a leading role in a Broadway musical this Fall . . . The ABC network is planning a transcribed comedy show starring Eddie Albert . . . Al Jolson finally gave in, and will be the Music Hall star this coming season . . . The Dick Haymes stanzas may include a comedy bit when they resume this fall.



Now! Keep your hands
as kissable as your lips



It's new, new...New!
Woodbury Beauty Blended Lotion
is actually 2-lotions-in-1

1. A softening lotion that helps bring hands endearing *natural* softness. Its luxury lanolin (just *one* of its softening ingredients) is the "first cousin" of your skin's own natural moisture.

2. A protective lotion that helps "glove" your hands against roughness, redness, drying, chapping. Helps keep hands soft, lovely . . . despite wind and cold, daily dishwashing and soap and water cleansing.

PROTECTS AS IT SOFTENS . . .

CONTAINS LUXURY LANOLIN



Really and truly new! Discover this wonderful new 2-lotion-in-1 care for your hands. New Woodbury Lotion is so peaches-and-cream rich . . . feels so luscious on your skin. Never sticky or greasy. Exquisitely fragrant. At drug and cosmetic counters. 10c, 25c & 50c—plus tax.

FREE! MAIL COUPON FOR PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

Your own hands will show you the wonderful difference in Woodbury Beauty-Blended Lotion.

Mail to Box 56, Cincinnati 14, Ohio.

(Paste on penny postcard if you wish.)

(546)

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Please print name, address plainly. Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only



Used at the When A Girl Marries Eighth Anniversary Party only to set the scene, the huge cake later made 250 portions for old folks home.

WHAT'S NEW FROM



John Raby and Mary Jane Higby recall how, eight years ago, "Harry" and "Joan" first met.



Jones Allison and Dolores Gillen, of When A Girl Marries, had no trouble getting the British Lord Annsley to see the point of some American humor.

HISTORICAL movies have bothered us for a long time. Now, we're glad to see that someone else is getting on the ball about them, too. The other day, Erskine Johnson, Mutual's Hollywood reporter, went to work on picture producers for "hoking up" the flicker stories, just to make them more glamorous. We've always contended that tampering with historic fact was unfair from any point of view and, sometimes, could lead to the suspicion that the studios had an ax to grind in, let's say, prejudicing the audience to a certain interpretation of events. But Johnson presented another aspect of the matter. He said he'd received a letter from an indignant and harassed school teacher in St. Louis, Mo., who wrote that she had plenty of trouble with her students after they'd seen historical movies in the local theaters. "Sometimes," she wrote, "the facts are so garbled that usually there's bedlam in the classroom, the following day. I state historic fact, checked and rechecked, and the children answer: 'But, teacher, Charles Laughton did it different'." And how many teachers can manage to be more glamorous than a Clark Gable? Glad the subject got an airing.

* * *

You'll be happy to hear—at least the young in heart among you, who still like their chiller-dillers and frequently—that The Shadow will return to his regular MBS Sunday 5 PM spot this September. Grace Matthews, charming actress from Canada, has just signed for her second year as the Shadow's girl friend, Margot Lane.

COAST TO COAST



One of the adventures of Philip Marlowe leads detective-hero Van Heflin to police station. (It's NBC, Tuesdays at 10 P. M.)



Bob Sweeney and Hal March improve summer weekends with their fast-talking comedy, Saturdays, 10:30 P.M., CBS.

By DALE BANKS

It's not rare for the cast of a radio program to have a party on the program's anniversary—but it is rare for a listener to give the party!

That's what happened recently on the eighth anniversary of *When A Girl Marries*, top-rated of all daytime serial dramas. Mrs. Frank C. Henderson, multi-millionaire widow of an oil man, took over the famous Tapestry Room of New York's Park Lane Hotel for her party for society friends and members of the cast.

"You've given me many hours of good entertainment," Mrs. Henderson told Mary Jane Higby and John Raby, who play Joan and Harry Davis, leading roles in the *When A Girl Marries* story. "Now, on the eighth anniversary of your program, I want to entertain you, in behalf of all listeners who, I'm sure, enjoy the program as much as I do very day."

* * *

Lots of new shows are in the offing. Robert Maxwell, who produces *Superman*, has been conferring for some weeks with directors of Youthbuilders, a national organization of school children interested in the problems of the day. Maxwell says the format of the show will consist of the serious discussion of children's problems, based on case histories, presented by the kids themselves.

* * *

For our money there are just about enough Mr. and Mrs. shows on the air right now. But there's been a rumor circulating that if Desi Arnaz leaves the Bob Hope show

there's a good chance for roping the bandleader into a morning chatter program with his wife, Lucille Ball. Knowing Lucille, we're willing to concede there's maybe room for one more husband and wife combo on the air lanes. There's a smart head under that coiffure and a heart as big as the U. S. in that elegant torso.

* * *

Joan Alexander, a good actress and a good person, is running true to form now that she's a mother. According to her, "There's nothing unusual about my daughter. She's just an average, normal genius."

* * *

George Voutsas, producer of the RCA Victor shows, is one ex-GI who frequently looks back to his Army days with nostalgia. He was the radio producer for the Glenn Miller Orchestra during the war and he was assigned an automobile in London with a chauffeur who has spoiled him for any other he's likely to meet. The chauffeur, a corporal in the British Wrens, was a member of the peerage and entitled to be addressed as "Your Ladyship."

* * *

Our informants write us that the scripts of the "Johnny Madero—Pier 23" series are being used as class-room examples of solid writing at UCLA's Radio Department classes in Los Angeles.

* * *

Did you know that Clayton "Bud" Collyer—*Superman* to you listeners—is a lawyer? He's a member of the New York Bar Association, but he's not practicing as an attorney.

IT'S TOWER CLOCK TIME



Everybody's ready: Syl at the piano, Louise and George at the mike, Gene with a record.

Louise Wilson, script writer and commentator.



Syl Novelli and Gene Lane check their music cues for Clock Time.

IT'S 9:45 A.M. and that means it's Tower Clock Time on WHAM. It's meant that for the past fifteen years, when this same program sponsored by the same department store has been broadcast at the same time to the huge WHAM audience. The present cast of the Tower Clock Program includes Miss Louise Wilson, who is the voice of the Clock; George Haefner, genial WHAM announcer who also figures in the dialogue and skits; Syl Novelli, whose piano specialties entertain, and Gene Lane, in charge of production and sound for the program.

Louise Wilson writes the scripts and is also commentator. She has had a long and successful radio career. Coming to Rochester from Buffalo, after ten years of all-round radio work she has achieved renown with her radio programs. She attended Taylor University and has traveled a great deal. Very active in the community players, she played the lead in "Ten Little Indians" in which her leading man really became her leading man for life. She married him. One of her proudest possessions is the wedding dress she made of pure silk brought from Japan by her husband who was a Captain in the U. S. Army.

George Haefner, ex-GI, who is the announcer for the Tower Clock program, has been in radio since 1942. A very pleasant sort of fellow with blue eyes and blond hair, George is married and is the father of two very husky little fellows that keep him busy.

Syl Novelli, who supplies piano melodies during the

program, and the organ interludes occasionally used, is also Production Director of WHAM. Syl owes his "break" in radio to the WHAM Boy Scout program. His piano work and announcing sounded good to the management so he was hired. From pianist to announcer to Production Director, Syl has developed a technique of entertaining that is extremely popular. Also a composer, he has written and had published five songs, one of which, "Whispering Wind," with words by Sylvia Dee (writer of Chickery Chick) has been performed by Fred Waring several times on his NBC broadcasts. Syl is the father of two children, a girl 4½ and a boy 2½. Velora, Syl's wife, is also very talented and sings with Syl's orchestra at dance engagements.

Gene Lane, in charge of production and sound for the program, got his start in show business when he wore his first long pants in 1902. Starting as a boy soprano and progressing to stage plays and vaudeville, he was in the theatrical business for 29 years. Radio beckoned and Gene made his debut on WLS, Chicago, with the WLS Showboat and Barn Dance. He came to WHAM in 1931 to appear on the Shadow dramas. Rochester must have appealed because he has remained ever since exploring all fields of radio entertainment. Gene wrote the popular Hank and Herb series which was featured by WHAM for many years. He not only wrote the script but also took the role of Hank. In both stage and radio work, Gene has been before the public for over 45 years.

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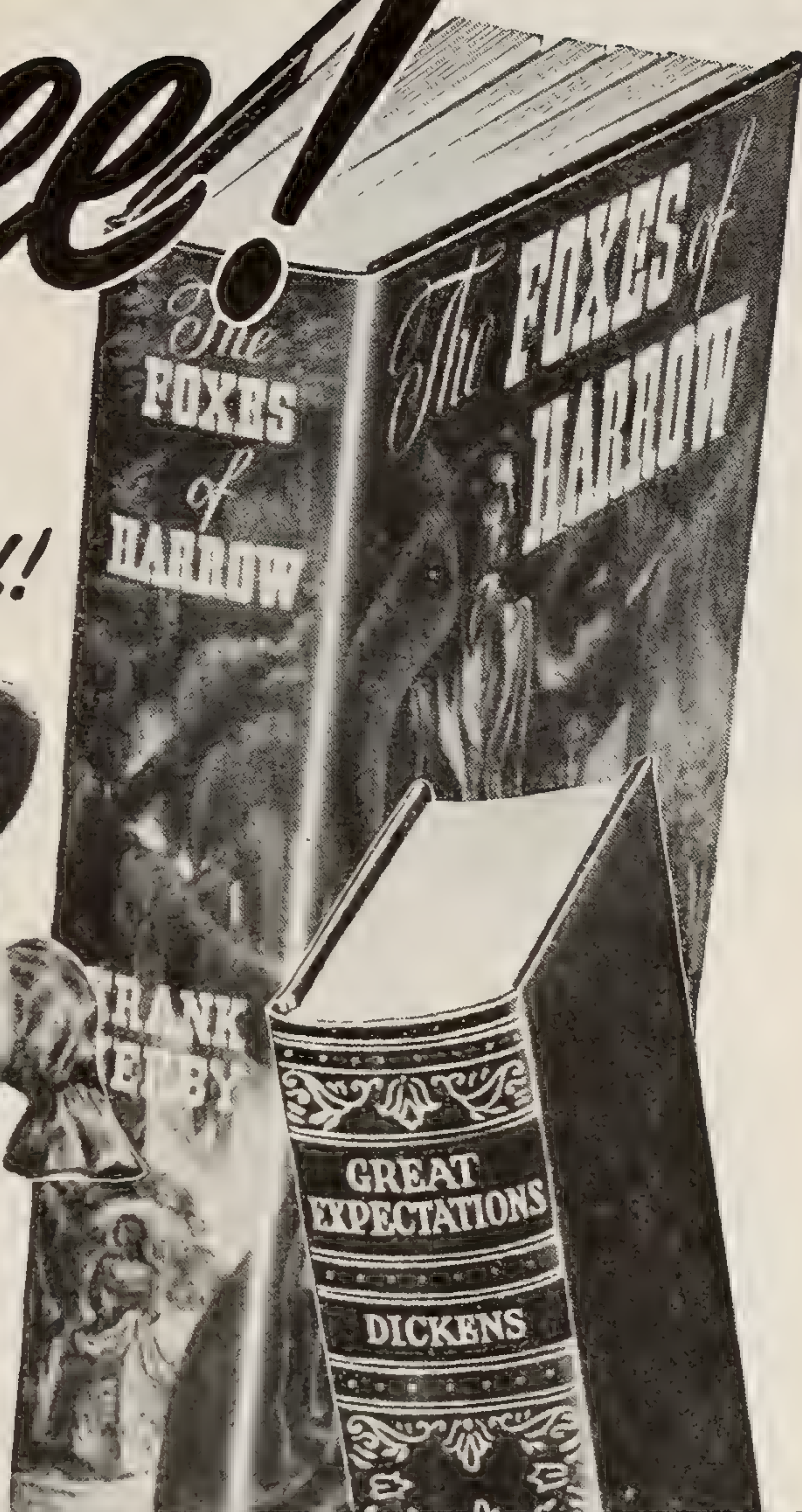
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Top O' the Morning's at 7:00 at WEEI.
Carl Moore and Ray Girardin on the air



Gloria Carroll, singer
on Beantown Varieties.

The Perennial

CARL MOORE



Carl plays an accompanying piano for "Serge Acropolis" of the
Beantown Varieties orchestra. Carlton Dickerman standing by.

THERE'S a perennial that grows in Boston . . . Carl Moore, who has been broadcasting over WEEI for the past ten years.

In the days when the nation's Tin Pan Alley was in Boston the open windows of loft offices and tiny music stores in the theater district gave vent to such famous voices as Irene Bordoni, Belle Baker, Fanny Brice, Morton Downey, Bob Hope, and many another big vaudeville name and the fellow at the piano accompanying them was Carl Moore. Carl was no radio star then. He was a song plugger, selling the latest songs put out by Waterson, Berlin & Snyder.

He sold them so well, the firm made him New England manager. At the insistence of a friend, he made one theatrical appearance. Immediately followed a succession of one-night-stands in theaters near Boston. Carl says there must have been a thousand of them.

He couldn't play the piano very well, but he knew how to put a song over, how to get under the sentimental New England skin, and he still does. He couldn't dance very well, but he could merge his dance routine with his patter and songs so expertly that the customers kept crying for more, and they still do. He is famous for such Irish classics as "Who Put The Overalls In Mrs. Murphy's Chowder" and "Nobody Knows What Happened To McCarthy."

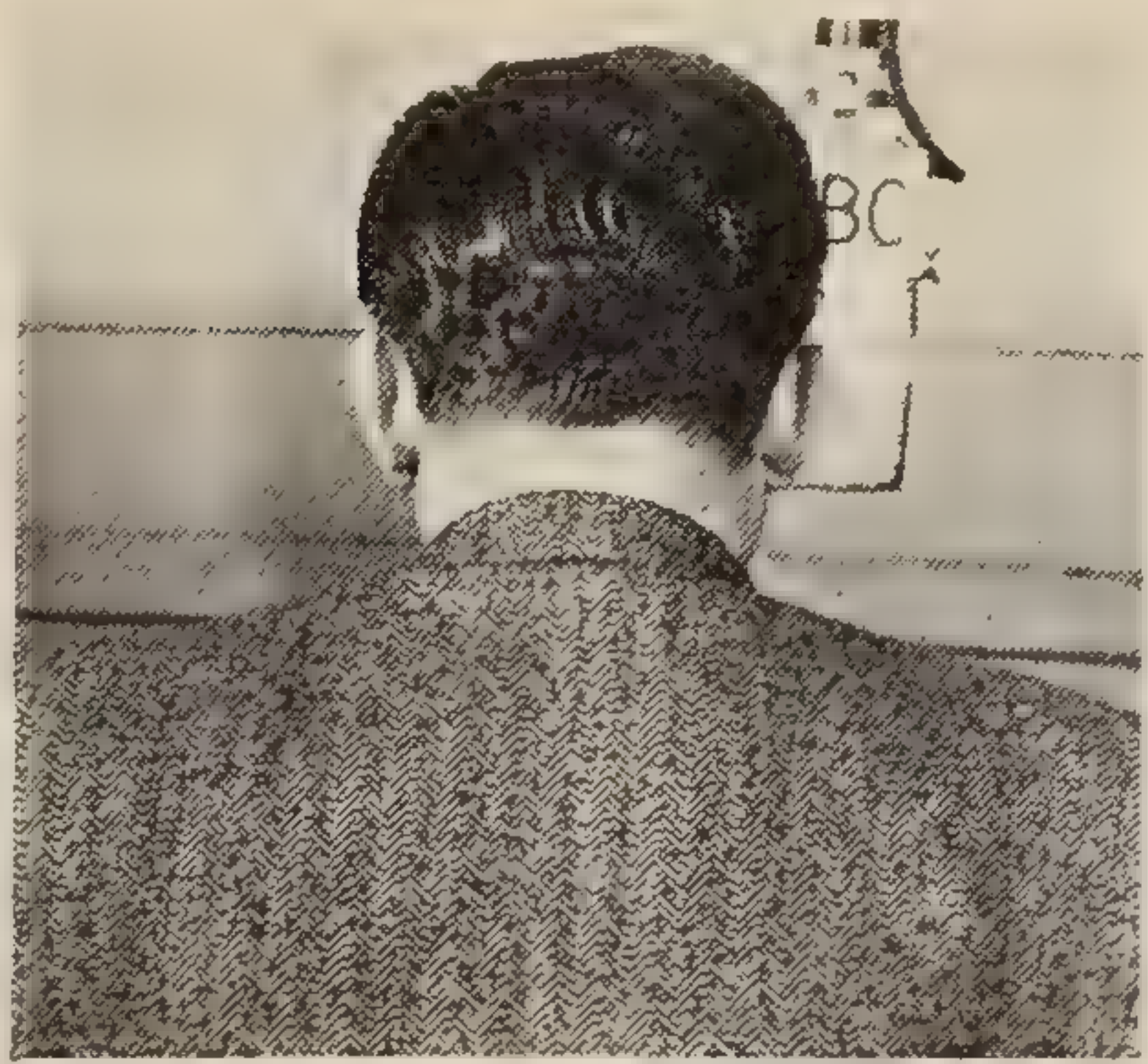
He comes from the same neighborhood that bred razor-edged wits like Fred Allen. Carl says they came a dime a dozen in his day. Everybody was that way.

Carl is somewhat of an athlete himself, although in the more sedate fields. He is an expert golfer. He tells an amusing yarn of some 15 years ago when Bing Crosby played a match with him at Woodland Club. Bing had just left Paul Whiteman's outfit. He was making a Boston stage appearance and the kids were swarming all over him for autographs. Carl had tipped off the caddies not to bother Crosby, but to come to him at each tee and ask for his autograph. The kids paid no attention to Crosby. After the match, without any trace of a smile, Bing said to Moore: "Carl, what've you got that I haven't? Could it be my golf?"

During the winter, Carl keeps in shape playing billiards. Four years ago he won the amateur balkline billiard championship, which he still hasn't had to defend.

With his Top o' the Morning broadcasts over WEEI with Ray Girardin at 7:00 A.M. and Beantown Varieties at 8:30 A.M., Carl m.c.'s twelve programs a week. He has never been late or missed a broadcast and gets up at four o'clock in the morning. His seven o'clock broadcast boasts such distinguished listeners as novelist Kenneth Roberts, whose pleasure it is to send in odd duck calls and queer whistles.

Sure, he has the help of an orchestra, soloist, western trio, and announcer in his 8:30 A.M. Beantown Varieties, but every one of his programs bears the indelible mark of Moore, and as long as he is able to perform, New Englanders will listen, calling for more of Moore.



Galen Drake

A PECULIAR picture? There's a reason for it. The fine, tweed-coated back you see above, belongs to Galen Drake, talker extraordinary on any subject that pops into his head (heard Monday through Friday over ABC at 11:30 A.M. EDT). Although Galen Drake is a camera fiend himself, he believes that most listeners have formed mental pictures of him based on their interpretations of his voice and ideas. So, he refuses to have portraits of his face taken, in case they should be disappointed, or disillusioned.

Born in Indiana and educated in California, Drake had a varied and pretty up-and-down career, before he started in radio. He sang professionally, worked as a pharmacist, labored in the oil fields, was a graduate philosophy student, worked with a track gang on a railroad.

"People," Galen will tell you, "have taught me lots. I think every person I've ever worked with, regardless of his education, has passed on some thought that I have been able to use." A nice guy for giving credit where it is due.

In 1940, Drake became associated with Fletcher Wiley, whose unique conversational style and pungent comments on human problems had begun to attract nation-wide attention. This association shifted Drake's broadcasting activities first to San Francisco, two years later to Los Angeles and, finally, to New York in the summer of 1944, where he began his rambling commentaries over WJZ.

Galen Drake's life is a very quiet one. He lives in midtown Manhattan, close enough to Radio City so that he can walk to work for his six o'clock broadcasts. That clears his head and frequently on the walk he spots things which become fodder for his programs. He has one of the most grueling air schedules and needs lots of material, ad libbing as he does for nearly two hours every day on four separate programs.

Drake is an insatiable reader. He reads at least one book a day, sometimes more. He often finishes a whole book in the several hours between his early morning show and the beginning of the business day.

Time was when Drake used to enjoy fishing and photography as daytime hobbies and spend hours in the evenings listening to his large collection of classical recordings. He has a specially built radio set, which, he says laughingly, can do almost everything but the laundry. Since his growing popularity has earned him more and more radio time, however, Drake's relaxation has been limited to the reading. He doesn't have time for anything else. But since, as he puts it, his real and vital hobby is people and his radio programs deal with people and their problems and go to people, he's satisfied.

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*Very
personally
yours*



Away you go and your heart has wings — that carry you back to your very first ride on a dashing pink-and-gold charger! How you gripped those reins, wide-eyed . . . remember? Flying to a wonderland so *very personally yours*?

You've never outgrown your gift for keeping life gay with many interests. You've learned many ways to outwit care . . . never forgetting that problem days need *be* no problem, with Kotex — the napkin made to stay soft while you wear it.

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RADIO MIRROR

Awards



IF SOMEONE asked, *Who are your radio favorites?* what would you answer?

Until now there has been no way for regular radio listeners to express their opinion, to make their choice of radio stars and programs known except in their own circle of friends. There have been many polls, to be sure. But they have been polls of radio editors, or radio columnists, or radio critics. And in the final analysis, it's the opinion of *you*, the listener, which really counts. It's that opinion which sponsors seek, which networks respect, when they choose a new program or judge an old one. It's your opinion that matters to us here at Radio Mirror, too, for it guides us in giving you the kind of magazine you really want, the kind which will appeal to and satisfy the largest number of listeners.

Now, Radio Mirror takes a hand—at last you are going to have a chance to make your opinion felt, your voice heard. No longer, when you read the results of one or another of the radio editors' or critics' polls will you say, *Yes, but how about us? How about the people who listen to the radio, not the ones who are hired to criticize it?*

In the coming November and December issues of Radio Mirror

you'll find ballots which we are going to ask you, as listeners, to fill out and return to us—ballots which will determine America's most popular stars and programs.

And when the votes are counted, then at last you will have had your say about what you like best, what you dislike, in radio. A say that will count a great deal with the people who decide what programs are presented on the air for you to hear. And you'll be able to judge, too, how your tastes compare with those of other listeners.

Radio Mirror, with nearly fourteen years of service to the industry behind it, is the voice of radio—the voice of the stars, of the writers and directors and all the rest who go to make up this big business. It is the magazine through which you can learn what you want to know about the people on the air and the people behind them. But more important, it is *your* voice. It is the intermediary between you and the radio business, the means through which you can express your opinion.

Next month's Radio Mirror—the October issue, on sale September 10—will carry more complete details of this important coming event, the First Annual Radio Mirror Awards. Watch for it.

The Editors

WHAT'S happened to me seems, in a way, the most simple and natural thing in the world, because I've always dreamed about something like this, and at the same time I can't believe it's true and I sometimes pinch myself to be sure I'm not still dreaming. Do you know what I mean? Here I am, just seventeen, and I'm one of the featured soloists with Phil Spitalny's All-Girl Orchestra, just returned from the second of two concert tours on which we covered the entire country.

Aside from that, I'm just like any other teen-age girl. I can't keep my eyes off my feet because I'm wearing my first pair of high-heeled shoes and—yes, I'm crazy about Van Johnson. I have two scrapbooks full of his pictures and it broke my heart when he got married. It did seem he could have waited just a little longer for me.

As for my story—and this is the first time I've ever been asked to tell it—I guess it really started that afternoon in Radio City last summer when my mother and I decided to see Perry Como's Supper Club, an NBC radio program. We were in Radio City because I had been rehearsing for Madge Tucker's Coast to Coast On a Bus, an ABC children's program on which I had been acting regularly for five years.

You see, I have always wanted to go on the stage and I've been taking singing lessons since I was thirteen. I must have inherited my love of music from my parents. Both are musically inclined, although they exercise their voices only in church choirs or occasionally in the bathtub. Of course they encouraged me and when I was in 8A in grammar school, I was accepted for Miss Tucker's program. If it weren't for that, I might not have been in Radio City that day—and I wouldn't be telling this story.

My mother and I hadn't made any plans for the evening and it was just by chance that we decided to go to the Perry Como show. It was just by chance, too, that I was wearing white gloves—you'll understand in a minute why they were important.

At the end of the radio program, Perry Como has a fifteen-minute show for the studio audience and he began that night by asking if there were anyone in the audience who wanted to sing. Of course, I immediately raised my two hands and after a moment, Mr. Como said, "Will the girl with the white gloves please come up on the stage." There were dozens of other hands in the air but my white gloves, you see, had called attention to mine. I'm not superstitious—not very, anyway—but I keep those gloves

I was so dazed I don't know how I got over beside

*Take a lovely voice; add red
shoes for luck; combine them with
Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts;
and you have teen-age
Gloria Benson, very much
on her exciting way*

in a little box all by themselves now; they certainly brought me good luck. In fact, it seems that some people thought I wore them as a kind of signal, that I had been "planted" in the audience and had not been chosen just by chance. But it was chance, the luckiest chance in the world.

I guess I sang well that night. At any rate, while I was walking out of the studio, my feet on the ground but my head in the clouds, a man stopped me and introduced himself as Gerald Brown of the NBC production staff. He liked my voice, he said, and he suggested that I call him to arrange for an NBC audition—which I passed. Things happened quickly after that. Mr. Brown referred me to a friend of his at the American Artists Bureau, a Mr. Buddy Robbins, son of Jack Robbins, the famous music publisher. I didn't lose any time and a day or two later I went to see Mr. Robbins—only to find out he was not in town. I guess my disappointment was written all over my face because his secretary, Mona Kirby, told me that she often helps him in judging performers and she suggested that I sing for her. That's how I happened to get on Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts, the program that really started me on my way. Miss Kirby was "so impressed," as she (Continued on page 74)

Red Shoes for Luck

By GLORIA BENSON



r. Godfrey, but once there I felt safe.



THE house where

"ASK her," said Jerry.

"You ask her," I said. "She's your mother."

"She's your mother-in-law," he pointed out.

"Now there's masculine logic for you!" And then we both burst out laughing.

It was funny, and it wasn't. There was Jerry, the respected young physician of the town of Three Oaks, and there was I, Anne, his wife and his—so he often assured me—competent office assistant, and we were arguing like a couple of youngsters afraid to approach a higher authority. The reason for our discussion lay before us on Jerry's desk—a neatly engraved bit of folded paper, announcing that Mr. Stefan Crawycyk requested our presence at the wedding of his daughter to Mr. William Fudro.

"Maybe," I suggested, "we could get someone else to stay with Jill, and take Mother with us."

Jerry coughed. "To a Polish wedding?" He pointed to the invitation. It was correct, formal, but at the bottom Stefan had broken out of the bounds of convention to add his own inducement in a high, slanting, European hand: "A fine time! Polish wedding!"

"Well—" I agreed, "I suppose not." I'd never been to a Polish wedding, but I'd been led to understand that they were as close to a carnival as a serious occasion could possibly be. "Maybe we'd just better forget about it. Send a gift and an excuse."

He pushed back in his chair, lower lip ruefully outthrust. "I'd hate to do that, Anne. I want to go, unless someone's sick that night and really needs me. Stefan would be hurt. Besides, he still owes me money for his wife's appendectomy, and if we didn't go, he might think we were snubbing him for that reason."

I leaned down to drop a kiss on the top of his bent dark head. I love my husband, but there are times when I come close to worshipping him—and for just such reasoning as this.

"I know," I said. "But Jerry, I don't see how we can leave her at home again—not after these last two weeks, and especially not after last night."

He made a face. "I'd rather forget about last night."

(Continued on page 84)

In this new Radio Mirror story, as on the air, Jerry Malone is played by Charles Irving; Anne by Barbara Weeks, Mother by Evelyn Varney. Young Dr. Malone is heard Monday through Friday, 1:30 P.M. EDT, over stations of the CBS network.

There they were, Young Dr. Malone, his mother, Jill. And Anne on the outside.

LOVE LIVES

*Jerry Malone is Anne's beloved, a
man, her husband. His mother loves him
too--as her never-grown-up child*



Summers at Seacliff
will give Meredith and
Heather the sea legs
they'll need to keep
up with their father.

John



THEY tell me that right now you can't get away from me—if you tune in on any one of 529 stations, there's Gordon MacRae! But I can explain it—I'm on NBC's Teentimers Club (101 stations) Saturday mornings; I'm doing a summer replacement for Baby Snooks on Friday nights over 148 CBS stations; and I've got my own transcribed show on Tuesdays and Thursdays over 280 NBC stations. All this is pretty astounding to me when I recall that seven years ago I was an NBC page boy. And if I hadn't broken a strong NBC rule, I'd still be shuffling around in a blue uniform!

The rule I broke was smoking in the Men's Room at NBC one noon-hour. And while I lighted that cigarette, I was humming "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes." A man came in and began washing up for lunch. But

he stopped in the middle of toweling his hands and interrupted my humming. "Can you sing, boy? Can you read music?" he demanded.

I was startled, but I nodded.

"Fine!" said he. "My name's George Jackson, and I'm one of Horace Heidt's quartet—and boy, how we need a fourth right now! Come right down with me to audition!"

And that's how it all began. I hopped out of that Men's Room with him (but not out of the uniform), and auditioned in half an hour—and suddenly I was in the quartet with Horace Heidt's band. A year later Larry Cotton went into the Army and I became solo singer . . . until I too went in the Army. And don't think that every time I'm at NBC, I don't drop into that Men's Room and bow low three times in

No time for anything . . . except a romantic marriage, a perfect family, a

Haste, Gordon Mac Rae

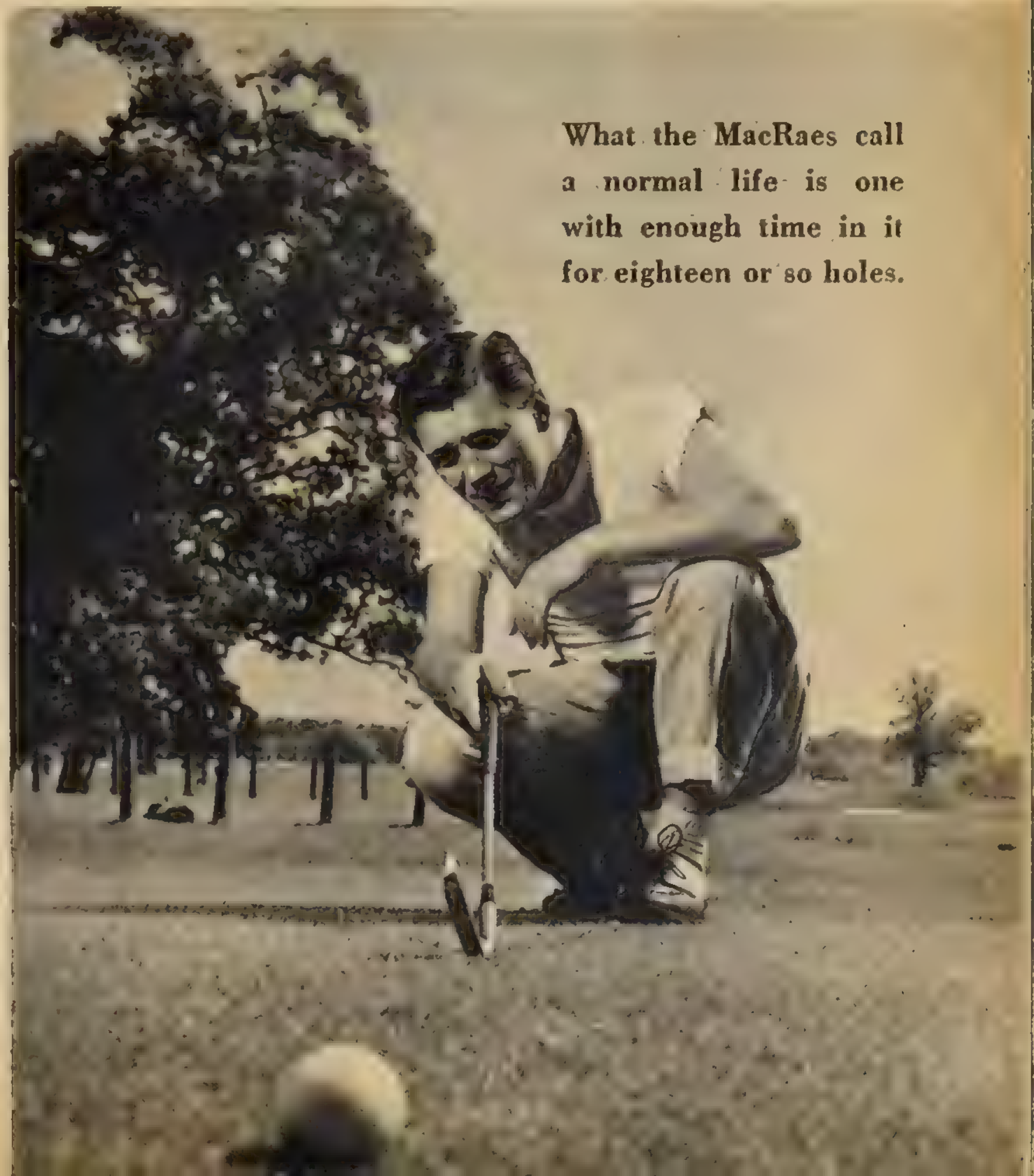


Danny Seymour announces the transcribed Gordon MacRae Show which is produced by Cy Phipps. And, while Fanny Brice vacations, Gordon's heard Friday nights at 8, CBS.

reverent gratitude! And with fingers crossed, to boot.

But all of this is ahead of my story, I guess. To start at the beginning, I was born in East Orange, New Jersey. Right after that event, the MacRaes moved to Syracuse, New York, where my father was a manufacturer of milling machines. There my sister and I grew up, and I went to Deerfield Academy. My dad was quite a guy; he was a very successful businessman, but he loved singing, so he used to sing in his spare time on WGY at Schenectady as "Wee Wullie MacRae."

I know that if I had gone into Dad's business I'd probably be a millionaire today. But I'd inherited his love of singing. So one day I was sitting in Deerfield study hall with a copy of *Pic Magazine* between me and my history book, (Continued on page 93)



What the MacRaes call a normal life is one with enough time in it for eighteen or so holes.

career headed for the moon



No

**BY
HELEN TRENT**

who recalls this incident especially for Radio Mirror. The Romance of Helen Trent, conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, is heard daily at 12:30 EDT, on CBS. Helen Trent is played by Julie Stevens.



Less than Heaven

HAVE you taken your vacation yet—
or are you still looking forward to it?

All over this wonderful United States, in this second peace-time summer, people are enjoying holidays of one, two, or three weeks. The beaches, the mountain resorts, the camps, the highways and trains—all are crowded with men and women and children seeking and finding relaxation. For in America the yearly vacation is a national institution, and a good one. No matter how happy you are in your daily life, no matter how much you enjoy your work, you deserve and need a change. I'd be the last person in the world to speak or write a word against the value of a vacation.

But I've known cases when a vacation—like any good thing—has been abused, and has resulted in harm instead of good. I've known quite a few such cases, and tragically enough they all concern people whose need of a holiday is especially great. People, I mean whose workaday lives are drab and lonely, whose work seems unrewarding, poorly paid—the very people who desperately need a chance to relax and refresh themselves.

I think particularly of Thelma Evans, because to me her experience symbolizes all the frustration, all the unhappiness, which a vacation can bring to one when it is undertaken in the wrong spirit. Her story is typical of thousands . . . up to a point. A fortunate point, for Thelma.

She was a typist at International, the

studio in Hollywood where I am a costume designer. At a desk in a room filled with desks, she spent her working day copying motion-picture scripts, cutting the mimeograph stencils which would be used to make many duplicate scripts for the use of stars, directors, producers, bit-players, scene designers—everyone connected with the production of the pictures. Sometimes when an extra stenographer was needed in another department, Thelma was called from her regular work and sent to fill in, because she was neat, fast, and capable. That was how I first became acquainted with her.

Maybe Thelma once had had dreams of being a star herself. I don't know; she never told me. But most girls in Hollywood have had such dreams, and I suppose Thelma was no exception. She had put them aside by the time I knew her, though. She was about twenty-five, with fair, soft hair falling in a natural wave to her shoulders, large violet eyes that had a wistful quality, and a wonderfully clear complexion. She was pretty, not beautiful, and somehow you thought of her as married to some nice young fellow, busy with cooking and housecleaning and taking care of the baby—and liking it.

Thelma had the nice young fellow, but she wasn't married to him. That wasn't his fault—he'd asked her, often enough. His name was Jerry Heath, and he was a teller in a Hollywood branch of a Los Angeles bank. (Continued on page 103)

*Thelma had two weeks . . . with illusion. Surely
it could be made to last so brief a time*



After the Vermont Farm episode, Margo feels that her Mount Kisco house is next door to Times Square.



There's a Berch technique to living. Shirley, Carol, Molly and John are learning it as they grow.



Come and Visit

AN HOUR'S drive from New York City, at Mount Kisco, New York, is a two-story white house perched on a rolling green lawn—packed solid with the Jack Berch family. There's Father Jack, Mother Margo, and children Carol, sixteen, Shirley, twelve, John, three and one-half, and Molly (a few months old). There are also two beaming colored maids, and swarms of neighboring children, and in the back there's a dog-run with two feverishly eager Springer spaniels running in it—Tibby and Jiggs.

It is also packed solid with Jack Berch enthusiasms. (You get a sample each morning on the NBC Jack Berch show.) For instance, according to Jack there's a forest of trees on his two-and-a-half acres of lawn. "See? Here's an English walnut. Here's an apple, here's a plum. And how do you like this flowering cherry?" he says proudly. But take it from us, these "trees" are merely twigs stuck into the ground beside a protective stick—and unless Jack read the tags attached to them, he couldn't tell one twig from another!

"It's his endless enthusiasm," says pretty blonde Margo, watching her husband reading the twig tags. "He's that way about everything. And some of his

Lucky, the Berches. They found a house that's big

By ELEANOR HARRIS



JACK BERCH

enthusiasms have been mighty hard on his long-suffering family!"

Take the time Jack bought (sight unseen) a farm in Vermont. He rushed home to tell the assembled family about it at the dinner table. "We've got a new country home! We'll go there every weekend!" he said happily.

"But there are so many of us to load into one car. And such a long trip!" argued Margo.

Jack looked triumphant. "That's why I just bought a trailer today! We can drive up in comfort. And it's no trip at all—just 175 miles each way!"

And don't think the Berches didn't drive up—though not in comfort—every single weekend for four and a half years. They packed themselves, clothes, groceries and fishing tackle into the trailer on Friday afternoons. Thirty minutes from home, they parked while Shirley took a music lesson from a teacher who lived in a nearby town. When she emerged from her lesson, they continued on to Vermont—and they made the return trip on Sunday nights.

"This went on summer, winter, spring and fall for almost five years," sighs Margo in telling it. "But

thank goodness, Jack's enthusiasms eventually end—and he finally sold the farm. And the trailer."

Then she adds, "But let's look at your newest enthusiasm, shall we, Jack?" This is located in the mammoth basement of their house. The cellar looks exactly like a 1947 version of the pioneer cellars of early America—complete with overflowing shelves of canned and bottled beans, tomatoes, strawberries, beets. Jack enthusiastically grew them in his garden, Margo less enthusiastically preserved them. In a corner room is a washing machine, with a huge hamper of Berch clothes waiting beside it. But across from the shelves of bottled vegetables is Jack's newest fascination—a colossal deep-freeze unit, big enough for the Waldorf. Its glistening white bulk seems to take up a quarter of the cellar space.

"This caused us one of our occasional rows," Jack admits, grinning. "Margo wanted a small deep-freeze. But I saw this gigantic one and couldn't resist it. When the truck delivered it, there wasn't a chance of getting it down cellar through the doorway—it was far, far too big. So I told the delivery men to leave it in the garden and I'd figure out a way. I did, too!"

and bright and welcoming. It matches them





Come and Visit

JACK BERCH

Two acres and a half are large enough for all the special Berch variations on routine sports.



Cheek by jowl in the vast deep-freeze unit are Jack's trout and last New Year's Day's eggnog.

He did by calling a neighborhood crony who has as many enthusiasms as Jack. Together the two men tore out a great hole in the foundation of the house. Then they dragged the gargantuan deep-freeze into the cellar—and worked two nights until midnight sealing up the foundation again!

"The house sagged gently during this operation, but I said nothing," Margo says now. "Besides, now I'm all for it—we've got room for everything we need in it, and that means still another of my husband's enthusiasms!"

YES, Jack is an ardent hunter, fisherman, and trapper. And inside the freezer are such mouth-watering items as bundles of speckled brown trout and brook trout caught last summer. And the carcass of a raccoon, trapped a few weeks ago. Not to mention the vegetables grown by Jack—or the many store-bought items like the hams, steaks, roasts, sausages, bacon, and a huge carton of dog-meat. "And here's something Margo made, good any time we need it," Jack beams, pointing out a big jug of eggnog left over from last New Year's Day!

Jack's enthusiastic way of living is marked all over the house. The big, comfortable country living room is not a decorator's dream, it's a room to live in. There's a fireplace, with an antique clock on its mantel. "I bought the clock because it has a kindly face," explains Jack. There's a rust-colored rug, cretonne-covered sofas and chairs, and a grand piano which only daughters Carol and Shirley can play. And there are family portraits of everyone in big leather frames. The dining room contains the usual furniture—and a mounted bass, which Jack caught ten minutes away from the dining table. "That's why I like living in the country—you can fish and trap right off your own property," says Jack. "In the past two years, I've trapped eight mink, thirty



Whatever John and his father catch, they can eat tonight—or two months from now. Compliments of the deep-freezer, of course.

raccoon, and thirty red foxes right here at home."

Upstairs, all three family bedrooms reveal Jack Berch manias. In the closet of the room shared by son John and daughter Shirley is Jack's arsenal—fifteen rifles and shotguns, of differing calibers and gauges. Come Sunday, Jack carries them all tenderly down to the cellar for cleaning. The rest of the time (except when they're in active use) they're kept locked away from small Johnny's hands—by the simple system of keeping the closet key on the high ledge of the door-frame!

In the room shared by daughters Carol and baby Molly is a great and hideous brown Navy diving chest, with a ponderous padlock swinging from it. "I got it at a Navy sale at a bargain," says Jack proudly, "and some day soon I'm going to sandpaper it down and it'll look stunning. Besides, it's as sturdy as a safe!"

The big master-bedroom shared by Jack and Margo has special-built seven-foot twin beds in it. "I got tired of sleeping with my toes curled up," grins tall Jack. In Margo's closet is another Berch enthusiasm—most of Margo's best looking clothes. "I buy out of the window, so I can't miss," Jack says modestly. But Margo is still raving about one complete outfit he brought home as a surprise last Winter—a navy blue suit, navy blue shoes, and a red sweater and hat. His own clothes are what he's least enthusiastic about. "I like 'em after they're worn out," he admits.

Near Jack's bed is a nightstand holding something that he waxes ardent about too—a combination electric radio and alarm clock. "See, you set the clock, and instead of the alarm going off, a radio program starts playing. It's the only chance I get to hear a program, too!"

He's right about that. Early morning is definitely his only time to listen. At 7:50 every morning, armed with a newspaper and a biographical book, he climbs up the steps of a commuter's train, waves goodbye to Margo in the family car and is off to (Continued on page 70)



Mount Kisco's nice; sometimes even the Berches just sit back and enjoy it.

Jack Berch stars in his own Jack Berch Show, Monday through Friday at 11:30 A.M. EDT, on NBC.



Jane-

Covering the Cover Girl: a
boy-meets-girl story that proves
love can be simple and
unmistakable and wonderful—
even out in Hollywood

By IRIS NOBLE

Violin study in Germany opened Jane's career with a flourish.

TAKE two young people—Tom and Jane, very much in love; mix two equal parts of talent and jobs; add one-part newly-purchased white bungalow home; sprinkle with liberal portions of dreams and laughter. And what do you have? For Mr. and Mrs. Tom Turnage (she's Jane Adams of the radio program *Darts for Dough* and this month's cover girl) the answer comes out: *happiness*.

It doesn't matter that the one-part home is only one-half furnished. The Turnages haven't even finished unpacking yet and it's true there's only one chair in the living room now, but—Jane laughs and says: "That's just a good excuse for sitting on his lap!" They are decorating their home together, watching it grow and become beautiful, planning each room, working out every detail themselves. No flossy interior decorator is going to spoil their fun.

It doesn't matter that full working days for both Tom and Jane mean two very tired people at night. Double harness in jobs suits them both, they claim.

Tom is delighted with Jane's three-year success on *Darts for Dough*, every Sunday over the American Broadcasting Company stations. He is backstage every week to watch and give her the high-sign of approval. He helped select her agent to handle her movie career, since she is now under contract to Universal-International. He will tell you, with pride, how she has moved steadily in motion pictures from bit parts to leads in Westerns and that now she's had her option picked up again by the studio—when Universal-International recently made its decision to film no more B-pictures and so released many of its contract players.

It isn't one-sided—this pride. The keen interest Jane takes in her husband's work and plans could be a lesson in morale-boosting that would keep any ex-GI from having readjustment problems.

Right now Tom and his brother are setting up a launderette—one of those miraculous labor-saving depots where housewives can bring the laundry, shove

Darts for Dough, on which Jane Adams can be heard, is an American Broadcast

NOT PLAIN



Dinners-for-two are more important than party nights for the Turnages. There's so much to talk about!

it into one of the dozen or so washing machines, read and gossip until it is done, and then take home the family's clean wash all ready for the ironing board. And who is helping decorate this launderette? None other than wife Jane.

She's excited, too, about his plans for returning to school next fall. Tom's had three years at Texas A. & M.; now he hopes to finish at UCLA.

Jane Adams' radio work has paid off for her in more ways than one. Contestants on Darts for Dough can win a hundred dollars every Sunday, if they are lucky, but Jane won more than that. It was through the program that she came to the attention of the motion picture talent scouts. And it was through the program that she met and won a husband.

The time was October of 1944, and there was a war on.

Tom was stationed at Camp Cook, with the 97th Infantry Division. Another GI of the same Division knew Orval Anderson, who is M. C. of Darts for

Dough, and took a chance, one day when he and Tom were on a three-day pass in Hollywood, on sending their names backstage in hope of getting to see the show. Orval Anderson did better than that for the two servicemen. He came out front to see them; conducted them personally to the sponsor's booth where they could watch the show in comfort; and after the program was over, introduced them to the members of the cast.

Tom—meet Jane. Jane—meet Tom. Shake hands—and fall in love.

For three weeks afterwards Tom wangled passes so he could go to Hollywood and visit the show. On the third try he mustered up enough courage to ask Jane for a date.

She would have gone out with him that first day, if he'd asked her.

Jane's always had certain definite qualifications for the man she's hoped to marry: Item one—sincerity. Item two—an active interest (*Continued on page 68*)

Sonnet

Radio Mirror's Prize Poem

Today my soul was restless as the wind,
A wand'ring, wond'ring, agitated thing
Of strange uncertainty. My thoughts were pinned
To melodies that little people sing;
To reaching arms of smoke that touch the sky;
To mystic echoes heard across the lake;
To autumn leaves blown far and scattered high.
My soul dreamed mad dreams and would not awake.

Today my soul was tranquil as a tree
In summer; and my heart grew lyrical.
I found the answer in simplicity
Of brown-eyed wonder for a miracle.
My classroom was a holy place indeed.
I taught a worshipping, small boy to read.
—Alice Ann Conger

The summer sun gives
Vitamin D
To everyone else,
But me.
It makes me burn
To a turn.
Some people cannot
Get enough
Of Sunshine 'cause
Their hide is tough;
My Hyde is a Jekyll,
I freckle.

—Hayden Rogers

FIDDLE MAGIC

Splinters of stars
And chips from the moon
Fly from the tips
Of a fiddle tune—

While, soft in the wake
Of a downward stroke,
Trail laughter and dreams
And gypsy smoke. —Iva Paston

Grandmothers

Grandmothers are the most amazing people;
They suddenly yield out of their depthless pockets
All sorts of gifts to please a wide-eyed child,
From lollipops to little heart-shaped lockets.

Grandmothers are the most obliging people—
They conjure out of nothing but thin air
Gingerbread-men with dusky raisin-eyes;
A red-cheeked apple or a painted pear!

Grandmothers are the most surprising people;
They never run out of lovely tales to tell
Of quaint little towns they knew, with a tall steeple
Complete with slow-voiced clock and chiming bell.

Oh, a rainy day slips by like any other,
Thanks to the magic wand of Grandmother!
—Pauline Harvard

HASTE THE DAY

Little boys climb and little boys fall
And trousers last no time at all;
Come on, scientist, be a chum—
Where's that cloth of aluminum!
—May Richstone

SUSPENSEFUL ANIMATION

There is little else that ever
Keeps a parent so perplexed
As exactly what a little
Boy will think of doing next.
—S. H. Dewhurst

BETWEEN THE

Last words for summer, while the leaves are

SONG FOR HALF PAST SEVEN

Today I kissed the milkman,
And held the postman's hand,
Went walking in the sunlight
With the leader of a band,
I held the butcher on my knee
And who would ever guess,
A filling station fellow
Would bring me happiness.
The ragman and the peddler
Come and go with ease,
They kiss me and berate me
And treat me as they please,
Until it's half past seven
When certain as can be
They all disappear
But a little lad of three,
Who wraps them all in starlight,
And tucks them in his head,
And with no misgiving,
Takes them all to bed.

—Gladys McKee



By TED MALONE

Be sure to listen to Ted
Malone's morning program,
Monday through Friday
at 11:45 EDT, over ABC.

BOOKENDS

still green, while flowers still bloom

PRAYER FOR A DAUGHTER

Give her wide and lovely eyes,
Give her beautiful, gleaming hair;
Give her a figure sylphen slim,
Give her a skin camellia fair.

Give her brows arched like crescents,
Give her white and tapering hands;
Give her soft, rounded shoulders
That are firm and straight when she stands.

Give her long and slender legs,
Even give her pretty knees.
If she must have something homely
Let it be her virtues . . . please.

—Christie Lund Cole

We now Take Issue

Yesterday's maidens were made of spice
And other ingredients equally nice;
While, we understand, less fortunate
males
Were composed of things like puppy dogs'
tails.

Now rumor says this will all be changed,
Reconverted and re-arranged:
In one of the brave new world's routines
They'll both be made out of soya beans!
—Rod Maclean

RADIO MIRROR will pay FIFTY DOLLARS each month

for the original poem, sent in by a reader,
selected by Ted Malone as the best of that
month's poems submitted by readers. Five
dollars will be paid for each other original
poem submitted and printed on the Between
the Bookends pages in Radio Mirror. Address
your poetry to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205
East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Poetry
submitted should be limited to thirty lines.
When postage is enclosed every effort will be
made to return unused manuscripts. This is
not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry
for Radio Mirror's Between the Bookends.



Corliss

"Dexter," Corliss announced, "I have an idea!" And Dexter inwardly braced himself. He'd had a lot of experience with Corliss' ideas!

IN the late afternoon the Archer garden was a peaceful spot. For once, even Corliss and Dexter were quiet, lounging on the grass and serenely licking the tops of ice-cream cones.

Peace . . . and quiet.

And Mrs. Archer, looking out of the kitchen window, shuddered. How well she knew her daughter! How well she knew that quiet moments like these were the lulls before the storm, the fruitful moments that could blossom into trouble for the Archer family. Indeed, if she had been close enough to listen, she might well have shuddered, because Corliss was even then saying to Dexter:

"Dexter, I have positively the most utterly super idea! I'm going to be a politician."

"Huh?" Rolling over on his back, Dexter Franklin managed to get ice cream all over his chin. He wiped it off carefully, only half-heartedly listening to Corliss. "You mean making speeches and kissing babies and things like that? When you grow up?"

"When I grow up? Dexter Franklin—a person doesn't have to be old and decrepit before a person begins to take an active interest in government affairs!" Then from the lofty, she switched abruptly to the practical. "I'm going to run for high school Student Body President. Elections are two weeks from now."

Gone was Dexter's indifference. He sat bolt upright, staring at the girl. When he spoke his voice was the voice of outrage. "You can't do

that! A girl can't be Student Body President!"

"Why not?"

"Why—why because. Because we've never had a girl Student Body President. Holy cow, Corliss—you just aren't the type, anyway!"

"I might have expected you wouldn't have any faith in me. Our friendship has run its course, Dexter Franklin. It seems that I'm good enough for you to take to the movies every Saturday and buy me cokes and take me dancing and to baseball games and spend all your allowance on me—but when I ask one little single, teensy-weensy favor like voting for me to be Student Body President you—oh, hello, Minnie—" Corliss broke off her heated remarks to welcome a newcomer into the garden. "What brings you here? I thought you were helping Miss Lane plan the volleyball tournament for next week?"

"I already did." Minnie Jenkins was a tiny, brown-haired girl, whose habitual worried, earnest and careworn expression seemed specially contrived to make people forget she was also a very pretty girl. Now she stood, irresolutely, on one foot and then the other, and suddenly thrust a book at Corliss. "You forgot your history book. You left it behind in the classroom and I was worried you might need it for your homework so I brought it along to you. What were you saying about voting for you?"

"Sit down, Minnie. I was just telling Dexter that it was time a girl was elected Student Body President . . . and I'm (Continued on page 95)

This is an original story, written especially for Radio Mirror, based on the Meet Corliss Archer radio show characters created by F. Hugh Herbert. Janet Waldo plays Corliss; Sam Edwards is Dexter; Irene Tedrow is Mrs. Archer; Fred Shields, Mr. Archer. Meet Corliss Archer is heard Sunday nights 9 EDT, on CBS.

BACKS a DARK HORSE

Bowing gallantly to her inescapable destiny, Corliss Archer
flings her hat into the political arena. It was last year's hat anyway

"Is it right for a candidate
to buy votes?" Corliss de-
manded of her surprised parents.



Suspense

AND THE



1. Helen Brandt is an ambitious young artist. But her interview with Jean Thornton, Art Director of the William Farrel Company, an advertising agency, is fruitless. Jean admits, as she takes a cigarette from her music-box case, that the sketches are very good. But she is not interested in hiring a new assistant at the moment—there will be no room for Helen as long as Jean works for Farrel.

There wasn't room for both of them. So Jean had to leave—for a while . . .

SUSPENSE has a large and avid number of listeners who would not under any circumstances miss a single program, for it creates in those who listen exactly the sensation which the title implies. It stands far above the average mystery program in story, in direction, in acting. The actors who play the parts in Suspense each week are top Hollywood radio stars who form the Suspense stock company. Here, as on the air, Helen Brandt is played by Cathy Lewis; Jean Thornton is Dolores Crane; Lurene Tuttle is the secretary, Marie Harris; Elliot Lewis (he's Cathy's husband) is Bill Farrel and the two reporters are Wallace Maher and Joe Kearns.



2. Only a little while ago, Jean was alive—Helen had seen her with that cigarette box in her hand. Walking along the street after her interview, Jean heard a cry, saw a woman hurtle from the window above—it was Jean.

BREATH-TAKING STORY OF A LIVE GHOST WHO RETURNED TO THE SCENE!



3. Now that Jean is gone, Helen decides that this is no time for scruples. Even as Bill Farrel tries to get rid of questioning newspaper reporters, Helen is after Jean's position as Art Director of Bill Farrel's agency.



1. Weeks pass. Helen has made good at her new job. More important, she has fallen in love with Bill. She would be happy if Marie Harris, Bill's secretary, did not constantly remind her that she is taking a dead girl's place.



5. That photograph of Jean Thornton—how did it get on Helen's desk? Helen is terrified—which is exactly the way Marie Harris wants her to be—as she reads the inscription on it. "With love, to Bill" it is signed.



6. And the tune of Jean's musical cigarette box! Is it really in the room or only in Helen's mind? Marie says that the music may have been recorded on the office dictaphone some time before, but Helen is still terrified.

Suspense

**AND THE BREATHTAKING
STORY OF A LIVE GHOST
WHO RETURNED TO THE SCENE**

This story is adapted from an original
Suspense script written by Eleanor Beeson.
Mystery lovers hear Suspense for half an
hour each Thursday, 8 P.M. EDT, over CBS.



7. Helen goes to Bill for comfort, but although he does assure her of his love for her, he cannot explain away the picture or the music. Instead, he tells Helen that he is in trouble himself. But he cannot, he says, tell her about it, and Helen is more frightened than ever.



10. To save Bill, whom she loves, Jean pushed from the window of her office an unknown, innocent girl, dressed in Jean's clothes, with a duplicate of Jean's musical cigarette box. The authorities thinking Jean dead, Bill was able to collect her life insurance and save himself.



11. Marie Harris has always known the truth—and she, too, loves Bill and wants him for herself. She has been waiting, and chooses this moment to come in—her authority a gun. It was she who frightened Helen with the picture and the music box recording.



8. That night, Helen returns to the office. She is determined to get out of Bill the truth about this trouble of his, perhaps about the picture and the music box as well. But there is someone with him—a woman whose shadowed profile looks like that of Jean!



9. Jean—who is supposed to be dead! But the girl in the room with Bill is Jean, nevertheless. This is the explanation she offers: Bill has embezzled some money from the firm. Jean's life insurance was of an amount that would cover the embezzlement. So Jean disappeared.



12. "You were supposed to have jumped out the window once before," Marie tells Jean. "This time you will really do it!" Revealing that she has dictaphone records of everything, including the murder, she forces Jean to do what she had once pretended.



13. This, thinks Helen, is payment for my ruthless ambition! For she has seized the gun which Marie put down in her struggle with Jean. And Helen holds the man she loves and the girl who loves him enough to do anything for him until the police come to take Bill Farrel away.



TWO WHITE AND TWO NEGRO
Radio Mirror's \$100 Letter

Dear Papa David:

I'd like to tell you about a nurse who taught four old ladies, two white and two negro, that life can be beautiful and taught us a lesson in tolerance, too.

You see, this nurse had a brilliant war record, but she was stricken with paralysis soon after she was discharged. She made a brave comeback and is now working in a V. A. hospital here in Texas. I'm getting ahead of my story. After her recovery she found out that two of us were being evicted from the house where we lived. We, too, had had paralysis, so she came to see us and asked us to live with her. She provided the best medical care and gave us treatments every day until we were able to use our bodies better. I mustn't leave out the fact that we got the love and understanding that older people need more than anything else.

About three months after we'd been here she brought two negro women who were in the same circumstances in which she found us. At first we were pretty hostile toward them, but she did not make any difference in the way she acted toward us. She gave them what she had given us, same treatments, love and understanding. They tried to be friendly with us but we repelled any advances until she had a talk with us and explained that since we believed in God that we should be friends to everyone since that was what He advocated.

We thought this over and after a while we tentatively made friendly advances and found that our companions were just like ourselves, intelligent and willing to be friends if we'd only give them a chance. Now we are one big happy family though it wasn't at all as easy as it sounds, but we've learned the hard way that lesson in tolerance. Our nurse, even though she's very busy in her new work, still finds time to write us letters of encouragement every day. Her mother carries on where she left off and we are all beginning to love this as much as our own home. We've told this pretty badly but maybe you'll understand what we've been trying to tell you about this great person who's made life beautiful

THE path that the heart
travels on its way to a
knowledge of life's beauty
can be called by so many
names. Love, perhaps—or
sacrifice, or tolerance . . .

Life Can Be Beautiful, written by Carl Bixby and Don Becker,

for four old women, otherwise lonely and friendless.

D. M., H. M., M. A., S. A.

P.S.—Papa David, if you decide to print our letter, please make out the check to our nurse. We'd like to do something to show our appreciation of the things she's done for us.

The Editors of RADIO MIRROR have selected for this month's \$15 checks the letters that follow.

"IF YOU GO WITH ME"

Dear Papa David:

I was born with a fear of the dark. My mother has often said she could not leave me alone even as a baby.

As I grew older I can vividly remember the horror that would grasp and hold me with icy fingers as I would lie awake in the dark. My parents would have scoffed at the idea of a light. Foolish to be afraid! I suffered alone.

My grandfather was a Methodist preacher and one of the kindest, sweetest persons who ever lived in this world. He and my parents taught me how God was always near to take care of children or anyone who trusted Him. Because I could not explain my fears to them, I poured out my childish fears to Christ who was very real to me. One night in the dark hours before midnight, I woke and the horror of smothering darkness fell over me like a stifling blanket.

In desperation I said, "Christ, I'm a silly child to be afraid, but if you will go with me, I'll walk around the house and not run a step."

I immediately rolled out of bed and was soon out the front door. Very slowly I walked, deeply conscious of a Presence beside me. Slower and slower and happier—happier as I walked further. The front door came back to me all too soon. I stood there looking up at the stars. I was not afraid! The night was beautiful. I went to bed and felt the darkness about me like the loving warmth of a velvet robe. A great beauty had come into my life.

Never again have I been afraid in the dark. Strength and peace come with the beauty of the night and I love each night even more than the beautiful day.

B. K. H.

HAPPINESS IS CULTIVATED

Dear Papa David:

When my first baby was very little I went to a Montana sheep ranch in Bozeman Canyon. I had spent all of my life in a city with the fun and friendships one takes for granted. Then to be transplanted into a frontier country where all about me was new and strange and lonely, was almost overwhelming.

My only companion was an old woman—kindly and very wise. The days were ages long to me. She suggested that I ride horseback. I didn't know how and I didn't want to learn. She suggested that I take a walk and gather wild flowers through the afternoons of the beautiful spring days we were having. But I said I didn't have anyone to gather flowers for.

One evening as we sat on the doorstep looking out into the twilight she said, "I wonder, dear, if you wouldn't like to make a mattress for your baby—make every bit of it with your own hands—so she can have it when she grows up and realizes how it was made and how much love was put into it? If you would like to hear it, I will tell you about one I made for my little grandson." I said I would and she told me how she had gathered the wool that clung to the barbed wire fences (*Continued on page 89*)

RADIO MIRROR OFFERS \$100 EACH MONTH FOR YOUR LETTERS

Somewhere in everyone's life is hidden a key to happiness. It may be a half-forgotten friend, a period of suffering, an unimportant incident, which suddenly illuminated the whole meaning of life. If there is such a memory in your life, won't you write to Papa David about it? For the letter he considers best each month, Radio Mirror will pay one hundred dollars; for each of the others that we have room enough to print, fifteen dollars. No letters can be returned. Address your Life Can Be Beautiful letter to Papa David, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42 Street, New York 17, New York.

is heard at 12 Noon PDT, 1 P.M. MDT, 2 P.M. CDT, 3 P.M. EDT, on NBC stations

The Adventures of



The hero of another day
proves that Right will always
win o'er Might, while he
demonstrates uncanny prowess
on the Field of Honor

Joe Mansfield is director of the Adventures. Rehearsing one of them are the principal characters—Lawson Zerbe, who is Frank; Elaine Rost, who is Inza; Hal Studer, who plays Bart.



RAH for Yale!"

"Three cheers for Frank Merriwell!"

Listen to them roar approval for that glamorous gladiator of the gridiron, that great American hero! It's a nostalgic echo from the era when "Twenty-three skidoo!" was gay talk and an ice cream soda set you back five cents.

He's back—big as life and twice as exciting, right out of the dime novel pages. The idol of all Young America (ask Dad, he knows) goes back into action every Saturday morning in NBC's *The Adventures of Frank Merriwell*.

That immortal character, created at the turn of the century by Burt L. Standish and now adapted for radio, has not been streamlined or modernized. Dauntless Frank is involved in stirring, action-accented stories that recreate all the chivalry and charm of the gas-light period.

Famous landmarks like the Yale Campus, the student Fence, the New Haven House are background for Frank's adventures. Back, too, are lovely Inza Burrage, his heart-interest, and Bart Hodge, his campus chum plus such memorable characters as Harry Rattleton, Jack Diamond, Dismal Jones, Lazy Bruce Browning, Coach and Dean Clark.



The clop-clop of hoofs, the scrape of carriage wheels start each program—courtesy of the busier-than-usual NBC Sound Staff

Adapted for radio by Ruth and Gilbert Braun and William Welsh, Frank Merriwell is heard Saturdays, 10 A.M. EDT, NBC.

FRANK MERRIWELL



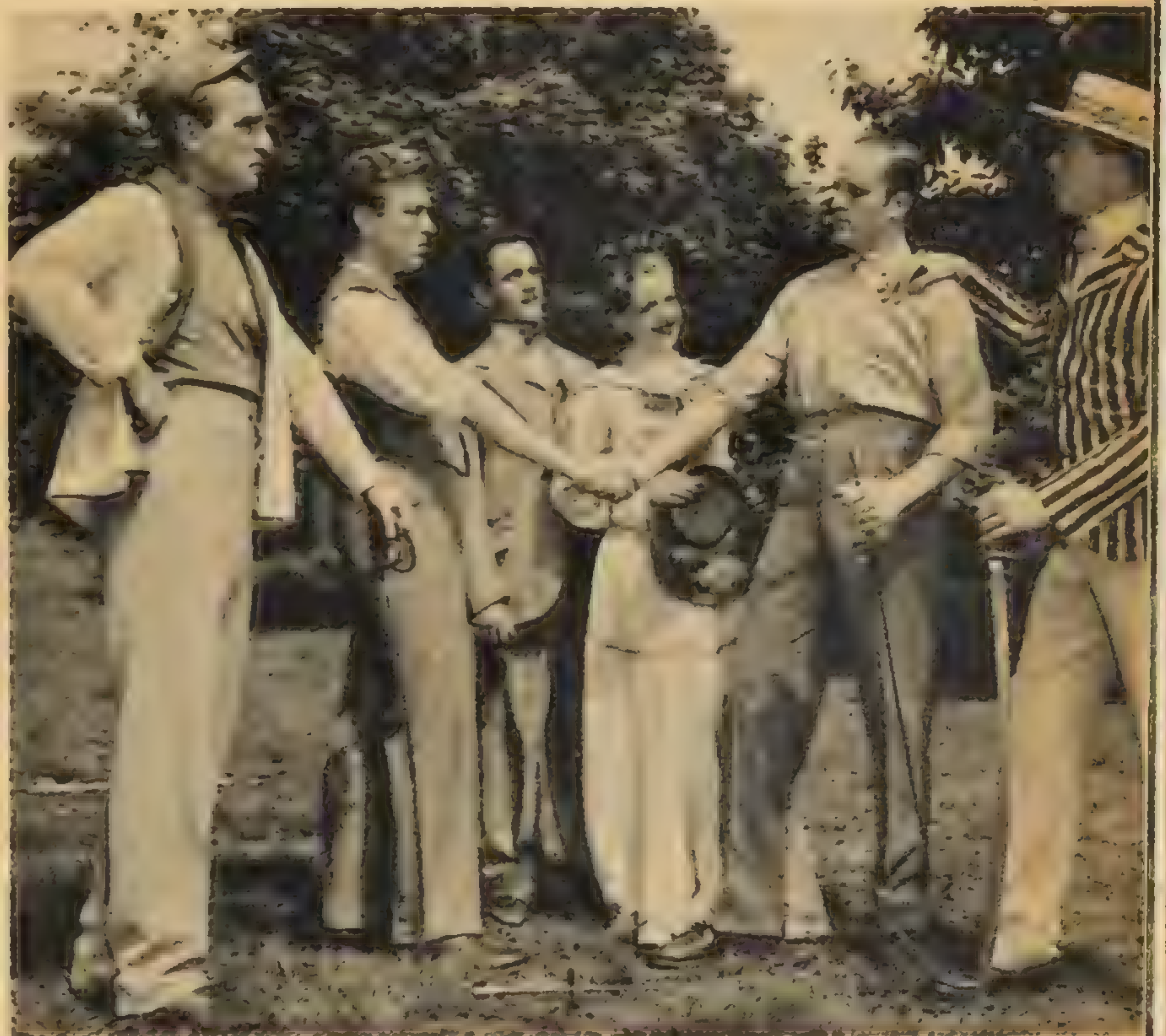
1. Desperately, Bart informs Inza that Frank and another student, Robert Marline, are to settle a grudge with swords. Inza must come and intervene!



2. But the duel is already on. Marline, lunging at his cool opponent, is furious and baffled. Twice has Frank disarmed this supposedly expert swordsman.



3. For a third time Frank Merriwell sends Marline's blade spinning. Inza and Bart have arrived, but it looks as if Frank will not need help from them.



4. The victor! A fine figure of a man, Frank shakes hands with Marline, turns to accept congratulations from his friends, a prideful "well done" from Inza.

"DEAR BEAUTY"



Courtship 'round
the world, sad times
apart and happy times
together—how could
Jinx and Tex help
falling in love?

JUNE 3, of 1940, it was, the day we met. Back-stage at the Schubert Theater where I was rehearsing the small part I played in the Al Jolson show, "Hold On To Your Hats."

Tex, who was at the time chief editorial writer for the New York Daily Mirror, had come to the theater to cover the show. As I passed him, bright yellow as I was, in a California playsuit, and barefoot, in the dim and dusty wings, "Who is that character?" he asked producer Georgie Hale.

Georgie introduced us. We started talking California, and Spain, where I was born, and I recall thinking that this young man with the newspapers under his arm was a very very serious young man—grim, really—and wondering why he never smiled. But liking him, and feeling pleased and proud because I seemed to interest him a little bit. Then my watch crystal fell out, and by the time we found it we were friends and we knew it.

My mother remembers the letter I wrote her, that night of June 3, 1940, in which I told her about the show but more about "A very nice young newspaperman who did a sort of interview with me."

But days passed, weeks passed and Tex didn't come to the theater again. There were no calls from him. No word. Nothing, nothing, nothing. There was the beginning of the nothing, nothing, nothing that was to be, seemingly, all there would ever be between us. All there *was* between us, certainly, for months, and years. . . .

Then, one day, he showed up at the theater again. And we talked again. About tennis, this time. ("Jinx's conversation," Al Jolson used to tell people, kidding me, but meaning it, "is three ways to string a tennis racket!") Then Tex asked me how I liked New York. I told him I loved it. I'd been told, I said, that New Yorkers are unfriendly,

uninterested in strangers. "But gee, it's amazing," I said, "I walk home from the theater alone every night—not dressed up at all, you know, just as I am in my bareback dress, carrying my flower—and lots of people stop and talk to me!" That made Tex laugh his practically (in those days) once-a-year laugh. Then he said, "I'll walk home with you tonight. You shouldn't be walking home alone, you know, late at night."

I thought, *He'll forget. He'll disappear again. . . .*

But he didn't forget. When I came out of the stage-door that night, there he was and we walked from the theater to the Plaza in Rockefeller Center (which I think is—next to Cairo—the most romantic place in the whole world because that is where Tex and I really began) and sat at one of the little tables outside the French Grill and had lemonade.

If I had thought that, seven years later, we'd practically be living here at the Plaza, broadcasting from NBC in a studio overlooking the Plaza . . . but I didn't think seven years, or even seven days, ahead. . . . It was nice, it was exciting, right then, in that moment, with Tex saying, as he ordered me the lemonade I asked for, "My God, don't you drink?" Then, offering me a cigarette, which I refused, "Don't you smoke?" and when I said "No" to both questions, "This is the girl for me!" he said. But grinning, not serious.

Later, maybe an hour later, after he'd asked me many questions about me and my two brothers, Bob and Tom, and about Barcelona, Spain, where I was born, and about Brazil and Chile, where I spent most of my girlhood, and about Hollywood where, later on, I was a movie actress, he said, "You seem a nice, family sort of girl, so—be careful and don't get hurt in New York."

Then there was a pause in which, I remember, Tex seemed to go very far away. Then he said, "I'd like to

By

JINX FALKENBURG

Hi, Jinx is heard on WNBC 8:30 A.M., EDT, Monday through Friday, and Sunday at noon. Jinx and Tex substitute for Duffy's Tavern this summer—Wed., '9 P.M., EDT, NBC.



He was christened John Reagan McCrary, but Tex and Jinx call him Paddy.

Every-morning job for Tex is dressing young Paddy for the day—and it's a job he loves.



Their life, Jinx says, is right for her and right for Tex, and right for their marriage.



At her own front gate or overseas with the USO,
—wherever Jinx goes is home because she's happy.



The flood of mail their programs bring is one
of the tasks that the McCrarys tackle together.



"DEAR BEAUTY"

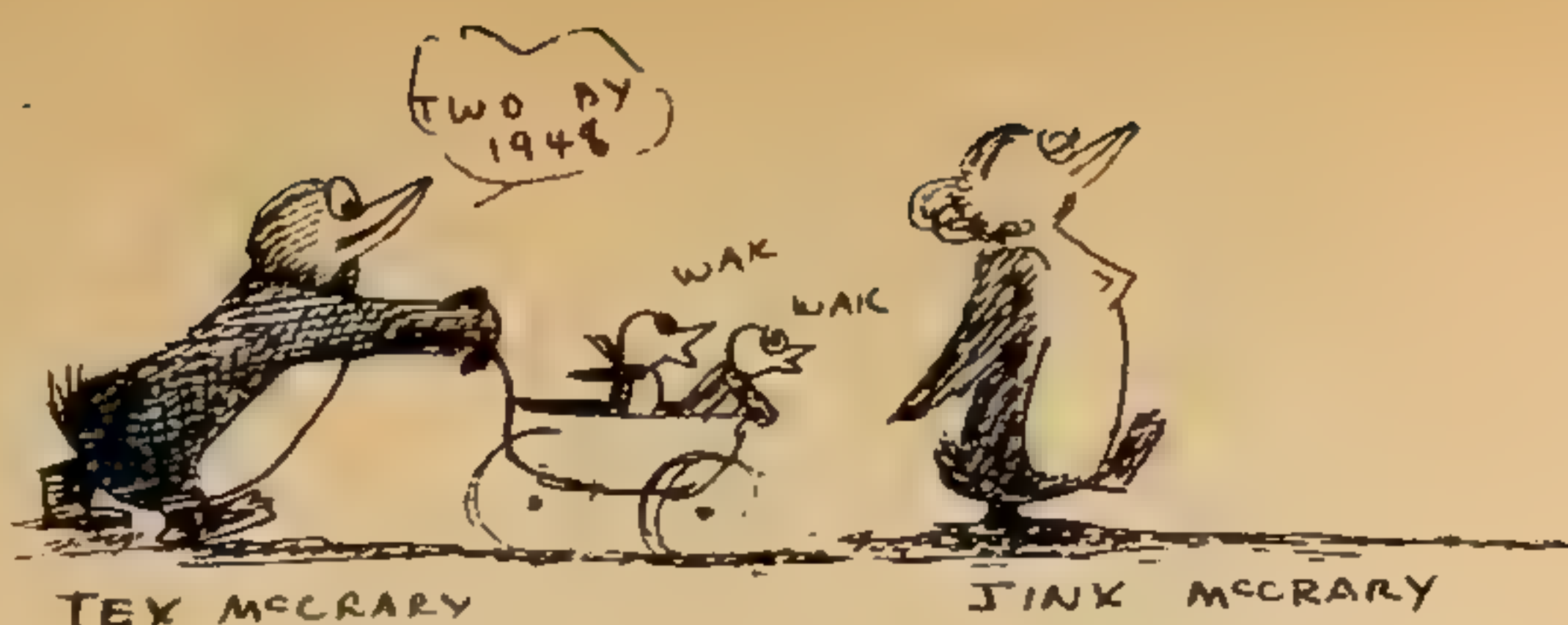
see you a lot but I won't fall in love with you because if I fell in love with you, I'd only hurt you." Then he added, slowly, "I just want to tell you that I've been married and will never marry again."

It had not occurred to me at that time—why should it?—that I was the least in love with him, or ever would be. But those words made such an impression on me that I never forgot them or, actually, ever will. Even now, now we are married, are even "Mr. and Mrs." on the air, have a baby, are never apart, those words come back to me, haunting.

WE walked home together that night and I didn't see him again for months, many months. . . . Nor hear from him. And didn't really care, didn't think about it. By this time, I'd got to know people in New York. I was playing tennis a lot. Al Jolson and I had become good friends and every evening eight or ten of us from the cast would go to the 21 Club for dinner. And there were weekends with friends in the country. And visits with friends in from Hollywood. And the very serious young man with the newspapers under his arm began to seem, if I thought about him at all, far away and long ago. . . . Then, months later, in Chicago with the show, in my mail one day I found a full-page poster of myself as the "First Miss Rheingold" (which I was!) enclosed in an envelope. And by my pictured hand, a pen-and-ink sketch of—a penguin. Simply that and nothing more. Instantly I looked at it, "Tex!" I said, "Tex McCrary!" For a penguin is Tex's sort of signature. He loves to draw penguins. He draws penguins all over tablecloths, on walls, anywhere and everywhere he finds an inch of space. He had drawn penguins on the table at the French Grill that night in Rockefeller Plaza. He'd drawn penguins on the walls of Al Jolson's dressing-room in the theater in New York. (When Paddy was born, he drew pictures of a penguin papa running madly up and down a hospital corridor!)

In New York again, a few weeks after the show opened there, I was told that Tex McCrary wanted to do an "Only Human" sketch of me. (One of the "Only Human, by Candide" sketches he did for the *Mirror* in those days.) "Tex is going to do the story after the show tonight," our elated press-agent told me. "He wants to know if you will go to his apartment, where he works. He thinks you can talk more comfortably there than in a restaurant." When, somewhat in doubt as to the decorum of going to a young man's apartment, I arrived, Tex greeted me affably but impersonally and offered me, by way of refreshment, graham crackers, honey from Chile and a glass of milk!

We talked, I remember, for an hour or two—mostly about my background, my family and what my ideal life would be. When the interview was over Tex



took me downstairs, called a cab for me, saw me into the cab and said "Goodbye; you're on your own now!"

That was that. And I didn't see him again for three months!

When the story came out—the best story ever done on me, by the way—it was titled "Girl of the Future." "She is the Girl of the Future, because," Tex explained, "she speaks Spanish and English equally well and in the future there will be many girls of Latin-American parents who will speak both languages equally well."

Mostly very much in earnest, as he mostly is about everything, Tex in the story also poked a little fun at me. "When I asked this Beauty," Tex wrote, "what her ideal life would be, she said she wanted to be married, have five children, live in a ranchy sort of place in California, with tennis court and swimming pool." He wrote this blue-print of the ideal life as a quote from me, then closed the quote and added, "Nothing pretentious." Oh, and he also

quoted me—and correctly—as saying I would *never* marry an actor because I couldn't stand a man wearing make-up around the house! I have a lot of fun with Tex now, laugh at him when, for our television shows, he puts make-up on to cover the fact that he isn't well shaved.

Six months later, having gone back to Hollywood, made a picture and returned to New York again, I was staying at Elizabeth Arden's apartment when the phone rang for me one day and a voice said, "Remember me?" "Hullo, Tex," I said. "How are you? Where are you?" Tex said, "At the airport. Leaving, this minute, for England. Just thought I'd call you."

During the year that followed—the year of no word from Tex—at the movies one night there was one of the short subjects in the screen series Tex was doing, titled "Ringside Seat with Tex McCrary" and there was Tex, looking out from the camera, with that very grim, never-smiling look of his and saying in a voice that eloquently (Continued on page 78)

Jinx's family convenes: brother Bob and his wife, and (right) mother "Mickey" and stepfather Leroy Wagstaff.



IN LIVING PORTRAITS

"To live together in love"



MARY and SAM YOUNG are Pepper's parents. Still much in love, they are adored in turn by their children. Mary, kindly and energetic, manages her home with a benevolent hand. Sam's hair turns grey but his sense of humor is undimmed. Grandson Hal is the apple of their eye. Right now, Sam is faced with business losses; his factory was recently destroyed by fire. (Marian Barney, Thomas Chalmers)

PEPPER and LINDA (right), PEGGY and CARTER, are happy young married couples. Peggy Young married the son of the wealthy Trents. Linda and Pepper, who were childhood sweethearts, turned to each other again when they were mature enough to recognize the true depth and stability of their affection. (Played by, left to right: Betty Wragge, Burt Brazier and Eunice Howard, Mason Adams).

Pepper Young's Family

and harmony"—the aim of every American home, the achievement of this NBC family





HATTIE WILLIAMS, widowed and with a small son, came long ago to be the "household help" at the Youngs'. But, youthful enough to understand the problems of Pepper's generation, old enough to be a steady-ing, experienced counselor, it's years since Hattie's been considered less than a friend.
(played by Greta Kvalden)



NICK HAVENS, chubby young bachelor, complains that all the girls he loves love someone else. This leaves Nick free to be the good-natured "extra man," beloved by all the young people and indispensable whenever the crowd meets for a party.
(played by John Kane)

HANK is caretaker at Lake Beauregard, where the Youngs spend their summers. Each year Hank fishes with Sam Young, befriends the young people, and hopes he can convince Hattie that she ought to take his proposals of marriage seriously.
(played by G. Swaye Gordon)



HORACE and IVY TRENT, Carter's parents, live in Elmwood as gentlemen farmers. Their luxurious country estate represents the simple life to these two who, before they knew the Youngs, lived a sophisticated urban life in Chicago. Horace is contented, feeling that in Elmwood he has learned the true values of existence; but Ivy, missing the excitement of social Chicago, often clashes with her unaffected, Elmwood-bred daughter-in-law Peggy. (Charles Webster and Irene Hubbard)

ANDY HOYT, while he was Major Hoyt during the war, fell madly in love with Peggy's best friend, EDIE GRAY. Marriage has changed Edie from a fluttery girl to a thoughtful, intensely happy young wife, who adores her husband and her small daughter. Devoted to his little family, air-minded Andy is also making plans for the commercial air transport line which he founded, and which he has been operating out of Elmwood. (Jean Sothern and Blaine Cordner)





*Every bit as good as it
looks, and as easy as it is pretty!*

Social

IT'S a warm summer evening and all over this land of ours families are sitting down to supper. In spite of the good things on the table many a youngster, and many a grownup as well, is more interested in the dessert course that's coming—hoping, if by some chance he hasn't already made sure, that it will be ice cream. Year in and year out, ice cream remains our top choice for dessert and for between-meal refreshment. Luckily for family health, ice creams and sherbets are nutritious; luckily for the mothers of growing families, there is an almost unlimited variety to choose from.

If cake with ice cream is a favorite combination in your household, try serving it as it is pictured here. The ice cream is flavored with peppermint stick candy and the cake is chocolate. To achieve the cake design, bake your cake in a square pan and, when cake has cooled, cut a square piece from the center portion, leaving a frame of the cake. Cut the square piece diagonally to make four triangles and place them at the sides. Fill the center of the cake frame with ice cream and there you are.

Peppermint Stick Candy Ice Cream

- 1 tablespoon plain gelatin
- 2 cups milk
- ½ pound peppermint stick candy, crushed
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1 pint heavy cream, whipped

Combine gelatin, milk and half the candy in a saucepan. Heat but do not boil, stirring occasionally, until gelatin dissolves. Cool. Fold in salt and cream. Pour into freezing tray of refrigerator and freeze with cold control set at coldest point. When mixture has frozen 1 inch from sides of tray, turn into a chilled bowl and beat with a rotary beater until mixture is smooth but not melted. Fold in remaining candy. Return to freezing tray and freeze until firm. Makes 1 quart ice cream.

Mock Pistachio Ice Cream

- 1 cup milk
- 20 marshmallows, quartered
- Few drops green coloring
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1¼ teaspoons almond extract
- ¼ teaspoon vanilla
- 1 cup heavy cream, whipped

Scald milk, add marshmallows and heat until marshmallows are melted,

stirring constantly so that mixture is light and fluffy. Cool. Add coloring (until mixture is the desired shade of green), salt and flavoring. Fold in cream. Pour into freezing tray of refrigerator and freeze with the cold control set at the coldest point. When mixture has frozen about 1 inch from edge of tray, turn into a chilled bowl and beat with a rotary beater until mixture is smooth but not melted. Return to freezing tray and freeze until firm. Makes 6 servings.

Mexican Chocolate Ice Cream

- 1 package plain ice cream mix
- 2 squares baking chocolate, melted
- ½ teaspoon cinnamon
- ¼ teaspoon ginger
- ¼ teaspoon cloves
- ¼ teaspoon nutmeg
- ½ teaspoon vanilla

Follow directions on package for type of ice cream mix used. When mix is prepared, stir in remaining ingredients. Pour into freezing tray of refrigerator and freeze with cold control set at coldest point. When mixture has frozen about 1 inch from edge of tray, turn into chilled bowl and beat with a rotary beater until mixture is smooth but not melted. Return to freezing tray and freeze until firm. Makes 6 servings.

Peach Mousse

- 1 cup finely cut peaches
- ½ cup sugar
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ¼ cup water
- 1 tablespoon plain gelatin
- ¼ teaspoon almond flavoring
- 1 cup heavy cream, whipped

Heat first five ingredients over boiling water until gelatin dissolves. Remove from heat, add (Continued on page 83)

Radio Mirror
for
Better Living

By

KATE SMITH
 RADIO MIRROR
 FOOD COUNSELOR



Listen Monday through Friday at noon when Kate Smith Speaks, on stations of the Mutual Broadcasting System

For Mother



There's no way to disguise the coming baby, but, as Shirley Mitchell shows, you can be a trim and pretty person anyway.

Extra—extra . . . but get a glamorous "at home" garment if you can. Nothing like it for morale; and useful long afterward.

For public appearances, there are ingenious dresses, suits,



RADIO MIRROR

for Better Living



FINDING maternity fashions which place more emphasis on fashion and less on maternity has always been a problem for mothers-to-be, but thanks to the well-designed maternity clothes available today, it is possible for an expectant mother to be as well dressed during pregnancy as at any other time. Some of these clothes are modeled here by Shirley Mitchell. Shirley, who is Leila Ransome in NBC's *The Great Gildersleeve*, in private life is the wife of Dr. Julien H. Frieden. Some day she hopes to be buying such a wardrobe for herself. Meantime, she is taking notes for that future day.

Designed by Edith Phillips, these clothes are adaptations of the smartest

of regular fashions. All are, necessarily, expandable.

Fortunately, a very moderate sum plus careful planning can result in a wardrobe which will turn the wearer out well dressed at all times. An important detail is to have the maternity wardrobe varied as to style, color and fabric, but faithful to the type of clothes which are becoming. Expectant mothers should try to have two pretty wash frocks for home wear, a hostess robe, a classic dress and a suit.

To focus attention on the face rather than on what irrevocably becomes a "bulging middle," select dresses which use a contrasting fabric at the neck and shoulder and wear eye-catching hats.



Fatal to look less than your best even while at the stove.

-and Child



Nurse Hale, of the Hobby Horse Shop, helps Sharon Douglas shop with an eye on "how necessary!"



Charming and elegant as these confections are, Sharon still decides "no". The baby may look adorable in them—and wear them twice. Better bank the money.

IF you are expecting your first baby and have recently experienced the thrill of buying the first small garments for the newcomer, Sharon Douglas has a few pointers for you. Sharon, heard in NBC's *The Life of Riley* and on the Dennis Day and Judy Canova shows, is the wife of movie executive Edward Nassour and the mother of very young Edward Junior. One of radio's newest mothers, she took some pains to become well informed on the basic requirements of a first wardrobe.

Your pediatrician no doubt has told you, as Sharon's told her, that except for special occasions babies are better off wearing simple nighties, shirts and wrappers. Sharon's basic list includes a half dozen shirts and a half dozen nighties of the tie or slip-on variety, made of knit wear, which is easy to wash and requires no ironing; three dozen diapers, which is a minimum number but enough for the inevitable daily laundry; four simple cotton receiving blankets, which are useful at bath time and as light covers; and several nursery pads which she considers life savers both for holding the baby and for keeping his bed clean and fresh.

For the "special" occasions most parents will want one or two pretty dresses or nighties and a wrapper or sacque, but because they will be outgrown so

soon these are definitely extra. A summer baby or one born in a mild climate will not need many outer garments, so booties and caps are another extra. Winter babies will need light but warm covering for head, shoulders and feet.

The general trend is to keep rooms at an even temperature and use light coverings for the baby. In place of a bassinet, which an infant outgrows quickly, a basket with diapers and a small pad for bedding may be substituted, at quite a saving. Three or four crib sheets and two or three blankets will provide sufficient cover.

A very important part of any layette is the array of nursing bottles and the sterilizer. The type of bottle used may vary according to personal preference. A half dozen eight-ounce bottles with nipples, a smaller bottle for water and orange juice, a bottle and nipple brush and a pitcher for formula mixing are sufficient. Sterilizing equipment can be as simple or as elaborate as desired; even a large pan will be adequate.

Toiletries are important. Many pediatricians recommend plain boric acid, cornstarch and mild oil rather than fancy, but not always necessary, products.

"Your baby is a person," Sharon says earnestly, "not a doll to be dressed up and played with."

... or divide it wisely among the dispensable items on Sharon's list.



RADIO MIRROR

for Better Living

INSIDE RADIO

All Times Below Are EASTERN DAYLIGHT TIME
For Correct CENTRAL DAYLIGHT TIME, Subtract One Hour

SUNDAY

A.M.				
8:30 8:45			Earl Wild	Carolina Calling
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Story to Order Words and Music	People's Church Tone Tapestries	White Rabbit Line	News Renfro Valley Folks Johnson Family
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Bible Highlights Circle Arrow Show	Radio Bible Class Voice of Prophecy	Message of Israel Southernares	Church of the Air Church of the Air
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Design For Listening News Highlights Solitaire Time	Arthur Van Horn Dixie Four Quartet Reviewing Stand	Fine Arts Quartette Hour of Faith	Wings Over Jordan Salt Lake Tabernacle

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	World Front News Eternal Light	Pilgrim Hour Lutheran Hour	F. H. LaGuardia String Orchestra Raymond Swing	Invitation to Learning As Others See Us
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	America United Chicago Round Table	Mutual Music Show	Warriors of Peace Sammy Kaye	People's Platform Time For Reason Howard K. Smith
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Robert Merrill Frank Black James Melton	Married For Life Bill Cunningham Veteran's Information	Deadline Mystery Sunday Vespers	Weekly News and Quiz "Here's To You"
3:00 3:15	Carmen Cavallaro		Lassie Drama Johnny Thompson	CBS Symphony Orchestra
3:30 3:45	One Man's Family	Quiet Please	This Week Around The World	
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	The Quiz Kids The Author Meets The Critics	House of Mystery True Detective	Are These Our Children Lee Sweetland	Hour of Charm
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	NBC Symphony	Under Arrest The Abbott Mysteries	Darts for Dough David Harding	The Family Hour Jean Sablon Joseph C. Harsch

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30	The Catholic Hour Adventures of Ellery Queen	Those Websters Nick Carter	Drew Pearson Don Gardiner Greatest Story Ever Told	Ozzie and Harriet Sound Off
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	The Jack Paar Show Rogues' Gallery	Mysterious Show California Melodies	Willie Piper Comedy The Clock	Gene Autry Blondie
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Alec Templeton Dorothy Lamour	A. L. Alexander Voices of Strings	Detroit Symphony Orchestra	Sam Spade Crime Doctor
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Manhattan Merry- Go-Round American Album	Exploring the Unknown Listen Carefully	Walter Winchell Louella Parsons Jimmie Fidler	Meet Corliss Archer Tony Martin Show
10:00 10:15 10:30	Take It or Leave It The Big Break Eddie Dowling	Gabriel Heatter Show The Edmund Hock- ridge Show	Theatre Guild	



Janette Davis

—had her own radio program, in Memphis, at fourteen. She is now the featured vocalist on Columbia's Arthur Godfrey Show.

Henry J. Taylor



—has been a constant commuter to Europe since 1932. He made an outstanding contribution to war-time journalism and his assignments are recorded in his books, "Time Runs Out", "Men in Motion", and "Men in Power". Recently returned from a trip around the world which completes 150,000 miles of wartime travels, he is now heard over Mutual Broadcasting System on Mondays and Fridays.

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers Three Steps to Rhythm
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in New York Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	Editor's Diary Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30	Once Upon Our Time Road of Life	Arthur Gaeth Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Mag- azine of the Air Club Time	Look Your Best Evelyn Winters David Harum
10:45	Joyce Jordan			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Fred Waring Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Victor H. Lindlahr Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire	Tom Breneman Galen Drake Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Echoes From Tropics Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Checkerboard Jamboree Coast Guard on Parade	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	U. S. Navy Band Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Cedric Foster Bobby Norris Strings Merv Griffin	Baukhage, News Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Women in White Masquerade Light of the World	Queen For A Day Martin Block Show	Maggie McNellis Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Lone Journey Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Afternoon Edition Bill Harrington Jackie Hill Show	Ladies Be Seated Paul Whiteman Club	Double or Nothing Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson Johnson Family Two Ton Baker Adventure Parade	Dick Tracy	Hint Hunt Give and Take
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Tom Mix	Terry and Pirates Sky King Jack Armstrong Tennessee Jed	House Party Treasury Bandstand

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Rad Hall Serenade to America Lowell Thomas	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid In My Opinion Red Barber, Sports Richard C. Hottelet
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Manor House Party H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dance Orchestra Henry J. Taylor Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith Bob Crosby Show Bob Trout
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Cavalcade of America Voice of Firestone	Did Justice Triumph Scotland Yard	Lum and Abner Bobby Doyle Show Sherlock Holmes	Inner Sanctum Joan Davis
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Victor Borge	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories Guy Lombardo	Treasury Agent Sammy Kaye	Lux Radio Theater
10:00 10:15 10:30	Contented Program Dr. I. Q.	Fishing and Hunting Club Family Doctor	Doctors Talk It Over Buddy Wee I Trio	Bob Hawk Show



Winifred Wolfe

whose portrayal of Teddy, adopted daughter in One Man's Family, has won her the affections of a coast-to-coast audience. She first appeared on the program five years ago when Teddy was a little girl who was visiting next door to the Barbours. Winifred was born and has always lived in San Francisco. One Man's Family is heard over the National Broadcasting Company network every Sunday.

TUESDAY

A.M.	NBC	ABC	ABC	ABC
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember News			The Trumpeteers Three Steps to Rhythm
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	Editor's Diary Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30	Once Upon Our Time Road of Life	Arthur Gaeth Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air Listening Post	Look Your Best Evelyn Winters David Harum
10:45	Joyce Jordan			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Fred Waring Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Victor H. Lindlahr Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire	Tom Breneman Galen Drake Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	Echoes From Tropics	Kate Smith Speaks Checkerboard Jamboree	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jennv
12:30 12:45	Words and Music	Naval Academy Band		Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15	Art Van Damme Quartet	Cedric Foster Bobby Norris Strings	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins
1:30 1:45	Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Marv Griffin		Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Women in White Masquerade Light of the World	Queen For A Day Martin Block Show	Maggie McNellis Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Lone Journey Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Jackie Hill Show	Ladies Be Seated Paul Whiteman Club	Double or Nothing Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson Johnson Family Two Ton Baker Adventure Parade	Dick Tracy	Hint Hunt Give and Take
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Tom Mix	Terry and Pirates Sky King Jack Armstrong Tennessee Jed	House Party Treasury Bandstand

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John MacVane Serenade to America Lowell Thomas	Local Programs		Eric Sevareid In My Opinion Red Barber Richard C. Hottelet
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Manor House Party H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dance Orch. Arthur Hale Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Green Hornet Drama	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith Bob Crosby Show Bob Trout
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Milton Berle A Date With Judy	Warren's Crime Cases Official Detective Adventures of the Falcon	Lum and Abner Bobby Doyle Show Boston "Pops" Concert	Big Town Mel Blanc Show
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Fred Waring & Co.	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories American Forum	Local Programs	We, The People Studio One
10:00 10:15 10:30	Adventures of Philip Marlowe An Evening With Romberg	Vic Damone International Quiz	Hank D'Amico Orch. Hoosier Hop	Open Hearing

WEDNESDAY

A.M.	NBC	ABC	ABC	ABC
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers Three Steps To Rhythm
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	Editor's Diary Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30	Once Upon Our Time Road of Life	Arthur Gaeth Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air Listening Post	Look Your Best Evelyn Winters David Harum
10:45	Joyce Jordan			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Fred Waring Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Victor H. Lindlahr Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire	Tom Breneman Galen Drake Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	Echoes From Tropics	Kate Smith Speaks Checkerboard Jamboree	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45	Words and Music	U. S. Marine Band		Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	U. S. Army Air Force Band Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Cedric Foster Bobby Norris Strings Merv Griffin	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Woman in White Masquerade Light of the World	Queen For A Day The Martin Block Show	Maggie McNellis Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Lone Journey Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Jackie Hill Show	Ladies Be Seated Paul Whiteman Club	Double Or Nothing Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson The Johnson Family Two Ton Baker Adventure Parade	Dick Tracy	Hint Hunt Give and Take
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Tom Mix	Terry and Pirates Sky King Jack Armstrong Tennessee Jed	House Party Treasury Bandstand

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John MacVane Serenade to America Lowell Thomas	Local Programs		Eric Sevareid Talks Red Barber Richard C. Hottelet
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Manor House Party H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dance Orchestra Leland Stowe Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith Bob Crosby Show Bob Trout
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Dennis Day Summerfield Bandstand	Crime Club Johnny Madero	Lum and Abner Bobby Doyle Show Paul Whiteman	American Melody Hour Dr. Christian
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Mr. District Attorney	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories What's the Name of That Song	Beulah Show Eddie Albert	Rhapsody in Rhythm Ford Showroom with Meredith Wilson
10:00 10:15 10:30	The Big Story Kay Kyser	Opinion Aire Latin American Serenade	Phil Silvers Lights Out	The Whistler



Bernard Lenrow

—who plays Geoffrey Barnes, narrator and host of National's Mystery Theatre, Fridays at 10:00 P.M., EDT. A native of Binghamton, New York, Cornell educated, he later taught speech at Hunter

College in New York City and at Iowa State, where he was also director of the Iowa State Players. He came east to play in the Broadway production of Ten Million Ghosts and "looked into bigtime radio."

THURSDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers Three Steps to Rhythm
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	Editor's Diary Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30	Once Upon Our Time Road of Life	Arthur Gaeth Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air The Listening Post	Look Your Best Evelyn Winters David Harum
10:45	Joyce Jordan			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Fred Waring Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Victor H. Lindlahr Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire	Tom Breneman Galen Drake Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	Echoes From Tropics	Kate Smith Speaks Checkerboard Jamboree	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45	Words and Music	U. S. Navy Band		Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Art Van Damme Quartet Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Cedric Foster Bobby Norris Strings Merv Griffin	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Ma one The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Woman in White Masquerade Light of the World	Queen For A Day Martin Block Show	Maggie Mc Nellis Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Lone Journey Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Jackie Hill Show	Ladies Be Seated Paul Whiteman Club	Double or Nothing Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson Johnson Family Two Ton Baker Adventure Parade	Dick Tracy	Hint Hunt Give and Take
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Tom Mix	Terry and Pirates Sky King Jack Armstrong Tennessee Jed	House Party Treasury Bandstand

EVENING PROGRAMS

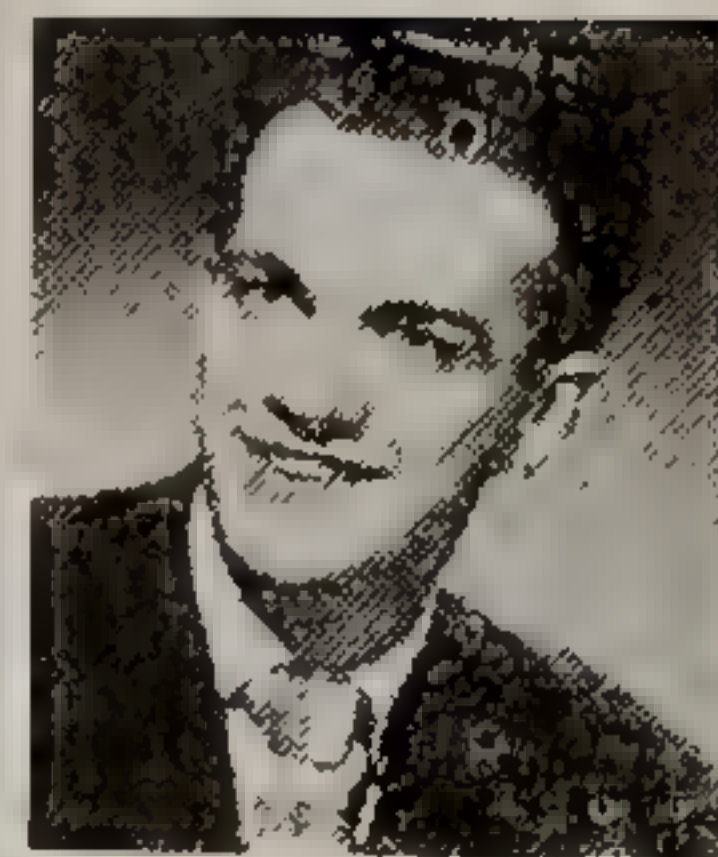
6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Serenade to America Clem McCarthy Lowell Thomas	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid In My Opinion Red Barber, Sports Richard C. Hottelet
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Grand Marquee	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Vincent Lopez Arthur Hale Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Challenge of the Yukon	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith Bob Crosby Show Bob Trout
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Gramps-Comedy Frances Langford	Let's Go to the Movies Count of Monte Cristo	Lum and Abner Erwin D. Canham America's Town Meeting	Suspense Mr. Keen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Nelson Eddy Eve Arden	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories Hour of Song	Mr. President	Lawyer Tucker Crime Photographer
10:00 10:15 10:30	Abbott and Costello Blue Ribbon Music Time	Family Theatre	Those Sensational Years Ralph Norman	Reader's Digest Radio Edition Man Called X



Laura Leslie

— born nineteen years ago in Finksburgh, Maryland, pop. 300, she grew up singing; had a weekly sponsored spot on WBAL while attending high school in Baltimore and got another sponsor on WBBR

for a graduation present. She went to Los Angeles for some club bookings; tired of West Coast night life; came home and auditioned for Sammy Kaye when he was appearing at a Baltimore theater. So he signed her.



Bill Cullen

— was a pre-med student at the University of Pittsburgh when lack of funds made him turn to radio. His first job was as an announcer at KDKA. This made too tough a schedule along with his pre-med work so he switched and became a Bachelor of Arts. Next he tackled New York and joined CBS. Now he's m.c. on the Winner Take All program and announces several of the other popular shows of that network.

FRIDAY

A. M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers Three Steps To Rhythm
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	Editor's Diary Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30	Once Upon Our Time Road of Life	Arthur Gaeth Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air The Listening Post	Look Your Best Evelyn Winters David Harum
10:45	Joyce Jordan			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Fred Waring Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Victor H. Lindlahr Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire	Tom Breneman Galen Drake Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	Echoes From Tropics	Kate Smith Speaks Checkerboard Jamboree	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45	Words and Music	Campus Salute		Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	U. S. Marine Band Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Cedric Foster Bobby Norris Strings Merv Griffin	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Woman in White Masquerade Light of the World	Queen For A Day Martin Block Show	Maggie McNellis Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Lone Journey Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Jackie Hill Show	Ladies Be Seated Paul Whiteman Club	Double or Nothing Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson Johnson Family Two Ton Baker Adventure Parade	Dick Tracy	Hint Hunt Give and Take
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Tom Mix	Terry and Pirates Sky King Jack Armstrong Tennessee Jed	House Party Treasury Bandstand

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	News Serenade to America Lowell Thomas	Local Programs		Eric Sevareid Report From The United Nations Red Barber Sports Richard C. Hottelet
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Manor House Party H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dance Orchestra Henry J. Taylor Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith Bob Crosby Show Bob Trout
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Highways in Melody Rexall Theater, Pat O'Brien and Lynn Bari	Burl Ives Holly House Leave It To The Girls	The Fat Man This Is Your FBI	Baby Snooks Thin Man
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Waltz Time	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories Bulldog Drummond	Break the Bank The Sheriff	Arthur's Place Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
10:00 10:15 10:30	Mystery Theatre Sports	Meet The Press Date Night	Boxing Bouts	It Pays to be Ignorant My Friend Irma

SATURDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Perculator Party Coffee With Congress Bill Herson	Robert Hurleigh Bobby Norris	Al Pearce and His Gang	CBS Morning News The Garden Gate Renfro Valley Folks
10:00	Frank Merriwell	Bill Harrington	Johnny Thomson Show	Barnyard Follies
10:15 10:30 10:45	Archie Andrews	Jackie Hill Show	Buddy Weed Junior Junction	Mary Lee Taylor
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Teentimers Club Home Is What You Make It	Smilin' Ed McConnell Say It With Music	Tune Time String Ensemble Piano Playhouse	Let's Pretend Adventurers Club

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	Arthur Barriault Consumer Time	This Week in Wash- ington Flight Into the Past	Texas Jim Robertson Melodies to Remember American Farmer	Theatre of Today Stars Over Hollywood
12:30 12:45	Smilin' Ed McConnell			
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Nature Sketches Veterans' Aid Elmer Peterson	Bands For Bonds Dance Music	Fascinating Rhythm	Grand Central Sta. County Fair
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Nat'l Farm Home The Baxters Camp Meetin' Choir	Harlem Hospitality Club This Is Jazz	Our Town Speaks Hill Toppers This Is For You	Give and Take Country Journal
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Local Program	Dance Orchestra Sports Parade	Phil Brestoff Sunset Roundup	Treasury Bandstand The Seth Grainer Show
4:00 4:15		Horse Races Dance Orchestra	Horse Racing Stars in the Afternoon	Horse Racing Joey Kerns Orch.
4:30 4:45	Musicana	Dance Orchestra	Treasury Show	Adventures in Science Of Men and Books
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Edward Tomlinson Art Mooney Three Suns Shine King Cole Trio	For Your Approval Dance Orchestra Jan August and His Piano Magic	Saturday Concert	Cross Section U. S. A. Dance Orchestra

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15	Rhapsody of the Rockies	Dance Orch.	Jimmie Blair	Bill Shadell Word From the Country
6:30 6:45	Boston Tune Party The Art of Living	Cecil Brown	Harry Wismer Labor U. S. A.	Saturday Sports Review Larry Lesueur
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Our Foreign Policy Curtain Time	Hawaii Calls News and Sports F. H. LaGuardia	It's Your Business Song Spinners Candid Microphone	Hawk Larabee F.B.I. In Peace and War
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Life of Riley Truth or Consequences	Twenty Questions The Better Half	I Deal in Crime Famous Jury Trials	Vaughn Monroe Sweeney and March
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Your Hit Parade Can You Top This	Mighty Casey High Adventure	Gangbusters Murder and Mr. Malone	The Bill Goodwin Show Saturday Night Serenade
10:00 10:15 10:30	Judy Canova Grand Ole Opry	Theater of the Air	Professor Quiz Hayloft Hoedown	Dance Orch.



Louise Arthur

—the New Orleans redhead, was a dancer at thirteen but had to conquer a syrupy Southern accent before she could become an actress. She currently combines work in the theater and movies with her radio career and is Annie Marie Templeton on NBC's Woman in White, Mondays through Fridays at 2:15 P.M., EDT. Her work in a full length 16 mm film, The People's Choice, is bringing her fan mail from South Africa, India, Hawaii and the Philippine Islands.

OFF THE AIR

JACK SMITH'S practically running a sideline business. All last Spring he was busy shopping for antiques. He worked himself up a stock of them that filled, the way it looked to us it would be better to say, jammed, three rooms and his garage. Now he's being kept on the run all the time by calls from swank New York galleries and the people who run antique shows. They're always tracking famous pieces to him and asking to borrow them for exhibitions. I'd hate to be sitting on one of his fine chairs when a request came through for it to be shown.

* * *

Nick Carter has become such a radio feature that we're willing to bet almost no one ever thinks of the original books on which the character in the script is based. Lon Clark, who plays Nick, decided to do a little special remembering on his own and recently paid a visit to the widow of the author at the house in Connecticut where many of the books were written. Lon was kind of thrilled to see all the mementoes of "Carter" which Mrs. Haryot H. Dey has kept intact. He was particularly pleased to be allowed to use an old cylinder-keyed Multiplex typewriter, on which the serials were first written by Frederick Dey—and to find the machine still in working condition.

* * *

You'd think that any young girl who works for Perry Como and comes up against the glamor of radio all the time would be inclined to have mike ambitions. But Edith Landesman, who acts as Perry's secretary when she isn't attending classes at New York University, has no such inclinations. She's majoring in radio, but she says she's the only student who doesn't want to sing or act. What she really wants to do is become a movie producer and her biggest disappointments in life, to date, have come about when Como has gone to the coast for his picture appearances. She has always been right in the middle of classes and has had to stay in New York.

* * *

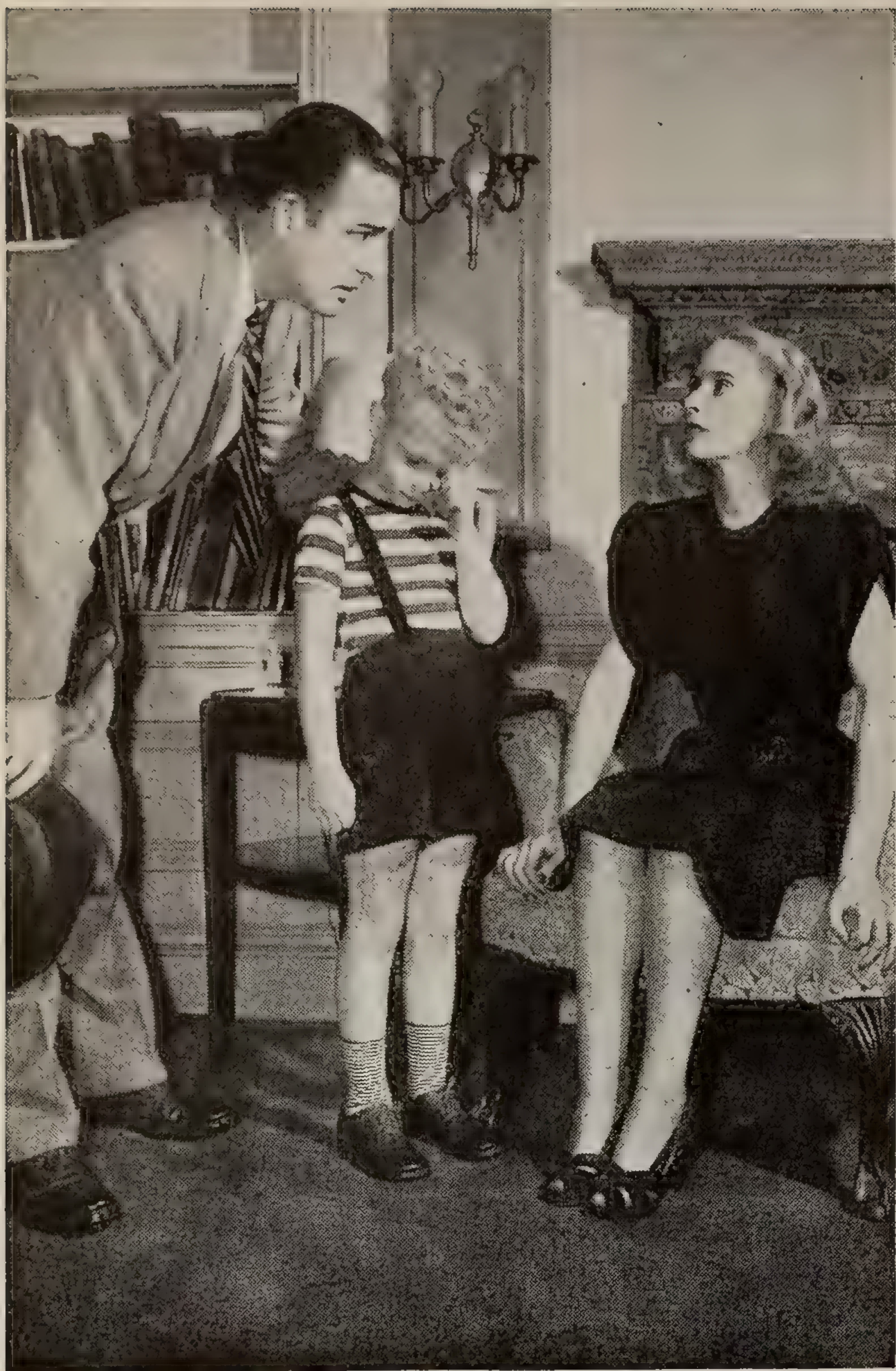
A lot of hopeful radio actors are getting valuable experience and making a little money on the side, through an idea started by Jackie Kelk, who plays Homer in the Aldrich Family show. A while back, when Jackie was rehearsing with a Broadway show, he couldn't make all the rehearsals of the radio program. It was Jackie's suggestion that line-reading stand-ins be used when he couldn't be there. That worked out so well that now lots of radio directors are breaking in new talent by using the actors and actresses as stand-ins when regular cast members have conflicting time schedules.

* * *

The next Charlie Chan picture you see will have a new actor in the role of the smooth-spoken Chinese detective. Roland Winters has been signed to replace the late Sidney Toler in the part originally created by Warner Oland. Winters is a featured actor now on the MBS roster, appearing regularly on the Treasure Hour of Song and the Fishing and Hunting Club shows on that network.

* * *

We hear that Georgia Gibbs, who's been doing such a swell job as one of the singing leads in the summer show that replaced the Eddie Cantor stanza, has been offered the lead in a Broadway musical that debuts in October. Hope the rumor is true. Her Nibs deserves the breaks, already. She's been one of the best song stylists in these parts for years and with her that label doesn't mean—as it so often does with "stylists"—that she can't sing. She can take a tune and twist it around where you live, better than anybody we've heard in a long time. Good luck, Georgia.



1. John Howard came home from his office one night to find his wife, Martha, angry and 7-year-old Larry in tears. To John's worried, "What's the trouble, son?" Larry sobbed, "I just asked Mom for a baby brother—why did that make her mad?"

Motherhood—



2. After Larry was in bed John said, "I know you want another child just as much as I do, dear." Memory of the searing pain of Larry's birth swept over Martha and she shook her head. "I can't go through that again, John. I'm afraid."

JOHN and Martha Howard and 7-year-old Larry were a happy family, but fear shadowed their happiness. Though she passionately longed for another child, Martha was unable to forget the pain Larry's birth had caused. She and John had been vacationing when her labor began; miles from modern drugs and skilled care, with only John's help, she had gone through such agony that she could not face the thought of another child.

Dr. Lewiston, who understood her conflict, explained maternity anesthesia to Martha. "Twilight Sleep was the combination of morphine, to relieve pain, and scopolamine, to induce forgetfulness of the ordeal. When it was found that morphine tended to interfere with the baby's breathing if given

too close to birth, a new drug, demerol, replaced it. Another technique, continuous caudal anesthesia, is the injection of metycaïne into the caudal end of the spinal canal. Usually it does away with all pain by numbing the lower part of the body, which is why it is not used in all cases. You see, a certain amount of pain prompts the mother to bear down and help move the baby, but if she is completely free from labor she doesn't cooperate. Then delivery is delayed. Nitrous oxide, now used widely, allows the patient to remain conscious so she can cooperate, but dulls first-stage labor pains and takes the agony out of the second stage."

Visits to the New York Infirmary completed Martha's re-education. Larry's delighted with the newest Howard!

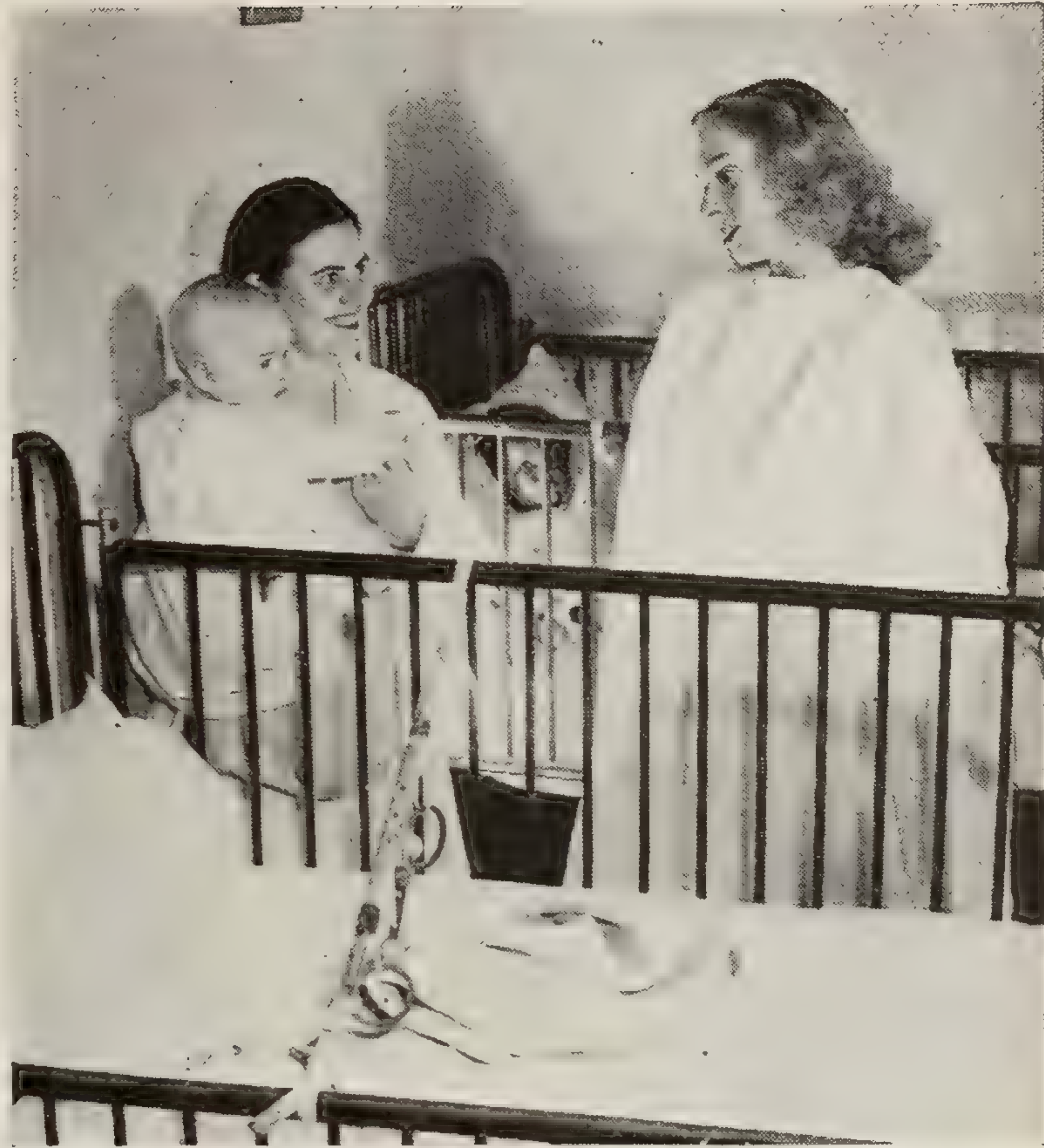
Exploring the Unknown is broadcast over MBS Sunday, 9:00 P.M. EDT. Martha Howard played by Virginia Robinson; John, by Stephen Courtleigh; Dr. Lewiston, by Wendell Holmes; Larry, by Keith Fitzpatrick. Photographs made with the cooperation of The New York Infirmary.

RADIO MIRROR for BETTER LIVING

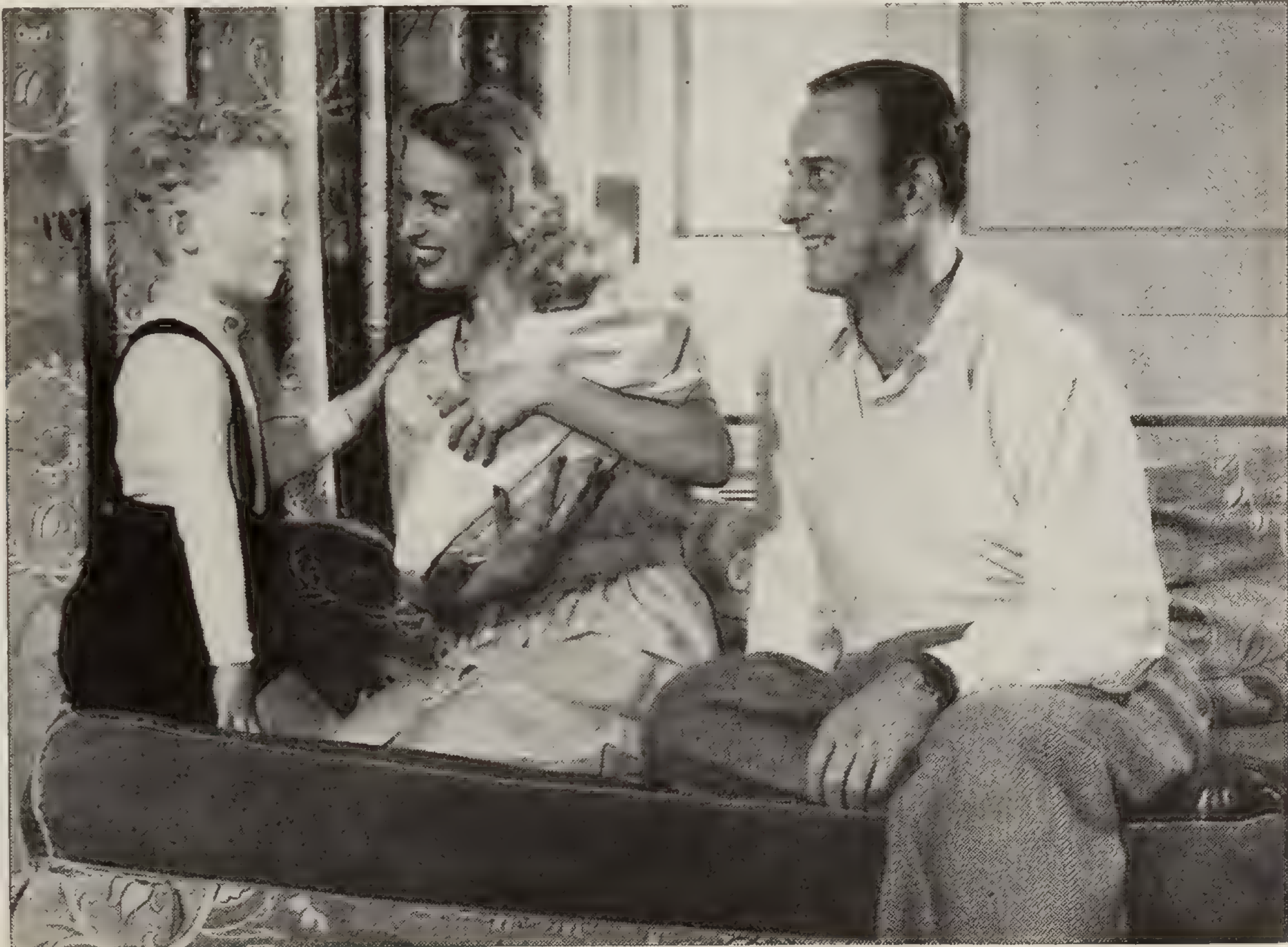
EXPLORING THE UNKNOWN SUBSTITUTES FACTS FOR FEARS



3. At John's urging Martha went to see their family doctor, Dr. Lewiston, who explained that a second birth is never so difficult as a first, then sent her to The New York Infirmary to talk to mothers who had been helped in childbirth by anesthesia.



4. Encouraged by the mothers' own stories of their experiences with anesthesia, Martha went with Dr. MacAfee of the Infirmary staff to see some of the babies. "I want a baby of my own more than ever now," she said softly, "and now I'm not afraid."



5. The Howards are still one of the nicest young families you will ever meet, and they are one of the very happiest, too. There is a brand new brother for Larry, and Martha now knows that her fear of delivery was exaggerated. Medical science has made normal birth so nearly painless that no woman need fear it, or worry for her own safety or her child's.

Information Booth

Step up and ask your questions—we'll try to find the answers

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio, write to Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. We'll answer if we can, either in Information Booth or by mail—but be sure to sign full name and address, and attach this box to your letter.

LET'S BE FAIR

Dear Editor:

Can you please give me the addresses of the following radio artists for which I am enclosing a stamped envelope? Thank you very much! (And there follows a list of twenty-six names.)

Miss E. C.

Northfork, W. Va.

We said it in March and we say it again. We cannot give the personal addresses of radio artists. I'm sure if you stop to consider you'll realize what it would mean if we did. Radio stars love to get your letters of approval—or of criticism—but it's hardly fair to bombard their homes with these evidences of your interest when all radio networks have departments well equipped and waiting for your letters. So address all letters in care of the studio or network. Remember that you value your own privacy—let's let our favorite radio people have theirs.

GOLDEN VOICE STILLED



Dear Editor:

I would like to know what has happened to Frank Munn, who sang for such a long number of years on the American Album of Familiar Music. Is he on another program?

E. E. S.

Atlanta, Ga.

Frank Munn, known for years as "the Golden Voice of Radio," is no longer on the air. He had a serious illness some time ago, and his physician has ordered rest. He thought he might give up radio work temporarily, but doctor's orders say his retirement must be permanent. Many, many people have written us about him—he is sincerely missed by a large and devoted audience.

NICK AND NORA

Dear Editor:

I have been buying your magazine for years and enjoy it very much, especially your revised edition. Will you please print pictures of The Adventures of the Thin Man? Listening to radio programs and collecting pictures of radio stars is my hobby and The Thin Man is my favorite program. Thank you.

Miss R. L.

Moultrie, Ga.



Look right for the picture you want, Les Damon and Claudia Morgan, Nick and Nora Charles, respectively. The Thin Man series is heard over CBS stations Friday evenings at 8:30 EDT.

SEQUEL

Dear Editor:

Please tell me what has become of Cliff Arquette and Tyler McVey, of Glamour Manor. And also I used to listen to Life Can Be Beautiful. Can you tell me where it's gone? This is a program

of which I've always been fond and I hate to miss it.

Mrs. H. F. W.

Danville, Va.

We told our readers a while back about Cliff Arquette—that he has gone into the toy business in California. Tyler McVey is freelancing on such shows as ABC's Dark Venture (Mondays). Life Can Be Beautiful did change networks some time ago; it is now heard over NBC stations weekday afternoons at 3:00 EDT.

ORIGINAL RADIO GIRL

Dear Editor:

My hobby has been clipping news of radio stars. I have three books I have made, which I am very proud of. I have quite a bit of news in my first book about a certain lady who was called "the Original Radio Girl." My clipping tells how she went up in an elevator, then climbed three flights of creaky stairs to meet a famous radio engineer. The building was the old World Building in New York. He turned a switch; strange-looking bulbs lighted up. He glanced at a meter on the wall, placed a crude microphone before the wondering girl and said, "You are about to become the first woman ever to sing for people and continents invisible." That famous radio engineer was Dr. Lee DeForest, and the lady's name was Vaughn DeLeath.

Mrs. B. E. C.

Washington, D. C.

That was in January, 1920, when radio was in its infancy. Dr. DeForest's remark on that first historic occasion was prophetic—Miss DeLeath was, some time later, among the first American radio artists to be heard by European listeners in a transatlantic broadcast.

WHICH SIDE OF THE LAW?



Dear Editor:

We have listened to The Adventures of Sam Spade ever since it came on the air. We think Howard Duff plays the part beautifully, and we would like to see a picture of him in your magazine. Couldn't you just print one little picture?

Misses T. and W.

Wynnewood, Pa.

Gladly we give you a picture of Sam Spade. Strangely enough, Howard Duff's first dramatic role was that of a murderer! And the great ambition of radio's tough private detective is to play that arch-murderer, Richard III.

AND NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET

Dear Editor:

I noticed a letter from Mrs. F. P., Vallejo, California, asking about a program you said was Heart's Desire. We never heard that, but we do hear one that answers Mrs. F. P.'s description—Free For All, heard over CBS Saturday afternoon at 1:30 PST.

Mrs. E. A. S.

Silverton, Ore.

So many of our West Coast readers have written us about this that we feel an explanation is called for. Neither program is heard all over the country. And just as Mrs. S. doesn't hear Heart's Desire, Eastern listeners can't get Free For All. Which is what caused the mixup in the first place.

She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's

Celia Babcock of New York City is blonde and blue-eyed. Her complexion has the soft freshness of a Renoir painting. Daughter of the Joseph Park Babcocks, she attended New York's fashionable Finch Junior College, is engaged to Peter Van Dyk Berg of Short Hills, N. J.



HER RING—a large diamond, with baguette diamonds

"Blush-Cleanse your face Tonight"

ADVISES THIS LOVELY ENGAGED GIRL

"A blush-cleanser makes me feel I've done something special for my face," says Celia Babcock. Read how her new "blush-cleanser" beauty care with Pond's Cold Cream can help your skin have that lovely, soft look.

Warm your skin thoroughly with a face cloth drenched in good warm water.

—your face is ready for real cleansing

Over your receptively warm, moist skin "blush-cleanser" by swirling on plenty of Pond's Cold Cream. Tissue off well.

—this softens away dirt and make-up

Now—a quick second swirling of Pond's to rinse pore-openings thoroughly. Tissue off.

—last traces of dirt "blush-rinse" away

Tingle your clean, clean face with a splash of cold water. Blot dry.

—fresh color floods your skin

RESULT—you glow with cleanness!

See how the persuasive demulcent action of Pond's Cold Cream has helped free your skin of make-up and dirt. Your face feels clean-fresh . . . softer, silkier to touch . . . has a lovely blush of color! Every night give your face this blush-cleanser and rinse with Pond's. Every morning just a brisk blush-rinse with Pond's. Buy a big convenient-to-use jar of Pond's Cold Cream today.



Celia Babcock says, "My face has the nicest feeling after I blush-cleanser with Pond's"

Women know
what Pond's Cream can do
for them
That is why far more
women use Pond's Cream
than any other



Some of the Beautiful Women of Society
who use Pond's

Viscountess Bridport, Duchess of Bronté
Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr.
Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr.
The Princess Guy de Polignac
Mrs. George Whitney, Jr.
The Marchioness of Milford Haven

Strictly

BOB

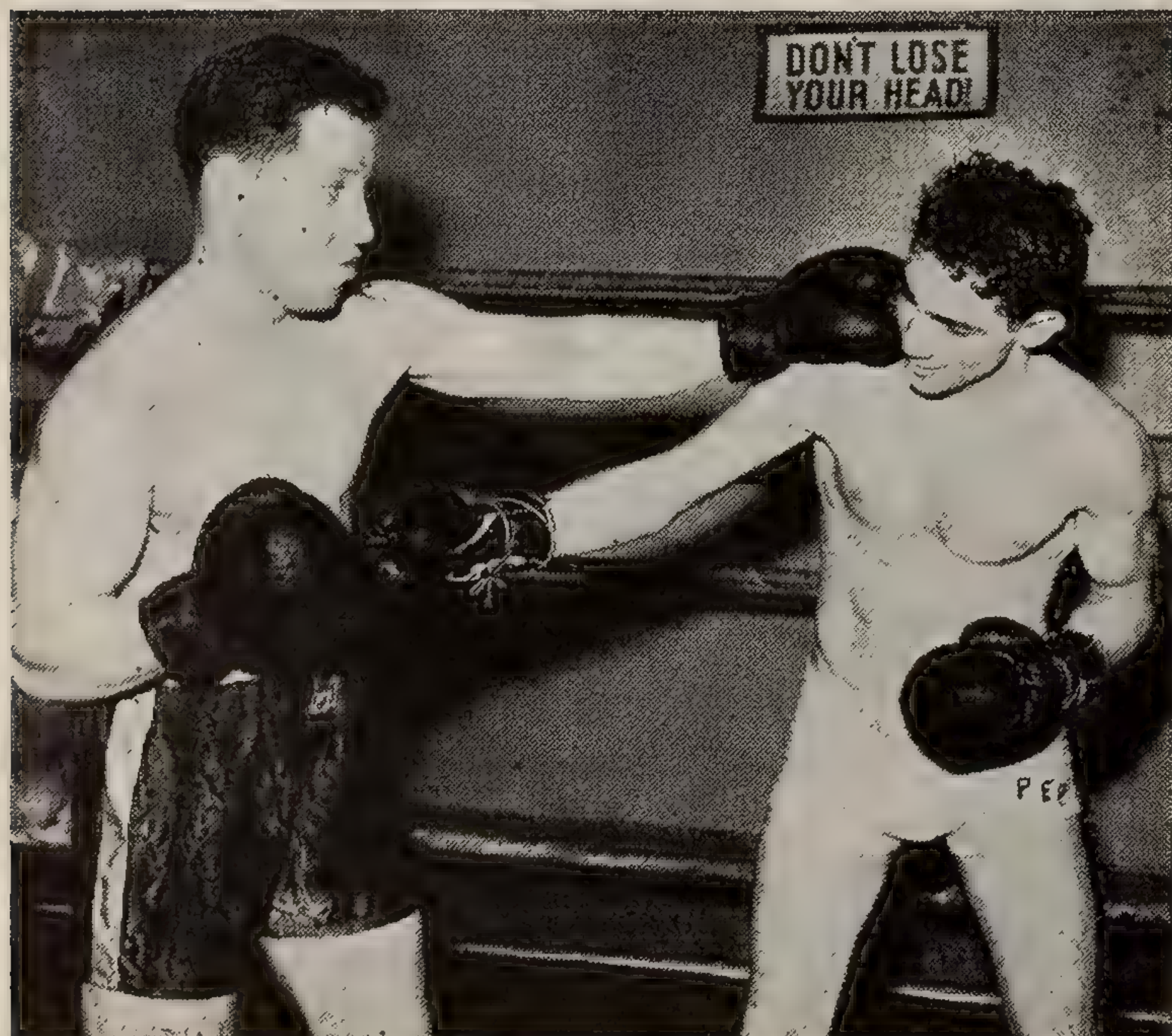
STEELE



Strictly Sports on the air, strictly family man at home, Bob poses with his wife Astrid and sons Paul, Robert and Philip.



Strictly a man of his word, he rides out of town at 3:00 A.M., pays a bet he lost.



Once a welterweight boxer, Bob spars with featherweight Willie Pep, strictly for fun.

ONE of New England's best known radio voices belongs to Bob Steele, a many-sided young man of 36 summers whose Hooper keeps to a proud level whether he's doing news, sports or a wake-up show at Hartford's WTIC. A ten year man at the same spot on the dial, Bob has won his popularity just by being himself—alternately funny and deadly serious, wide awake and almost sound asleep. He's never been sure just how his listeners react to the "sound asleep" sessions.

His sportshow, Strictly Sports, at 6:15 P.M. finds him bouncing into the loudspeaker with ball scores and shrewd, analytical comment as though he were stretching a double into a triple. At 7 A.M., The Morning Watch (a one hour ad lib-record-news-show) finds him being dragged into the studio by the heels. Bob then proceeds to tickle the funny bones of his tremendous audience which, it is estimated, numbers more than one million.

What makes the program listenable is the human touch. A family man himself, Bob knows what's going on in homes all around New England at the breakfast hour. He knows Pa is looking for a shirt with buttons on it, Ma is frying eggs, Junior is spilling his orange juice and Sis is applying nail polish and his drolleries fit the situation so well many listeners write in to inquire if Bob "really can see through his microphone like he says." Bob says he can; all it takes is common sense, a good memory, an eye for detail, plenty of nerve, the ability to put yourself in another guy's shoes . . . that's all.

When it comes to sports, Bob's varied experiences stand him in good stead. ("Anyone who's never stood in a stead," Bob has just remarked over our shoulder, "hasn't really lived.") He boxed as an amateur and professional in his native Kansas City, Missouri, raced motorcycles in the Middle West and in California and played a bit of semi-pro baseball in various places. "But mostly around second base," he comments. And he spent six years in high school.

Celebrities he has interviewed over the "mike" include names all the world knows: Jack Dempsey, Jack Sharkey, Willie Pep, Bill Tilden, Don Budge, Bobby Riggs, Ted Williams, Babe Ruth, Tommy Armour, Eddie Cantor, Vaughn Monroe, and a hundred others of similar renown. And what a sports prognosticator! His fans have made millions as a result of "Strictly's" predictions—betting against them. But occasionally he comes up with duper picks that are startling, even to himself. In 1944 he was one of three commentators in the country to pick the St. Louis Browns for the American League pennant, the first in the team's history. Last year he picked St. Louis in the National League, Boston in the American, and the Cards in the World Series. Every one right on the nose, as any fan can tell you. For this, you have to know your game—and Bob Steele does.

The story of a guy that women go for!

BODY and SOUL



JOHN GARFIELD
LILLI PALMER

and introducing exciting

HAZEL BROOKS

as ALICE

with
ANNE REVERE

in *'Body and Soul'*

Directed by ROBERT ROSSEN
Produced by BOB ROBERTS
LLOYD GOFF • CANADA LEE
Original screenplay by ABRAHAM POLONSKY

RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

A new climax in entertainment from THE ENTERPRISE STUDIOS

Jane—Not Plain

(Continued from page 33)

in the world and current events. Item three—an intense enjoyment of life. Item four (and a *must*)—a sense of humor.

You can't be around Tom Turnage for long without responding to his irrepressible sense of humor—or recognizing that behind it is a fellow with plenty on the ball. A man who knows what he wants and isn't too impressed by luck. Most men, married to a very lovely radio star, would want to take her out and show her off, to parade his choice. But Tom and Jane spend their evenings quietly, reading or bickering in friendly fashion over two-handed bridge or gin-rummy.

He'll never be just the "husband" of Jane Adams. Tom isn't too proud to help her with the dishes when they're both tired at night, or share in her problems—but his ambitions are as great for himself as for her. He's a man Jane can look up to. And he's a man who knows what he wants and goes after it.

THERE was no one particular rival, when he met Jane. But the way that phone kept ringing every time he visited her house! Plenty of hopeful suitors were burning up the wires to get a date with Jane.

But the lady said no. And "yes" to Tom.

They were engaged three months after they met. Then he was shipped off to Germany and Jane was left to wait, impatiently, at home. Their plans were made, but it was for marriage *after* the war.

Instead, when Tom came home on a thirty-day leave, preparatory to heading westward for the Pacific and the war with Japan, they threw those careful, sedate plans out the window and hunted up a preacher. Arguments for and against waiting until the end of the war had taken up twenty days of his precious leave; they only had ten left for the honeymoon. And then there were thirteen long months more of waiting until Tom was finally home and released in the winter of 1946.

So, actually, they are still newlyweds, though it was two years ago they married.

They are having all the problems—and the fun—of starting out their lives together this year. The same post-war problems of housing they shared with millions of other veterans' families in America. Though they have finally found their little white bungalow, in the San Fernando Valley and just fifteen minutes from Hollywood and the radio station—now they are running into the exasperations of ordering rugs and furniture—and then waiting. And waiting.

The floors of some rooms are bare. The living room has only one chair.

That chair stands for something. Perhaps for Jane's exquisite taste and her desire for beautiful things—but also it stands for Tom's patient understanding.

The first time he saw it—and the piano—and the dozens of gorgeous, rare, antique cups Jane had collected—he cast a dubious eye. The chair had lovely lines. Its high curved back and its graceful legs and arm rests spoke softly of the expert hands that had fashioned it, centuries ago.

But Tom is a big man. The size that needs a durables support when he leans

or sits. And the first time he sat in The Chair—"crack!" went the arm rest.

It's the test of his understanding that Tom still sympathizes with Jane's passion for rare, old things. He didn't yell "Take it away!" the first time he saw the magnificently-carved—but over-size—grand piano that is much too large for their cottage living room. Instead, he waited for Jane to make up her own mind. Now she sighs a little wistfully as she looks at it, but she's quite reconciled to seeing it go.

She's still keeping her Eighteenth Century decor firmly in mind as she and Tom plan and paint and paper their house. But she has scaled it down to size, and is subtly blending in some modern pieces. As she, herself, says: "I kept collecting all the time Tom was away. Now we have antiques—and nothing else. And not enough of those to go around!"

Now she and Tom are starting with fundamentals and working up to the final touches. They painted bedroom and hallway and kitchen; papered the dining room. It's kitchen curtains Jane is worrying about now—the *petit point* can wait for later. And she'll have you know that nine yards of gingham went into that one ruffled kitchen window valance, and she ruffled every yard herself. She's making her own lampshades and there'll be no botched edges or slap-dash about them . . . she's taking a course in lamp-shade-making at a local department store.

Cooking is cooperative at the Turnages. Jane is learning and Tom contributes the specialties he picked up back in Texas and in the Army. The steaks he broils. The fancy desserts are hers. For vegetables and casseroles and such Jane sticks to the cookbook and Tom kibitzes. They wash the dishes together.

BEST of all Jane and Tom prefer quiet evenings at home when they can just catch up on all the back talk they've been hoarding during those last two war years. All their childhoods they have to share with each other . . . and their plans.

And Tom can never get over marveling at all the different lives his Jane has packed into her few years.

He has to hear all about how she studied the violin in Germany. And how she was a model for Harry Conover in New York. Her television appearances—her radio career.

For such a young person, Jane has crammed a lot of adventurous living into her life. She has made public appearances under three different names—no, four—now that she's Mrs. Tom Turnage.

Born Betty Jane Bierce in San Antonio, Texas, her family moved to California when she was still a child. Jane never went through the ugly duckling stage—right from the first she was the belle of the pigtail-and-skinned-knee grammar-school crowd. And the little boys who fought over who should carry her schoolbooks home were properly overawed when it was found that little Betty Jane had brains as well as looks.

At the age of five she had been given an IQ—Intelligence Quotient—test, and found to be the second brightest child in the state of California!

At fifteen she graduated from Beverly Hills High School. The violin

was the ruling passion of her life at this time, and a year later—so talented was she—she was chosen concert mistress of the Los Angeles All-City High School Orchestra. She was offered two musical scholarships and she was sent to Germany to study under the European masters.

Betty Jane Bierce was off to a fine start in a highly promising career.

Then how was it that a few years later we find—not Betty Jane, concert violinist—but "Poni" Adams, a New York model? One and the same person?

The cause of it all was that Betty Jane had discovered the stage and knew that more than anything else she wanted to be an actress. The violin was a fine instrument of self-expression, but it paled beside the discovery of finding that she, herself, could be an instrument—her voice, her hands, her hidden talents for acting. She abandoned music and took up drama, studying at the Pasadena Playhouse.

A FEW years later she decided it was time to try her wings. She would go to New York and—since would-be actresses must eat—she would get a job as a model.

It's hardly an exaggeration to say she became a model the minute she stepped off the train. Jane went straight from the station to the famous Harry Conover's office, and without any introduction other than her very photogenic face, she was hired. And two days later she became Poni Adams, christened so by Conover. The new, odd name had publicity value.

In New York she went right on studying. And in between modeling engagements she brushed up on her contacts with radio producers. Her first job was in television—which showed sense on the part of somebody. Poni was definitely a girl to be seen, as well as heard.

A while ago the same sponsor who now engages Jane's talents on Darts for Dough sent her to Hollywood to make commercial motion picture shorts to advertise his product. Hollywood was captivated by young Poni and talent scouts buzzed around.

When Darts for Dough was put on the air, Poni came with it and has been on the show ever since, for three years. Through it, she was signed to a contract by Universal Studios, and her name was changed once again.

This time the christening was not left in the hands of one individual. The studio held a contest for servicemen to name their new starlet, and mail loads of suggestions came from GIs stationed all over the world. Perhaps it was a tribute to Jane's fresh, wholesome beauty. Perhaps it was indicative of the men's longings for home—of the dreaming of American soldiers stationed in foreign, exotic lands for the familiar and the well-remembered; for the girl next door and the corner drug store and family ties—that these soldiers voted overwhelmingly for just plain "Jane."

And so Jane she became—Jane Adams.

As Jane Adams she has built her radio success, not only on Darts for Dough, but with frequent appearances on Radio Theater and on The Whistler.

Now, to all these different careers

she has had, Jane is adding another. Marriage. And to this new one she brings the best she has learned from the others.

She has brought a fine sense of give-and-take, which is only learned through years of working with other people. Take the matter of the Turnage rumpus room, for example.

How many servicemen have come home bearing precious mementos of their battle experience and their life in foreign lands—only to see these souvenirs stuffed away in a closet because the wife can't fit them in?

Not so Jane. Tom was lucky . . . because she is planning the room around the souvenirs. It's an amazingly attractive room—amazing, because it's coming out just the way she planned. Grass rugs on the floor, fish netting looped over walls and for window drapes, big comfortable couches, and room for all of Tom's war souvenirs to blend in nicely. The Japanese samurai swords, the lanterns, the fans, embroidery pieces, the Japanese hand-made dolls and the exquisite tea set—these are the motif around which the rest of the room is being built.

She still plays the violin—beautifully—but only for her own and Tom's enjoyment. Their tastes are the same and she can switch easily in one evening from Sibelius to simple folk songs.

From her modeling Jane learned the easy, efficient care of face and figure. Such grooming is bread and butter to Harry Conover girls and Jane taught herself to avoid the over-dressed look—the too-difficult hair-do—the too-complicated routine with fancy creams and lotions. She does her own hair and its style is simple and suitable for the good bones of her face. She keeps in trim at the movie studio gym every morning, but, in the past when she had no gym, she exercised at home.

MODELING also gave her poise which is invaluable before the microphone or on the movie set or even just when she is being hostess at home. She likes to do things with a certain air—the best linen and candles on the table even when it's only dinner for two.

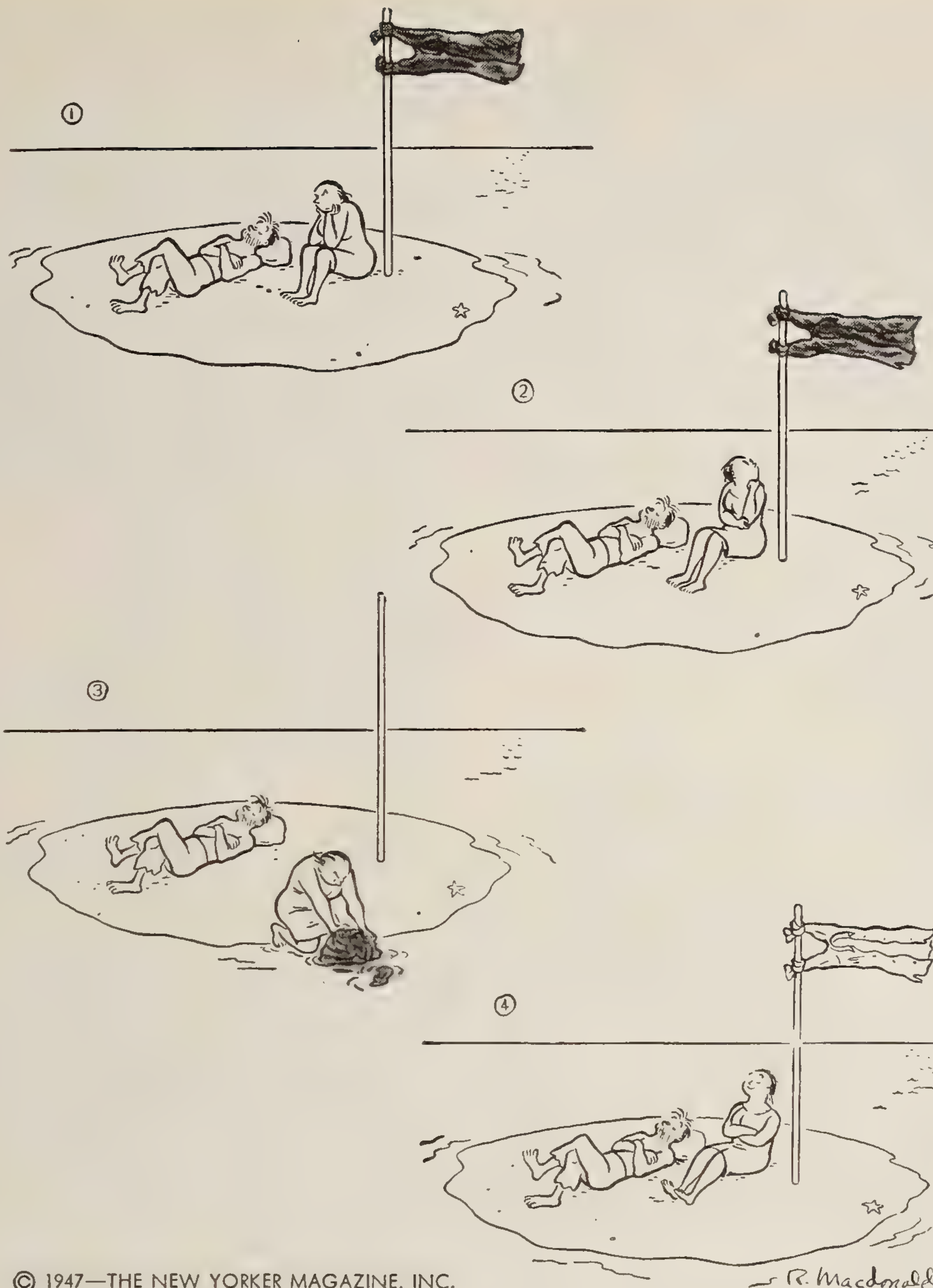
Even when she's in blue jeans and out weeding in the garden she never seems to have that grubby, harassed air that amateurs usually get. She enjoys it, but she doesn't let it get the best of her. At least, not often—and then only when it concerns gophers.

Gophers. Jane and Tom always thought of them fondly, as little impish Disney-like characters. When they thought of them at all. But not now.

Not since they have become homeowners and gardeners. And a gopher moved right in with them, taking up residence in their front lawn.

This particular one (they hope it's only one) has been making the young Turnages' life a thing of frustration. Tom has tried every way to get rid of it, but still it flourishes, going merrily on its way, uprooting lawn and burrowing under hedge and nibbling down the choicest plants to the roots. Traps were recommended, so Tom set them out . . . no luck. He bought out the stores on fancy poisons and what-not. Finally, in desperation, he flooded the gopher holes—but all he accomplished was a drowning swamp of a lawn and a brand new tunnel which the gopher dug in retaliation.

Now Tom and Jane are becoming philosophical about it. After all, in a life as perfect as theirs, some gopher or other must appear.



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R. Macdonald

—but where did she get
the Fels-Naptha Soap?

When you are 'sunk' with washing
work — try Fels-Naptha Soap.
It's a real "Washday Life Saver."



Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

Come and Visit Jack Berch

(Continued from page 31)

New York City for the day. He doesn't return until seven that night, and in between he's been leading a vigorous business life all over Manhattan.

Every morning at 11:30 A.M., EDT, Monday thru Friday, he conducts the Jack Berch Show over NBC—which consists of singing in his easy baritone, telling little stories, and reciting a recipe with a musical background. (Example: When he mentions the word "milk" in a recipe, a cow's moo follows instantly. When he mentions the words "French dressing" there's a quick organ rendition of The Marseillaise.) The opening theme song of the program is a Jack Berch invention, dashed off enthusiastically one afternoon seven years ago. It goes like this: Jack whistles, and then sings,

"I'm a-whistlin'—are you listenin'
To this pretty little ditty
That I'm singing all in rhyme?
It says Hi, friends—
Glad you're my friends.
I'm a-whistlin'—are you listenin'?"

AFTER his fifteen-minute show Jack is off to his office to write his material for future shows, and to work with his two secretaries answering his 3,000 fan letters a week. Furthermore, he carries on a tremendous correspondence with the salesmen of his sponsor, a large insurance company. Fridays he conducts a two-hour meeting with the insurance salesmen, not as a singer but as a former businessman—for Jack has a business-like attitude toward his radio show that is unlike any other radio entertainer's. "I'm not interested, any more than any sponsor is, in how many listeners I have, so much as in how much insurance is the program selling," says Jack—and he means it. He's been working all his life, since he left school at the age of fourteen. Since he's thirty-eight now, that's quite a time. And without his enthusiasm, he'd be miles from a microphone today.

He was born in Sigel, Illinois, on a farm. His father ran a general merchandising store that sold everything from incubators to hairpins, and Jack and his sisters Mary and Helen went to the local school. Sigel was a German community where half the students couldn't speak English. If you asked them, "What's your name?" they would reply, "Six years old"—their sole English sentence. Jack was eleven when his father died. He struggled on through two years of a Catholic self-help school where all the pupils worked for their lessons. At fourteen and the end of the eighth grade, he left school and became a drummer with a dance band.

This meant that he traveled all over the country until he was nineteen—pinch-hitting for the singer whenever necessary because he had a loud voice and those were the pre-microphone days.

At nineteen, after being stranded in New York with a band and washing dishes to pay for his hotel room, he gave up the entertainment world—he thought for good. He went to visit a friend in Youngstown, Ohio, and decided to stay there as a door-to-door tea and coffee salesman. He went back into the entertainment world for one reason: he couldn't sell any tea and coffee as a straight

salesman! So he managed to get on the local Youngstown radio station as a singer, dedicated his songs to "that sweet little lady on the south side of town"—and the next day was able to sell tea and coffee to *every* little lady on the south side of town!

But eventually he gave up tea and coffee selling for full-time singing on WKBN in Youngstown; then he went to Cleveland in radio, then to Cincinnati—and finally headed for big time radio in New York City. That took a year of struggling. Then he had his own radio program. He promptly wrote his widowed mother to come and visit him in New York. She did. But with her she brought a clever scheme. (She has her enthusiasms, too.)

"Jack, my son, you should be married," said she over-casually, the minute her suitcase was unpacked. Then, idly, she walked over to his dresser and put a framed picture on it. The picture revealed a lovely blonde girl. Trying to seem careless, Mrs. Berch added, "That's Margo—a friend of your sister Helen's. A darling girl. I thought of inviting her here to visit us."

A rush of no-enthusiasm came over Jack instantly. "No. I refuse," said he flatly. He then walked to the dresser and swung the picture around with its back to the room. No use being monotonous about this recital—but for the next few weeks Jack and his mother expended all their energy on switching that picture around. At the end of that time, his mother spoke again.

"Your sister Helen is arriving tomorrow to visit us. She met Margo at Washington University, while studying nursing; and lately they've both been nurses at a Los Angeles hospital. So she's bringing Margo with her to visit."

JACK was enraged. He stormed around the house, bursting with indignation at the way his mother was trying to force a wife down his throat. Then he flung out of the house, and carefully planned every minute of the two weeks Margo would visit them—leaving Margo out of his plans.

The next day he came home from his radio labors just in time to watch Margo get out of a taxi in front of his home. He stood silently on the sidewalk until she'd disappeared inside the front door. Then he followed her indoors, met her, and heard himself saying, "I have every minute of the next two weeks planned just to entertain you." At the end of the two weeks, they were married—and, of course, they've lived happily ever after!

Not that they don't have occasional spats. Their most famous one happened last summer. It was a broiling hot Sunday afternoon, and Jack asked Margo to drive him to the golf course and drop him off for his eighteen holes.

Margo glared at him. "The children and I were expecting you to take us out on this sizzling day," said she. "I won't drive you. Walk there—it'll be just like your eighteen holes, anyway."

Jack glared back. "I won't walk. If you won't drive me, I'll drive myself—which means keeping the car,"

said he. He did. But throughout his golf game he felt guilty and unhappy, while the hot sun baked down on him and he thought of his family stewing miserably at home. Finally it was too much for him. He broke up the game and started hastily home. Once there he instantly knew how much of a villain he was.

There was no trace of Margo anywhere; and none of the women would speak to him—daughters Carol and Shirley kept their distance.

"Where's Margo?" he kept demanding. No one answered. Finally he bribed the news out of one of the maids—Margo had gone off shopping to the village, on foot, and boiling with rage.

That was all Jack had to hear. He jumped in his car and drove violently toward the village. A half-mile outside it he saw Margo, staggering along in the heat with her arms full of bundles, headed in the direction of home. He pulled up the car and yelled out the window, "Hey, babe—want a ride?"

MARGO apparently didn't hear him. Nose in the air, she continued marching toward home. Hastily Jack made a U-turn and stopped the car right beside her. "Hey, Margo," he begged, "hop in!"

Again Margo snubbed him. She kept walking, and he began easing the car along beside her, asking her to get in. Then, suddenly, he became aware of a third person—a motorcycle cop in full uniform.

"Okay, bub—that's enough. Pull up," said he. Once Jack had stopped the car (with Margo pausing too, in surprise) the cop demanded of Margo, "Is this man bothering you?"

Margo maintained a blank silence. But Jack said hastily—and to his astonishment, stutteringly—"Er, er—we're m-married!"

"Oh, yeah?" sneered the cop. Again he said to Margo, "What about it—is this man annoying you?"

Margo came to life. "Yes," she snapped. "I never saw him before in my life!"

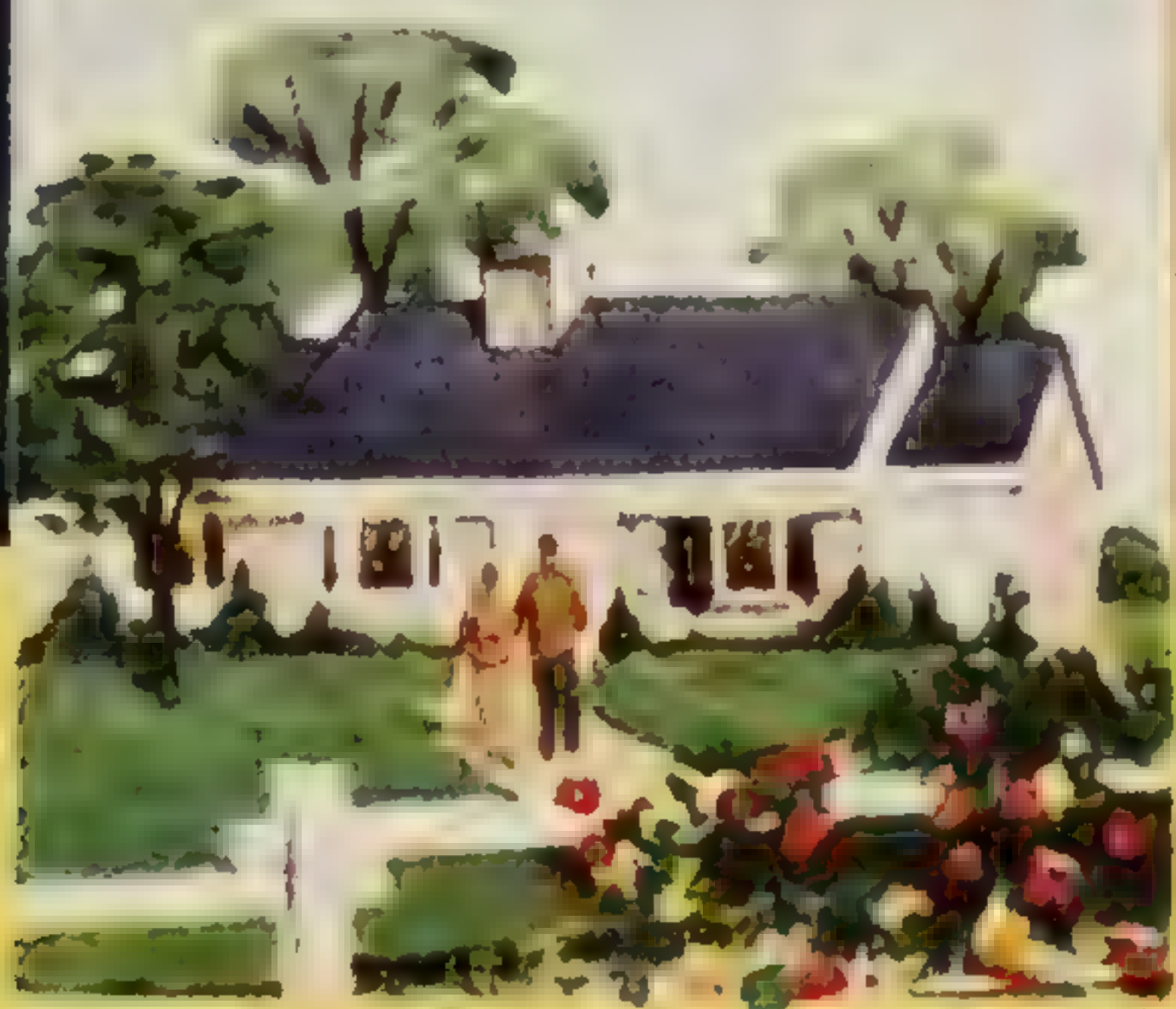
"That's all I want to know!" sang the cop. With one huge hand he pulled the car door open. With the other he began pulling Jack out—and it was then that Margo broke down, shaking with laughter, and told the cop the whole story. Being a married man, he understood. But the whole experience had so unnerved Jack that Margo had to drive home!

Their spats never have a hangover, though. And neither does anything else Berch-wise—including Jack's enthusiasms, once they're over and done with. But there's always a new one over the bend. When you're visiting the many, many Berches, be prepared to see Jack himself out in the kitchen Sunday morning, cooking the banquet-like Sunday breakfast complete with muffins. And if it's pheasant season in South Dakota, be prepared to go off with Jack on the hunting trip he's been dreaming about for years. Or if it's summer time, be ready to go horseback riding, golfing, tramping through the woods and tennis playing near the Berch home . . . In short, be ready for anything that makes Jack's eyes light up—and that means *anything*!

Be Lucky in Love with a Lane!



Thrill Her with a
LANE Cedar Hope Chest
The Gift That Starts the Home



No. 2188 (Above) A modern design in matched Mahogany finished in a soft wheat color. Hand rubbed, polished finish. Has Lane's patented automatic tray.

No. 2180 (At left) A magnificent chest with front panel of matched American Walnut stump flanked with exotic African Zebra wood, and A-matched American Walnut. V-matched top and balance of case is American Walnut. Has Lane's patented automatic tray.

Chest shown at left **\$49⁹⁵** Slightly higher in the West and Canada

It's love for keeps with a Lane Cedar Hope Chest. Give your sweetheart this sanctuary for her trousseau—this real love gift that starts the home of your dreams.

The only tested AROMA-TIGHT Cedar Chest in the world, with Lane's exclusive patented features. Backed by free moth insurance policy written by one of the world's largest insurance companies. The Lane Company, Inc., Dept. K, Altavista, Virginia. In Canada: Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ontario.

LANE

Cedar Hope Chest

A Million Maidens Yearn for This Romantic Love Gift





"Red Majesty"

...PLEASES THAT LAD IN MY LIFE!"... says Mrs. ALAN LADD

...delightful wife of the dashing screen star

If you want your lips to be teasingly pleasing ...to look glamorous and amorous...to have that exciting, inviting glow that brings a warm glow in every man's heart...then do as so many Hollywood beauties do—for your very next lipstick, choose that terrific new Tangee hit-shade...Red Majesty!



CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
Head of the House of Tangee and creator of Tangee Red Majesty Lipstick and Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up.



To lovely women, Tangee offers a complete line of matched beauty aids.

Red Majesty

NEW HIT SHADE BY

Tangee



GAY-RED



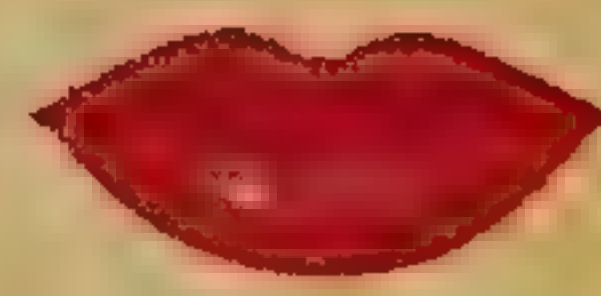
RED-RED



MEDIUM-RED



THEATRICAL-RED



NATURAL

YOUR husband may be a hearty breakfaster or a light one. But whatever he chooses, it will taste better to him if you look like a "tempting dish" too!

Get up a few minutes earlier than he does, so you can use the bathroom first, slip into a clean, becoming negligee or housecoat, and prepare him the kind of breakfast he likes best. If you do, he may not bury his nose in a newspaper.

That's what Dorothy Kilgallen, well-known for her ability to make a husband open his sleepy eyes in early morning admiration of your charms, advises. She and her husband, Richard Kollmar, have the popular Breakfast with Dorothy and Dick radio program. Dorothy wouldn't dream of not looking her prettiest for Dick, even on the few occasions when there are no interesting guests at their broadcast.

Before going to bed, Dorothy cleanses her face thoroughly. In the morning she splashes cold water over it to refresh and tone her skin, and to help her get awake. Because she doesn't believe in appearing with the orange juice in an absolutely naked face, she pats on a little face powder. If your skin looks fallow without a foundation cream, lotion, or cake make-up, she suggests using a pinkish shade of powder. Next, Dorothy applies a light pink lipstick, a tiny bit of matching rouge, and just a touch of petroleum jelly to her eyelids to make them shine. That's enough make-up, she thinks, to have on your "morning face". After brushing the snarls from her hair, she combs it simply, then fastens it neatly in place with small combs, or a ribbon.

People say to Dorothy, "It's different with you. You have a radio engineer present, and often guests." This is true, she admits. "But," she adds, "my two small children are as critical as my husband of my looks. They deserve to have a fresh, immaculate woman to look at, even at breakfast."

You may not have a Clark Gable across your breakfast table. But aren't your husband and family worth pleasing?



BREAKFAST DATE

At the Breakfast with Dorothy and Dick table, Mrs. Kollmar's pre-breakfast beauty routine shows results.



*No part of the
day is too
early to be met
with your
prettiest face*

By
Mary Jane Fulton



For new COMFORT- new POISE- try MEDS!

Have a happy vacation—free from nagging worry! Pack a box of Meds tampons in your bag—be secure on “difficult” days!

Meds are so different—the famous “Safety-Well” for extra protection; soft, luxurious cotton for added comfort; tidy, compact applicators, so easy to use! Enjoy EVERY day! Say goodbye to pads and belts, binding and chafing!

Ask for Meds TODAY at your favorite store—or use the coupon below for trial package of REGULAR Meds—the absorbency most mature women need.

Slender MEDS
with REGULAR
absorbency in the
light blue box

De Luxe MEDS
with SUPER
absorbency in the
dark blue box

29¢ for 10 in applicators



Martha Steele
Personal Products Corporation
Milltown, New Jersey

RM-9

Dear Martha Steele: I want to try REGULAR Meds. Please send, in plain wrapper, with full directions, trial package for which I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin) to cover mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Acceptable for advertising in the
Journal of the American Medical Association

Red Shoes for Luck

(Continued from page 21)

said, that she wrote to Arthur Godfrey and the next thing I knew I had an appointment for an audition.

The Talent Scouts is a CBS program (I started on ABC, was heard at NBC, and wound up on CBS) designed to give performers a chance to be seen and heard under the most favorable circumstances before the largest possible audience, to give them the one big break that is so important in getting a start in show business. A “talent scout” recommends an audition and if the candidate passes, he or she gets a chance on the program. Five acts are presented on each broadcast and the performer who is selected as the best by the studio audience—applause is recorded on an audience reaction indicator—is rewarded with “prizes” that are really important. He is invited to appear on Mr. Godfrey’s morning show on CBS and gets introductions to radio, Broadway and movie producers.

To get back to the audition, you bet I was nervous that day at CBS. I didn’t have to wait too long for my turn, but when I got into the studio I was really scared. It was such a big place and there was hardly anybody in it. Of course, there was a pianist, and in the control booth I could see Miss Bessie Mack, who is in charge of the auditions; and Mr. Irving Mansfield, director of the program; and an engineer and a secretary. But on Miss Tucker’s program there are always lots of people in the studio.

The girl at the piano was kind and tried to help me; she told me that “everything’s going to be fine.” Then I heard Miss Mack’s voice from the control booth and I really looked at her for the first time. She has a kindly face and seemed to me to be the kind of person who would be honest and frank with everyone. In answer to her questions, I told her I was a coloratura soprano and that I was going to sing “If I Loved You.”

After my song, there was complete silence in the studio. Not a word, not a murmur of applause. I just stood there and watched them talking in the control booth. I could almost hear them saying “What a horrible voice!” and things like that. Those few min-

utes were nerve-racking. Then Miss Mack’s voice broke that awful silence. She said, “Come in, Gloria,” and when I got into the control booth, I realized that they were pleased and surprised. I relaxed, and before I left I was told that they had a “spot” for me on the August 6 broadcast.

Between the audition and the broadcast, there were three weeks during which I thought of nothing else. I didn’t rehearse my song because I already knew the words so well I was afraid I’d forget them if I went over and over them too much. But I listened to the broadcast every week and I told all my friends to keep their fingers crossed.

The night of the broadcast, when I set out for the CBS Playhouse with my father and mother, I had just one thought in my mind: that this might be the break I had been looking for, the turning point that would prove to me whether or not I could make the grade. I knew there would be a big audience—the Playhouse seats more than eleven hundred people—and that the audience’s reaction to my song would mean a lot.

Backstage at the Playhouse, Miss Mack greeted me and took me into a little room where I waited for my turn with the other performers. I had met them at the rehearsal in the afternoon. There was an amplifier there so that we could hear the whole broadcast. Before the show began we talked and tried to encourage each other. But my hands were ice-cold. Sonny Sparks, the comedian, was wonderful. I think he realized how nervous I was and when he took my hands in his he said, “My goodness, how clammy!” Then he told some jokes and made some funny faces—I guess you call it “mugging”—until I simply had to laugh. He felt my hands—they were warm again—and said, “Okay, I’ve done my job.”

Mr. Godfrey helped too when he came in to see us before the broadcast. He looked just as I had always pictured him and he was so full of fun. In fact, he reminds me of somebody I’d like to have as a brother and, regardless of what anybody says, I love his red hair! He gave us a little pep talk, ending with “good luck to every-



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TUNE IN
“MY TRUE STORY”

body, may the best act win!" But I knew I couldn't win; the other acts were too good.

During the broadcast, Mr. Godfrey sits on one side of the stage at a kind of desk where there are two microphones and before each act, he interviews the performer's talent scout—in my case, Miss Kirby, who told the audience how she had happened to recommend me for an audition.

First, Beatrice Fung Oye, a Chinese-American girl, sang "Daddy" in English and Chinese. Sonny Sparks was second with impersonations of Peter Lorre and Bonnie Baker, and a take-off on a baritone singing "Stout-Hearted Men." I was third with the same song I had sung at the audition, and I know I didn't do my best. My nervousness cramped my style. The fourth act was Norman Paris, a pianist, who played variations on "Loch Lomond" and the fifth was Johnny Ames, a crooner, who sang "Embraceable You."

After the five acts, we were all called back on the stage together. I knew that now the audience's applause would be recorded on the indicator. Each performer sang a few phrases of his song or did a bit of his act. When my turn came, I saw my mother in the audience and it made me laugh to see how wildly she was clapping her hands.

BUT all the applause sounded alike to me and I was sure Sonny Sparks had won. I turned to walk off the stage just as Mr. Godfrey was saying, "The winner tonight is—," and then he paused. The broadcast was a bit short, you see, and he was taking his time. He probably paused for thirty seconds, at the most, but my mother said it seemed like hours. When he finally said my name, somebody—I'm not sure but I think it was Johnnie Ames—pulled me back and said, "Hey, it's you!" I had heard my name but I was dazed with excitement. Finally, somebody pushed me just a little, so that my feet started moving again, and I fairly ran across the stage to sit at the desk with Mr. Godfrey.

He asked me my age, where I went to school and where I lived (I gave my home address and I've been getting fan mail ever since—and do I love it!). Then he told me that I would be paid \$100 for my performance that night (each performer gets the same amount) and that I would get another \$100 for appearing on his show the next morning. "Gee!" I said. "I'll be rich!" I just babbled and giggled; I don't think anybody understood a word of what I was saying.

Backstage again after the broadcast, Mr. Godfrey gave me a big hug and said, "Congratulations, honey." Then my father and mother and I celebrated with some friends at a party at the Cafe Rouge, and I received a beautiful orchid. I don't know what's going to happen to me in the future but I'm sure I'll never again be so excited as I was that night.

Although it was rather late when we got home, I was up bright and early the next morning to get ready for Mr. Godfrey's program. Remembering what had happened at the Perry Como show, I wanted to wear my black and white suit again for good luck (did I say I wasn't superstitious?) and as I was dressing, I remembered that the red shoes I had worn needed repairs. One of the straps was loose and I had to wear those same shoes. It was only half past eight and the shoe repair

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Men know how irresistibly charming is a woman's hair that gleams with natural highlights and shadows—sparkles with silken softness—delights with clean fragrance. Crown of carefree curls, or smart upsweep—it's your natural hair-appeal that captivates men. Women of all ages are discovering that Lustre-Creme Shampoo brings out the fullest natural glory . . . quickly . . . easily . . . inexpensively. Not a soap, not a liquid, Lustre-Creme Shampoo is a new dainty cream that whips instantly into creamy rich lather in hard or soft water . . . swiftly sweeps dullness away. Out of her wealth of cosmetic lore, Kay Daumit combined gentle lanolin with special secret ingredients to achieve this almost-magic new cream that offers shining new appeal and obedience to your hair. Try Lustre-Creme Shampoo. At cosmetic counters.



Four ounces, \$1.00;
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See how a fingertipful of Lustre-Creme Shampoo bursts into heaps of fragrant lather. And see how tempting it leaves your hair! Not dried—not dulled—not unruly—but silken soft, responsive, sparkling as if you'd given it a hard brushing.



Lustre-Creme Shampoo

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shop wouldn't be open until nine but my mother knew where the shoe-maker lived. So she dashed off, shoes in hand, to his apartment. Luckily he was dressed and ready for work, and his shop is just around the corner, so he very kindly fixed those very important shoes, and I arrived at CBS half an hour before I was expected. The show was great fun this time.

It wasn't long before I was invited to sing on some other programs. I sang on the Perry Como show (this time I was paid for it as a professional singer), on Lucky Stars on which Leopold H. Spitalny conducts the orchestra. And Mr. Spitalny liked me enough to recommend me to his brother, Phil, who was just then preparing for a concert tour with his All-Girl Orchestra.

SHOULD I say "the rest is history?" I've gone over it so often in my mind as if it were a beautiful dream that I didn't want to forget. I wasn't nervous when I went to see Mr. Spitalny because it all happened so quickly that I didn't have time to get myself all worked up about it. Luckily, I had had some training in the classics because he asked me if I knew the "Bell Song" from "Lakme" and at least I knew the first page so I was able to give him an idea of how I could sing such an aria. He looked at me for a moment after I finished singing and then he said, "Very good," and from the way he said it I knew he meant it. Mr. Spitalny himself taught me to sing the "Bell Song" for the first tour with his orchestra, which began December 2.

But I'm getting ahead of my story. I didn't just sign up with Mr. Spitalny and go off on tour. Complications arose—in the form of my parents. They were really upset when I told them I was going to leave town. I'm an only child, for one thing, and I had never before been outside of New York, except for short trips to New Jersey.

With the help of Mr. Robbins, Gerald Brown and other friends and advisers, I got their consent. I thought that every body was happy.

One day Mr. Spitalny called Mr. Robbins on the telephone, and this is the conversation that took place as I reconstructed it later.

"Her mother wants to go!" said Mr. Spitalny. He was obviously very much upset.

"Whose mother wants to go where?" asked Mr. Robbins.

"Gloria Benson's mother wants to go with her on the tour," Mr. Spitalny replied. "She thinks it's all set for her to go along as chaperone for her

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daughter on this trip of ours.”

“Oh,” said my manager.

“Yes, ‘oh,’” Mr. Spitalny went on. “And you’d better do something about it. Let this kind of thing get a start and I’d have forty mothers along.”

Well, it took a lot of talking but it was finally arranged. My mother said goodbye to me with a lot of good advice: “Gargle every night, (I had a cold) and be a good girl.”

That first night on the train I was wishing my mother had come along with me. I was so homesick and every minute the train was carrying me further away from my parents and my home into a strange country where I knew absolutely no one. I think I was on the verge of tears when, one by one, about twenty of the other girls came in and kissed me goodnight. It certainly helped, took the edge off that lonesome, lost feeling I had. I was the baby of the orchestra, you see, and the other girls mothered me.

The two tours I have made with the orchestra have been thrilling experiences. Each tour is for two weeks and we make one-night appearances in fourteen different cities. Part of the fun, of course, is wearing a beautiful evening dress trimmed with sequins and flowers. One night when Mr. Spitalny introduced me, he said, “We dressed her up to look like an old lady but she’s really only sixteen.” We were usually treated as celebrities and invited to luncheons, sometimes with the mayor himself in attendance. There was always a good crowd and in some cities, where “live” entertainment is scarce, the house was packed to overflowing.

TEXAS I really love, and I received very good notices there too. I was introduced as “Spitalny’s newest discovery” and the Amarillo Daily News, in its review of the program, said that I “rolled beautifully full tones off with the ease of an old trouper.”

I mustn’t forget to tell you about what I brought home for my mother from that first tour. We were on our way to Fairfield, Iowa, one day and we hadn’t eaten any lunch so we stopped at a store in a small town to buy some apples and cookies. There on the shelves I saw boxes of soap flakes and I remembered hearing my mother say that she hadn’t been able to find any. So I bought five boxes.

“What have you got there?” my mother asked as I opened my valise.

“All for you, mother!” I said, pointing proudly to the boxes of soap flakes.

I’ll never forget the expression on my mother’s face. “You can put it in the closet,” she said.

There was something funny about her voice. I didn’t understand until I opened the closet and saw the ten packages of soap flakes on the shelf. After this I’m going to check carefully before I carry five big boxes of anything all the way from Iowa.

I celebrated my seventeenth birthday on February 2, before we left on the second tour. What’s ahead for me now? Well, I still have to finish high school. I was in my sixth term at the High School of Music and Art when I got my chance on the Godfrey program. I made up a term, and I’m now in my eighth and final term at a professional children’s school. I expect to graduate during the summer and then go to college so I can study music.

At the moment I have two ambitions—to go to Hollywood and to have my own radio program. Isn’t that enough?

The “Slacks Brigade” deals in facts—not fancies



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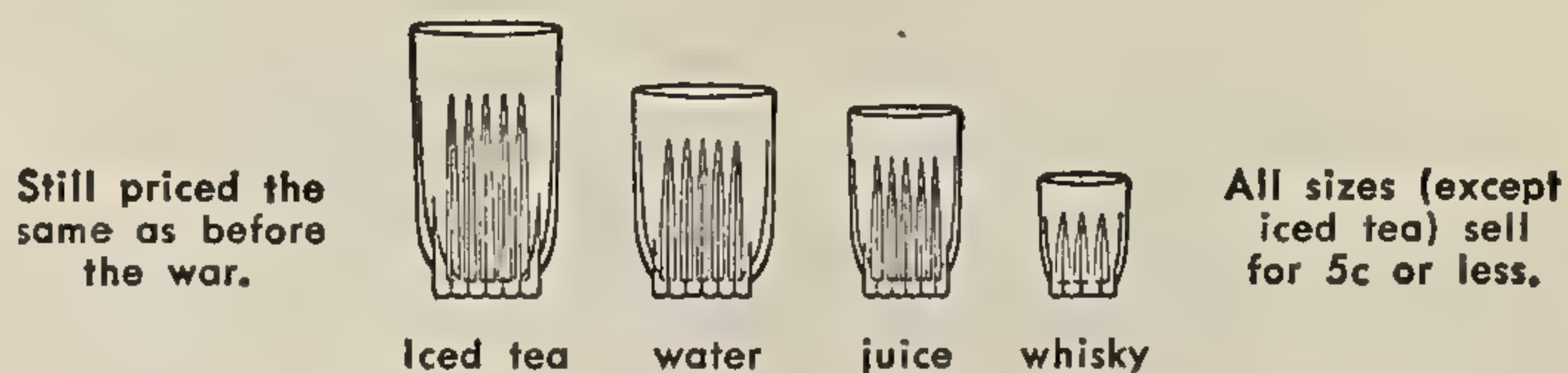
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"Dear Beauty"

(Continued from page 49)

answered the tragic question he asked, "Do you know what is happening in Europe?"

When the people I was with commented on the way Tex's personality and message projected on the screen, "But I know him! I know him!" I said, all but jumping up and down in the sudden, sharp excitement with which, at the sight of him, I was seized. "I know him, I know him," I kept saying, but to myself, long after I was alone . . .

And so I did. I wasn't in love with him. If I was, I didn't know it. He wouldn't ever fall in love with me . . . "I just want to tell you . . . I will never marry again." But I knew him, and he knew me, and there was something between us that, if we never met again (which seemed more than likely) would always be there . . .

At home, that night, I wrote him a little note. "Dear Tex," I said. "What's the idea of stealing my stuff? Saw you in the movies tonight and you're terrific!"

LATER on—oh, worlds away and time out of mind later—Tex was to tell me that he'd stuck that little note in his pocket and kept it. "It was so spontaneous and sincere," he said, "that I liked it and never threw it away." It didn't occur to him, of course, to answer it.

In May of 1942, I was in New York again. Starting a personal appearance tour. Al Rhylander, of the Columbia Pictures publicity department in New York, met me at the airport. Among other messages he was ticking off to me, "Oh, by the way," he said, "Tex McCrary wants you to call him today, at the Mirror." "Look," I said. "You call Tex McCrary and tell him I'm at the Ritz Towers if he wants to call."

Look, I thought, *he never has called, he never will . . .*

But he did. He called and asked me for a date. *Nearly two years after our first meeting he asked me, for the first time, for a date.*

I said, "I'm sorry. I'm leaving for Philadelphia tonight. Be back in a week."

"Then we have a date," he said, "for a week from tonight. How about tickets for 'Banjo Eyes'? Okay?" I said, "Okay."

At the theater in Philadelphia, I got a wire. "Dear Beauty," it said, "just to remind you of a week from tonight." I must have read, and re-read those eleven words, eleven times. The "Dear Beauty"—I was terribly excited about the "Dear Beauty"—and stayed excited about it until it turned out that he called every girl "Beauty"—and still does.

The night I got back, the night of our first date, Tex called for me at the Ritz Towers. There was a moment, that first moment of meeting, when anything, I felt, might happen. But nothing did. The moment passed.

After "Banjo Eyes" we went to the Champagne Room at the El Morocco. I had my favorite lemonade. Tex had his favorite vanilla ice-cream with macaroons. Tex drew penguins on the table-cloth. And on my handkerchief. He said, "I still think you're the nicest girl. But I am still a tough guy."

I knew what he meant. He had worked under the late Arthur Bris-

bane and worshiped him. And Arthur Brisbane believed in Tex. "You have it," he told him. "Very few do." He was going to be a very serious editorial writer, Tex was. He had a Message. (He still has.) He felt he was not the type to be married. He would never marry. That's what he meant. That's what I knew he meant. Even so, something was there, something was definitely there, with us. I knew that, too.

This was a Friday night, this first date. "How about going to see 'Porgy and Bess,'" Tex asked, "on Sunday night?" I said, "Okay. Fine."

Sunday night, it was more fun. Sunday night we hit it off, somehow, a thousand times better than we had Friday night. After the theater we went, again, to the Champagne Room. And had our lemonades and ice cream.

Two days later, I left for Chicago, where I was to appear for one day before returning to New York, via Cleveland. "I'll call you," Tex said. "In Chicago." But I remember feeling a little sick as I left Chicago, because he hadn't called.

The next day, in Cleveland, there were red roses. The card said, "Open Your Window." Usually, his cards just said "Dear Beauty" or just "Beauty." Nothing serious, ever.

And in Cleveland there was a wire saying, "Hurry to La Guardia tonight."

At four in the morning, I got off the plane at La Guardia and Tex was there to meet me, the early morning papers, all of them, under his arm. We didn't kiss. We said "Hullo, how are you?" We shook hands. We walked across the field and sat on a baggage truck, dangling our legs, talking the dawn in.

AFTER a few minutes, Tex pulled a gold bracelet, a charm bracelet, with a few gold discs dangling from it, out of his pocket and gave it to me. On one disc was engraved the letters JINXET which, read in reverse, gives both our names-joined. On another disc was engraved my name and my address in Hollywood and underneath, the words, England, Cairo, Italy, all the places to which, since he was soon to leave for OTS, in Miami, Tex might shortly be going. So many places, so far away, that they amounted to "Address Unknown."

There were only a few discs on the bracelet that come-the-dawn hour he gave it to me. Now there are a couple of dozen. And on each disc are engraved words and phrases that tell the "story" of Tex and me from the day we met to—this day. On one of them, for instance, is the words "Four leaf clover" for the clover I gave him when he left for OTS. On another, the words "Revolving Doors" which is a Thing with us. Because when we have an argument, we always go through a revolving door, separately, and when everything is sweetness and light, we go through it, together. On another, the words "Camellias and dogwood," which are Tex's favorite flowers. Mine, too, of course. Naturally, there is the word "Penguin" on one of the discs. And on one very special disc, the two words, "Anything else?"—which is what I *always* say at the end of every telephone conversation—and on the reverse side, Tex's answer—the two words, "Everything. Forever."

We had four days together in New York and then we saw each other, off and on, for about four months or until Tex left for Miami. When he left, we figured we'd had together, since the



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day we first met, about sixteen days, in all. Which added to very little time . . .

It was on October 1, 1942 that Tex left for Miami. It was on December 14, 1944, two years and three months later, that I saw him again . . . in Cairo. Six months after our meeting in Cairo, we met again—when I got off a plane at six in the morning and we were married at four that afternoon.

In that very close-to-three-years-apart, we were so far apart, Tex and I. Tex, a Lieutenant-Colonel, attached to the Army Air Forces, seeing action during the blitz in England as a photographic officer . . . later, as a paratrooper in France . . . still later, as head of public relations for the Mediterranean Allied Air Forces and, at the end of the war, in charge of combat camera units and public relations for B-29 operations in the Pacific. I, meantime, serving with USO units overseas . . . in China, in Italy, in Egypt, in Africa. And whenever I was in Italy, Tex had just left Italy. Or when Tex was in China, I had just left China.

BUT at last, at last, at last, after missing each other at sea, in the air, *everywhere*, we met in Cairo . . . oh, Cairo! . . . the most romantic, the most exciting, the most glamorous place in the whole wide world!

It was in Cairo that we first gave that "something" between us the name of love. One hour after we met in Cairo, Tex knew, he told me later, that we would be married, or—never see each other again.

The story of how-come Tex and I met in Cairo is a long, involved story of intricate maneuvers on both our parts, each finding out, first, where the other was, each wangling permission to meet, and to remain a few days in Cairo from our superior officers.

So I will tell only the most important detail of *my* half of the story, which is that *my* "superior officer," the head of our USO unit was Pat O'Brien. And it is thanks to Pat that Tex and I found each other in Cairo and, well, found each other, period. For when word came to me, while we were still in Burma, that Tex had arranged to arrive in Cairo the day we planned to be there and I asked Pat if I could leave the unit and stay behind, in Cairo, for a few days, "Sure you can stay," he said, "I'll take full responsibility."

But when we arrived in Cairo, on the afternoon of the day designated—there was no Tex. Nor any word of, or from, him. I was panicky. I was going crazy. Pat and the troupe were leaving that afternoon for Casablanca. "If Tex doesn't show by seven o'clock tonight," Pat said, "you'd better come along with us. I can't leave you stranded, and alone, in Cairo."

That afternoon, spent in one of the rooms in the Cairo Terminal, is still a recurrent nightmare. I was calling Operations, calling the Control Tower, everyone on the field, asking over and over, "Isn't there a takeoff from Italy with someone named McCrary?" And being told, over and over, "No."

While we were waiting for dinner, and the hands of the clock racing towards seven o'clock and Pat saying, worriedly, bless him, that he *couldn't* leave me alone in Cairo, a message came in for me. It said, "There's a Colonel McCrary coming in on a P-38. He's looking for a place to land. Could this be your Mc—" but before the last syllable of the name was said, I

was flying across the John Payne Field. Halfway across, I saw a P-38 landing. And there was Tex, newspapers under his arm, walking towards me. And then I just sort of blacked out.

What happened, that whole next day, or most of it, was sort of forced. Tex had managed to be in Cairo, to get a few free days there, by telling his General he wanted to meet his "fiancée" in Burma. I knew this. I'd thought it meant that we would be married in Cairo. But—he didn't ask me. We were friends. We were good friends. Tex talked about meeting Tito. I talked about General Stilwell. And I have the greatest respect and admiration for General Stilwell but his name stuck in my throat. But I just had to be gay, talk about my trips . . . had to be, for this was friendship. It wasn't love.

Late in the afternoon, we went to the Blue Mosque. It was very warm, very balmy. Perfume was in the air, and spice. The only light coming into the Mosque was coming, it seemed, from millions of light miles above, coming straight down. It was unearthly beautiful. But—it hadn't clicked . . .

. . . until, as we were leaving the Mosque, with no single word spoken, an old, old man, a fakir, stopped us. In his hands he held beads, blue beads. He asked us to touch the beads, each of us . . . and, standing together, side by side, Tex and I, we touched the beads, together. And suddenly, the old old fakir seemed a priest, marrying us. And suddenly, holding the beads, while the old man mumbled, at that moment, in just the right light, just the right mood, Tex and I looked at each other and *that was it* . . .

THEN, everything looked different. Cairo was enchanted. The Perfume Shops. The Spice Lanes. The tiny bazaars in which I bought gold lamé material. The wonderful places we went to dine. The Mena House . . . and afternoons, the terrace of Shepheard's Hotel, where we had tea and lemonade, and talked with the boys Tex knew from Italy, and with the boys who had flown me over the Hump . . . but we weren't married in Cairo. Tex didn't ask me to marry him in Cairo. I wished he would. I wanted him to. We were in love. We talked of marriage. But not when, nor where. So that when, four days later, four magical, divine days later, we said goodbye again, I still wasn't sure, didn't know . . .

Six months later, on June 10, 1945, I got off the plane at LaGuardia field at six o'clock in the morning, after an overnight flight from California, and we were married at four that afternoon. Tex had wired me, in California, to "stall" another USO tour I was planning to make. "Guy who wants to marry you arriving New York June 10" his wire read. He'd wired me to have a blood-test made, in California, and made other practical suggestions. But—not until I had been in New York for several hours and finally said, point blank, "Are we being married today?" to which Tex answered, matter of factly, "Yes—at four o'clock this afternoon", did I really, really know that this was the day!

Judge Ferdinand Pecora of New York married us. I wore a pale blue summer dress, white and pink carnations in my hair, pink gloves. My mother was with us. My brother, Bob. One or two friends from Tex's office.

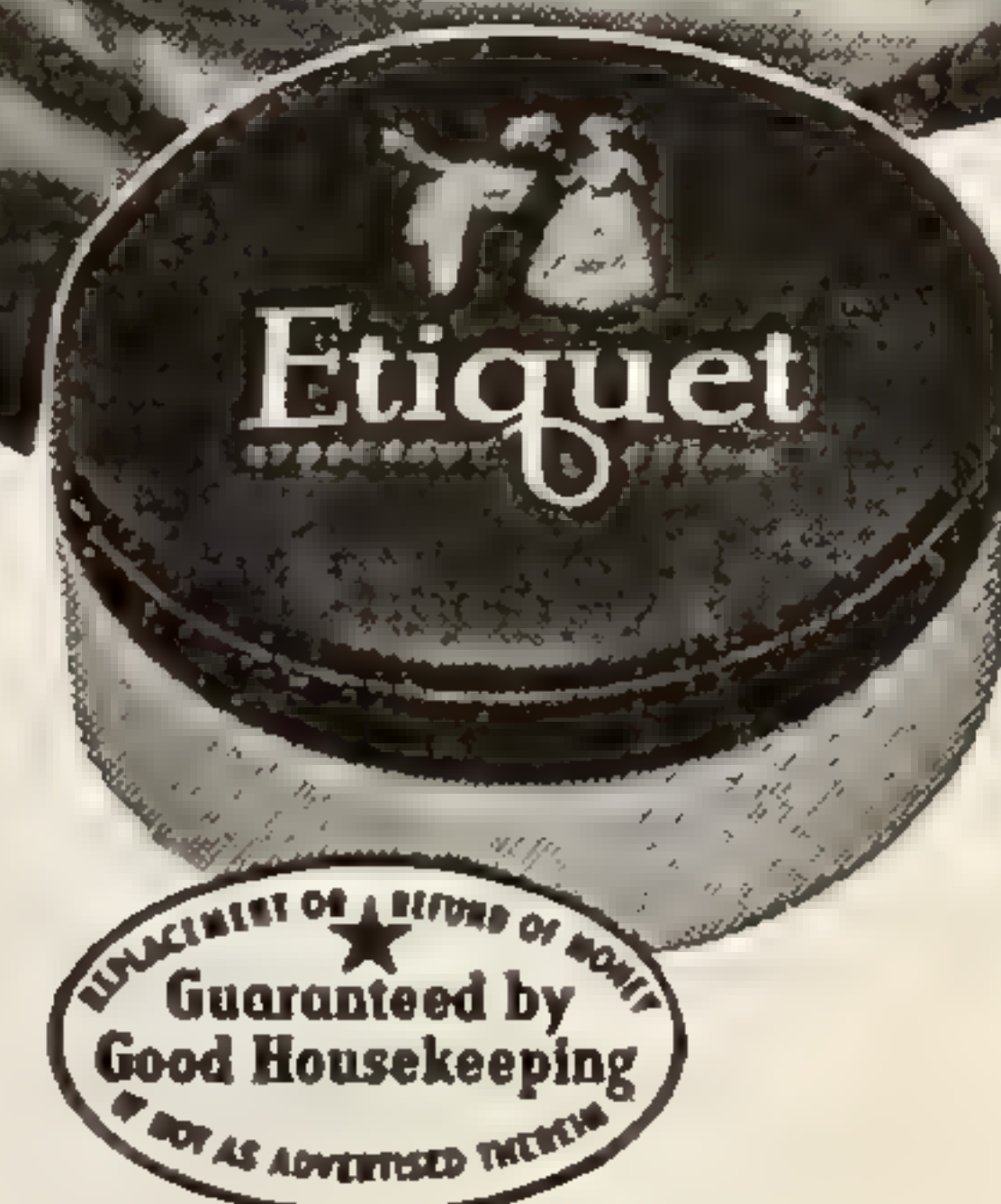
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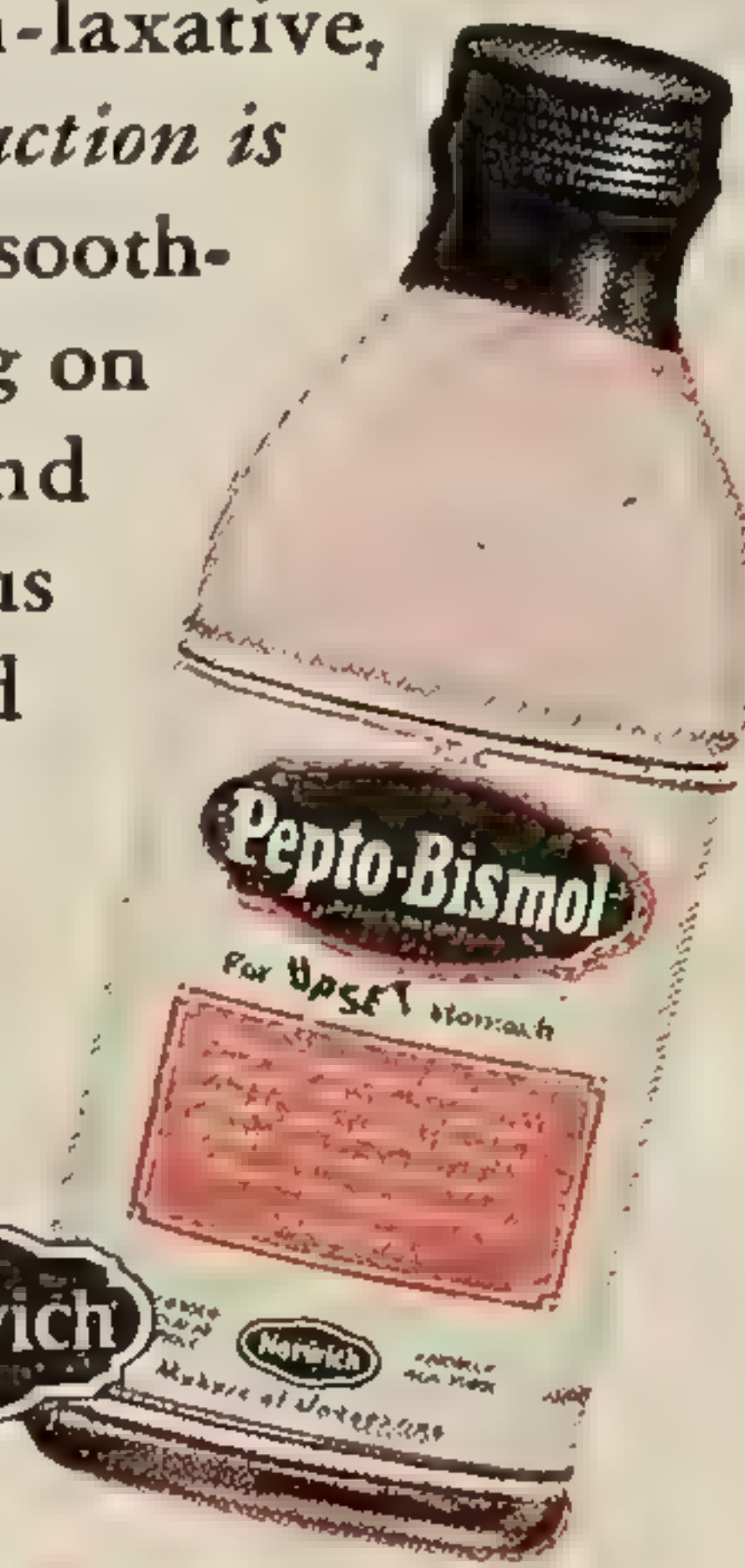
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After the ceremony, Tex and I went, alone, to call on our dear friend, Bernard Baruch, who was ill and had been unable to see us married. In the library of Mr. Baruch's apartment, high above Fifth Avenue, we sat for three hours and talked, and sipped the champagne Mr. Baruch called for, while he gave us advice, wise and wonderful.

Six days after we were married, I had to leave for Italy, where Tex had just been for three months, and Tex had to leave for Japan. His plane, a B-17, taking off for Japan, was right behind my plane, taking off for Italy, on the runway. But he came through Italy. And we met in Rome. And in Capri, magical Capri. And in Cairo!

THERE were more weeks and months of separation, with brief meetings in San Francisco, and in New York, and in Hollywood where, still under contract to Columbia Pictures, I often had to be. But with the war over and Tex home, home in New York, I couldn't be, and didn't want to be, any longer in Hollywood . . .

So, on January 1 of 1946, with my contract broken, I headed East, to be Tex's wife, to be a housewife and to have the baby I knew was coming.

In Manhasset, Long Island, we found a lovely house and from January to April of that year, I was really Tex's wife. I kept house. I played tennis. I read. I made plans for the baby. I thought that was my Future forever and for always, and was content.

Then, one day, Tex came home and told me WNBC was interested in having us do a husband and wife program. It was thought that we knew a great many people—and so we do!—and could make such a program varied and interesting. Five days after we made the record for WNBC, they signed us and, on April 22, 1946, "Hi, Jinx!" to quote Tex, there we were—and here we are!

Here we are, the three of us—Tex and me and nine months old Paddy, christened John Reagan McCrary (which is Tex's baptismal name) but really and truly named Patrick after Pat O'Brien, who is his godfather, and always called Paddy . . . Every time it's at all possible, everywhere, we take Paddy with us. One day, a few weeks ago, we took him to the French Grill, in Rockefeller Plaza, for lunch and that was oh, tremendously exciting. And something more . . . something that completed, somehow, a symbolic circle.

And at the root of my happiness is, not only my love for Tex but, more, my respect for him. It's all in Tex's hands—including me.

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Ice Cream's Social

(Continued from page 55)

in cream. Pour into freezing tray of refrigerator and freeze with cold control set at coldest point. Stir every ½ hour until mixture begins to hold its shape. Freeze until firm. Makes 6 servings.

Fresh Lime Sherbet

2 eggs, separated
½ cup light corn syrup
½ cup sugar
½ cup lime juice
1 banana, mashed

Beat egg yolks until light and lemon colored, beat in corn syrup and sugar. Add lime juice and banana. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry and fold into first mixture. Pour into freezing tray and freeze with cold control set at the coldest point. Freeze until firm. Makes 6 servings.

Grape Juice Sherbet

1 tablespoon plain gelatin
2 tablespoons water
2 cups grape juice
¼ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
2 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Soften gelatin in cold water. Combine first five ingredients in a saucepan. Heat, stirring occasionally, until gelatin and sugar dissolve. Cool. Pour into freezing tray of refrigerator and freeze with cold control set at coldest point. When mixture becomes mushy pour it into a bowl and fold in egg whites. Return to freezing tray and freeze until firm. Makes 6 servings.

Cranberry Sherbet

1 1-pound can jellied cranberry sauce
2 tablespoons lemon juice
¼ cup orange juice
2 teaspoons grated lemon rind
1 tablespoon grated orange rind
2 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Crush cranberry sauce with a fork. Add fruit juices and rind. Pour into freezing tray of refrigerator and freeze with cold control set at coldest point. When mixture is mushy, fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Return to tray and continue freezing until firm. Makes 6 servings.

Banana Ice Cream

2 eggs, separated
½ cup sugar
¼ cup honey
1 cup milk
1 cup mashed ripe bananas (about 2 medium bananas)
¼ cup lemon juice
½ cup evaporated milk, chilled and whipped

In the top of a double boiler blend together egg yolks, sugar and honey. Stir in milk. Cook over boiling water, stirring occasionally, until mixture coats a silver spoon. Cool, add remaining ingredients except egg whites. Pour into freezing tray of refrigerator and freeze with cold control set at coldest point. When mixture has frozen about 1-inch from edges of tray, turn into a chilled bowl and beat with a rotary beater until smooth but not melted. Beat egg whites until stiff and fold into ice cream mixture. Return to freezing tray and freeze until firm. Makes 6 servings. This ice cream is delicious topped with a chocolate sauce and chopped nuts.

Love-quiz...For Married Folks Only



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- A.** If her devoted husband has suddenly become indifferent, it may be because she has grown careless about feminine hygiene.
- Q.** Is proper feminine hygiene so important to married happiness?
- A.** Yes. Intimate daintiness...charm...call for effective douching. That's why so many doctors recommend thorough yet gentle "Lysol" brand disinfectant.
- Q.** What about salt, soda . . . other homemade douching solutions?
- A.** Weak, makeshift or homemade solutions cannot compare with the tested and proved cleansing efficiency of "Lysol."
- Q.** Why is "Lysol" more dependable than many other disinfectants?
- A.** Because it is effective not only in the test tube but in contact with organic matter. "Lysol" is a proved germ and odor killer.

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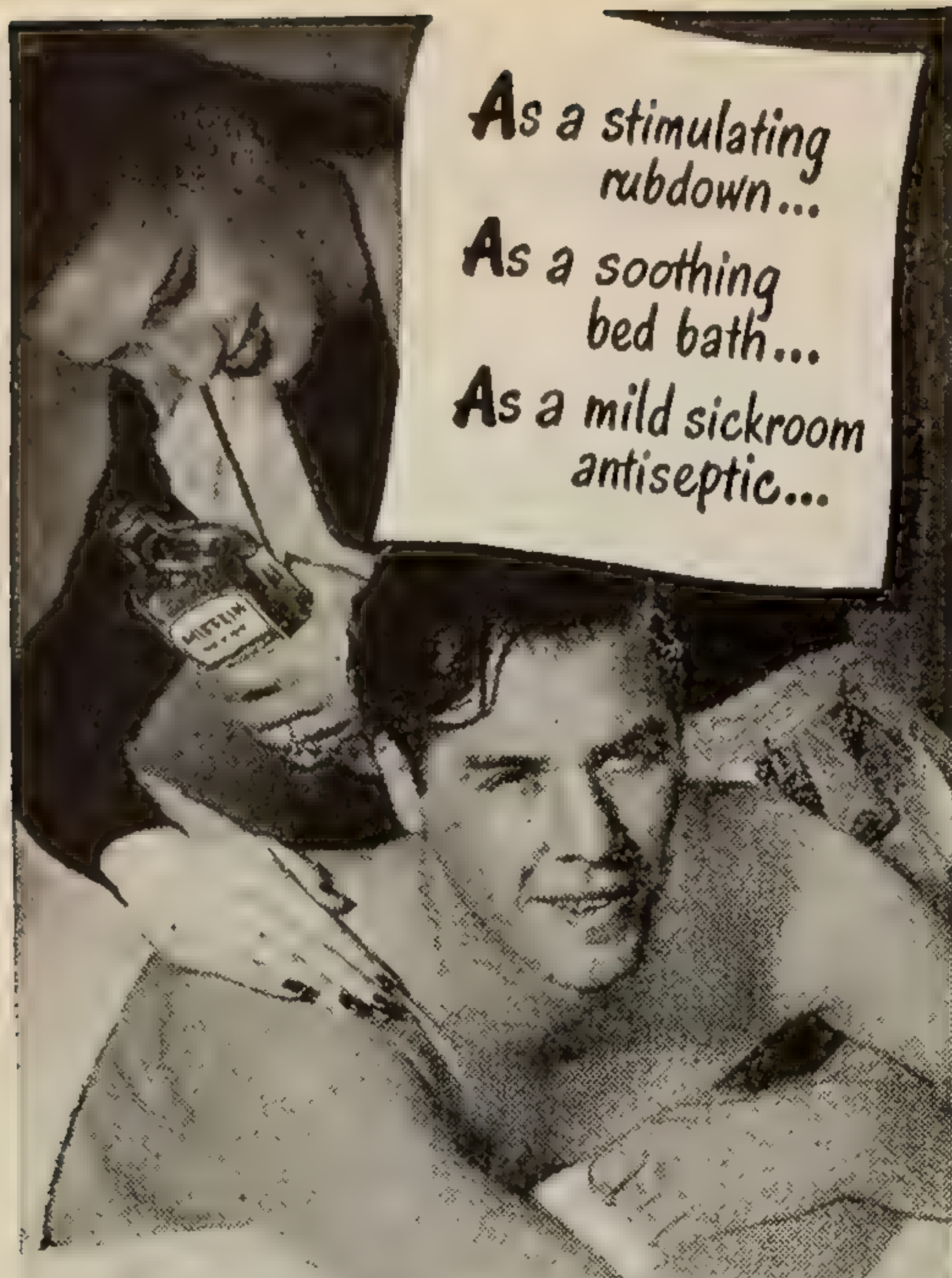
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The House Where Love Lives

(Continued from page 23)

Forget it—impossible, with Mother Malone going about the house pale and heavy-eyed from lack of sleep, and of course refusing to rest. She had sat up waiting for us until three o'clock this morning; at seven-thirty she had been in the kitchen, every silvery wave in place, dressed in fresh house dress and apron, insisting upon helping me with breakfast.

She had come to visit us from her home in California several months before. Shortly afterward, paralysis, the result of an automobile accident, had confined Jerry to a wheel chair. Stefan Crawcyk isn't the only one who owes us money; our accounts outstanding are always greater than our income; with Jerry unable to carry on his practise, there was nothing for it but for me to go to work, while Mother Malone stayed at home to nurse Jerry and to care for our three-and-a-half-year-old Jill. She was really happy, then. Jerry and Jill are everything to her, and there they both were, needing her, depending upon her, both, temporarily, hers.

BUT Jerry had been well and at work for some time now, and I was back at home, helping him, and Mother Malone was a visitor again. Visitor, and, these last two weeks, baby-sitter. Several invitations had come at once, and Jerry had—miraculously, because it seemed to me he usually worked 'round the clock—several free evenings. We were suddenly leading a more social life than we'd known in years, and Mother Malone was staying at home with Jill. She was gracious about it—but oh, it was only too clear that staying with Jill while Jerry and I went out wasn't nearly as satisfying as having both Jerry and Jill to herself!

She said nothing directly, but she wondered—aloud—how Jerry could take care of his work and his social obligations and still keep his health. She intimated that I was more or less responsible for it all; I was frivolously taking Jerry away from his work; I wasn't remembering that only recently he had been a very sick man.

And then last night—last night had been the last straw. We'd gone to visit our friends the Stapletons, who had bought a house in the country and who had been wanting us to see it for nearly a year. We left early enough, but we lost our way coming home, and then the car developed engine trouble. It was midnight when we'd found a garage, called Mother Malone to tell her that we were all right, and that she was to go to bed and not to worry. And at three, when we finally reached home, she came out of the kitchen to greet us.

"I got up to look at Jill," she explained—and that was a reproach in itself. "And then I heard the car, so I made you some hot milk. It'll help you sleep, Jerry. You need your sleep."

I choked on the hot milk. We were adults; this was our house—and yet we were being clocked in and out as if it were a dormitory!

This morning, at breakfast, the gentle inquisition had begun.

"You must have left the Stapletons' very late last night," Mother observed.

Jerry's eyes met mine in wry amusement. "Around eleven o'clock," he

said. We both knew what was coming. "You could have started earlier. You've been keeping quite a schedule, Jerry. You were out night before last, and three nights ago. Your health—"

"Night before last," said Jerry, "was the County Medical Board dinner. I've missed it three times running, and we had to go. And three nights ago was the hospital benefit party."

Mother Malone's straight back became a perfect ramrod. "If you're going to take that attitude, you'll be able to refuse no one. There's no such thing as an *inescapable* social obligation, Jerry. Many times a note, a telegram excusing you will do as well as your presence."

Jerry's lips twitched; he applied himself earnestly to his ham and eggs.

"But we didn't know we'd be so late last night," I hastened to say. "We didn't know we'd get lost, or that the car would break down—"

"You should allow for those things," said Mother Malone. "I know how men are at parties. They get involved in the conversation and forget all about time. A woman has to learn how to manage—"

You see, there's just no answering Mother Malone. She has one of those rigid, exacting characters which demands the utmost of itself, and expects no less of everyone else.

"... three o'clock," she was saying. "I can't understand how it took you so long to get home. Surely, after you found a garage, you could have found some way—"

"How?" asked Jerry. "Call a cab from town? Even if they'd have come after us at that hour, it would have taken as long for them to come out and get us as it took to get the car running."

MOTHER MALONE sighed. "Perhaps I just don't understand conditions nowadays. But I know that when you were young, Jerry, if I'd left you, no matter who was with you, until all hours—" She shook her head eloquently.

We could have laughed at the picture of ourselves as a frivolous young couple and thoughtless parents—except that it was not funny to be treated like children in our own house, not to feel free to come and go as we pleased. And there seemed absolutely no way to reach an understanding with Mother Malone. She said no more about the misfortunes of the night before, but the atmosphere of the house was strained and uncomfortable. Jerry's office occupies the front rooms of our home; all morning we heard her going about the duties she'd set for herself, talking with Jill when she should have been resting. At noon, when I went to the kitchen to prepare a tray for Jerry's lunch, I found her making blanc mange.

"You shouldn't have bothered!" I exclaimed. "There's that fruit pudding left from yesterday—" Of course, I'd said just what she wanted me to say.

"But I like to do it," she insisted. "Besides, there's no dessert as strengthening as a good, rich blanc mange. It'll be ready in a few minutes."

I put the rest of the food on a tray, carried it back to the office. A new patient had come in while I'd been gone, a stranger to Three Oaks . . . at

least, I'd never seen him before. He was a little man, with a fringe of gray-ing curls wreathing an otherwise bald, pink head. His eyes were a bright blue under curly, puckish brows. The suit he wore was very good but rather baggy; there was about him the suggestion of another time. Perhaps it was the gold nugget that dangled from his watch chain; perhaps it was the plump, shining tips of his square-toed shoes. He was sitting beside Jerry's desk, one arm extended awkwardly, while Jerry swabbed the palm of his hand.

"This is Mr. Johnson, Anne," said Jerry. "My wife, Mr. Johnson."

Mr. Johnson grinned shyly and ducked his head. He started to rise, remembered in time that Jerry had firm hold of his hand.

"I'm happy to meet you," he said. "I was just telling your husband how I happened to stop. This sliver's been bothering me off and on for weeks, but I've been doing a lot of driving, and I was too busy to have it taken care of. And then I saw your sign with your name on it, and I thought—"

"Anne," said Jerry. I bent over to look at the red and swollen patch of palm. "Tweezers," Jerry said. "Lancet too, I think."

For the next few minutes we were busy. Mr. Johnson sat through it patiently, in respectful silence. He seemed completely indifferent to the fact that it was his hand we were working on. Only when the hair-fine bit of metal had been removed and laid out for his inspection did he show any interest.

"Now, where do you suppose I picked that up?" he wondered. "Think of a little thing like that making so much

trouble!" He sat back, picked up his story where he'd left off. "As I was saying, I saw your sign, and I took it for, well—kind of an omen. Not that it means anything, of course, but I knew some Malones once, back in—"

He stopped, staring past me. I turned. Mother Malone had come in, carrying a tray with the blanc mange and coffee. And she was staring uncertainly at Mr. Johnson. He rose, completely forgetting that Jerry was still wrapping his hand. Bandage dangling, he walked toward Mother Malone.

"Gertrude!" he exclaimed. "Do you remember me? Jake Johnson—"

Mother Malone put down the tray and came forward, hand outstretched. "Why, Jacob! This is a surprise!"

She pulled a chair toward the desk, sat down. Mr. Johnson allowed Jerry to rescue his bandages; he, too, sat down, still talking. "I stopped just on account of the Malone name," he explained. "I never thought it might be the same Malone I knew! And this is your boy!" He turned to Jerry, who was now suddenly, in a manner of speaking, reduced to short pants.

"That's Jerry," agreed Mother Malone. To him she said, "You can't expect to remember Mr. Johnson, dear. You were five years old when we last saw him. But he and your father were close friends. You'd bought a ranch, hadn't you Jacob, when we last heard from you—"

He nodded. "Found gold on it, too. Some, not a lot. Oh, I've turned my hand to a lot of things since then. Right now I'm brokering grain. That's how I happen to be in this part of the country. Say, Gertrude—I'm staying at the hotel down the street, and I

understand they have pretty good food. How about having dinner with me tonight, and we can talk—"

To our utter astonishment, Mother Malone accepted. She said yes without hesitation, without a counter-suggestion to the effect that he have dinner at the house with us.

Afterward, when we were alone, Jerry shook his head over it, marveling. "Well, I'll be darned!" he said. "I can't believe it. Mother's got a date!"

It was even hard to believe when, later that afternoon, Jacob Johnson's substantial car stopped before the house, and Jacob, now spruce and neatly pressed, escorted Mother Malone down the walk. Even little Jill realized that something out of the ordinary had happened. At dinner she looked from Jerry to me, and at Mother Malone's empty chair.

"Where's Grandma?" she inquired.

"She's gone out," said Jerry.

"Out?" repeated Jill, as if she'd never heard the word before. Obviously, she couldn't associate it with her grandmother. Her mother, her father, anyone else could be out, but never Grandma.

"She's having dinner downtown, dear, at the hotel," I said. "Don't you remember, we ate there once—"

Jill looked at me doubtfully, twisted her pudding spoon upside-down in her mouth. "Why?" she asked. "Why isn't Grandma here?"

"Eat your pudding," said Jerry.

Mother Malone would have been pleased that we went to bed early that night, that Jerry was finally catching up on his sleep. But she wasn't there to know about it. We went to bed at nine; an hour or so

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later I half awoke, to hear a car outside, and Mother Malone coming in.

The next morning she said nothing about her night out except that dinner at the hotel had been very good and that she had had a very nice time. For the rest of it, she met our poorly concealed curiosity with pleasant but imperturbable silence.

Around five that afternoon Jill and I were on the lawn, setting out the sprinkler. Mother Malone appeared on the porch, wearing her second-best dress, a pink linen with hand-run fagoting; even at a distance I thought there was a touch, just a touch, of make-up on her cheeks. I wondered about the pink linen until Jake's car stopped at the curb, and Jake got out. He waved, and went straight up to the porch to Mother Malone. Thinking he was simply paying a sort of bread-and-butter call, I waved back, and went on straightening the hose. Then Jill called shrilly, "Mother! Is Grandma going out *again*?"—and I looked up to see Mother Malone starting down the walk with Jake. She'd got her coat and her second-best flowered hat. And her dignity was as unshakable as ever.

"We're going to visit a client of Jacob's," she said. "I doubt that we'll be back for dinner, Anne."

"FINE," I said, and nodded as though it were the most natural thing in the world. And indeed, it seemed it was getting to be so.

We learned a lot about the comings and goings of Jake's business in the next few days. Three Oaks was temporarily his headquarters. Each day he left it to drive around the country, visiting farmers and grain and feed merchants. Sometimes he'd go far enough to stay away over night, but every second or third night he returned to Three Oaks. And on those nights he came calling on Mother Malone.

Perhaps it isn't quite true to say that he came calling; he continued to take Mother Malone out. He did visit with all of us a couple of times, but it was obvious that he was as uncomfortable with Jerry and me as any love-struck, tongue-tied adolescent in the presence of his beloved's family. He was much happier having Mother to himself, and so far as we could see, she never made a pretense of putting him off. We didn't understand it. Each time they went down the walk together, the top of Jake's bald head barely clearing the tip of Mother Malone's ear, we looked at each other and wondered.

"It's beyond me," said Jerry. "Of course, he's got a crush on her—that's plain. I wouldn't be surprised if he was a little smitten even years ago, when Dad was alive. But she—do you suppose she *cares* about him?"

"She can't," I answered. "Not that way. Not that much." I was saying nothing against Jake. He was a nice person, a good person. And he was prosperous, perhaps even wealthy. But he was like the nugget on his watch chain—pure gold, and unpolished. And Mother Malone—well, every time I saw them together I couldn't help remembering that she hadn't wanted Jerry to marry me because I was only a nurse, and hadn't the background she wanted her son's wife to have.

"He was your father's friend," I said. "Perhaps she feels that she has to see him."

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"Every night?" asked Jerry. "Or almost every night? And remember—there's no such thing as an inescapable social obligation."

Still, I felt that I was right in thinking that Mother Malone wasn't in the least in love with Jacob Johnson. A night or two later, I was convinced of it.

Jake had come back to town late from a business trip, and had stopped in to talk for a few minutes before going on to the hotel. It had been an unseasonably hot day; we were all sitting out on the porch, enjoying the breeze that had come with evening, and the shifting pattern of street light and oak leaves. Jake was tired; the day's drive had been hard, he said, but worthwhile. It meant that he could shortly wind up his business in Three Oaks.

"Then you'll be leaving us, I suppose," Jerry said. "Going back to—where is your main office?"

"St. Louis," said Jake. "But I've been thinking of moving it to California." He glanced at Mother Malone. She was rocking gently in her chair, a straight, pale blur in the shadow. "Fact is," he went on, "I've already got a fellow looking around for office space in Los Angeles for me. I guess, Gertrude—" and now his tone, was both shy and bold—"it means you and I will be showing up in California about the same time. What do you think of that?"

SHE said something—I didn't hear it. Because just then the wind lifted the branches of the oak tree, and I caught a glimpse of her face in the light from the street lamp. And she looked frightened. Distressed, uncertain—and, yes, a little frightened, like a young girl who suddenly sees a love affair going all out of control.

I felt a sharp stab of pity for her. I've been sorry for her for a lot of things—because she's alone and lonely, because of her strong possessiveness toward Jerry and Jill, the possessiveness of which she herself is only partly aware. It's made all of us unhappy at times, and her most unhappy of all. But never had I felt sorry for her in this way. This time was different. This time she didn't know quite what to do.

The next day was rainy and soggy, and dull. There were few patients; in the afternoon Jerry put on his raincoat and went out to make calls. Jill settled down for her nap without a murmur; Mother went up to her room, saying something about a headache. Even I slept for a while. The doorbell, under the compulsion of Jake's stubby finger, wakened me.

"Is Ger—Mrs. Malone here?" he asked, looking beyond and around me. "We were going out—"

"I'll see," I said, and hurried up the stairs. A murmur answered my knock; I pushed open the door, found Mother Malone flat on the bed, her hand over her eyes.

"Jacob—Mr. Johnson's downstairs," I began hesitantly.

She nodded miserably. "My head—I must have overslept. Oh-h—" Then she sat up, grimacing at the sudden pain. "Help me to dress, please, Anne."

It was too much. I was interfering, but I couldn't stand by and watch her drag herself out of a sick bed to keep a dinner date.

"Do you have to go?" I burst out. "You're not at all well—"

"I have to." She closed her eyes.

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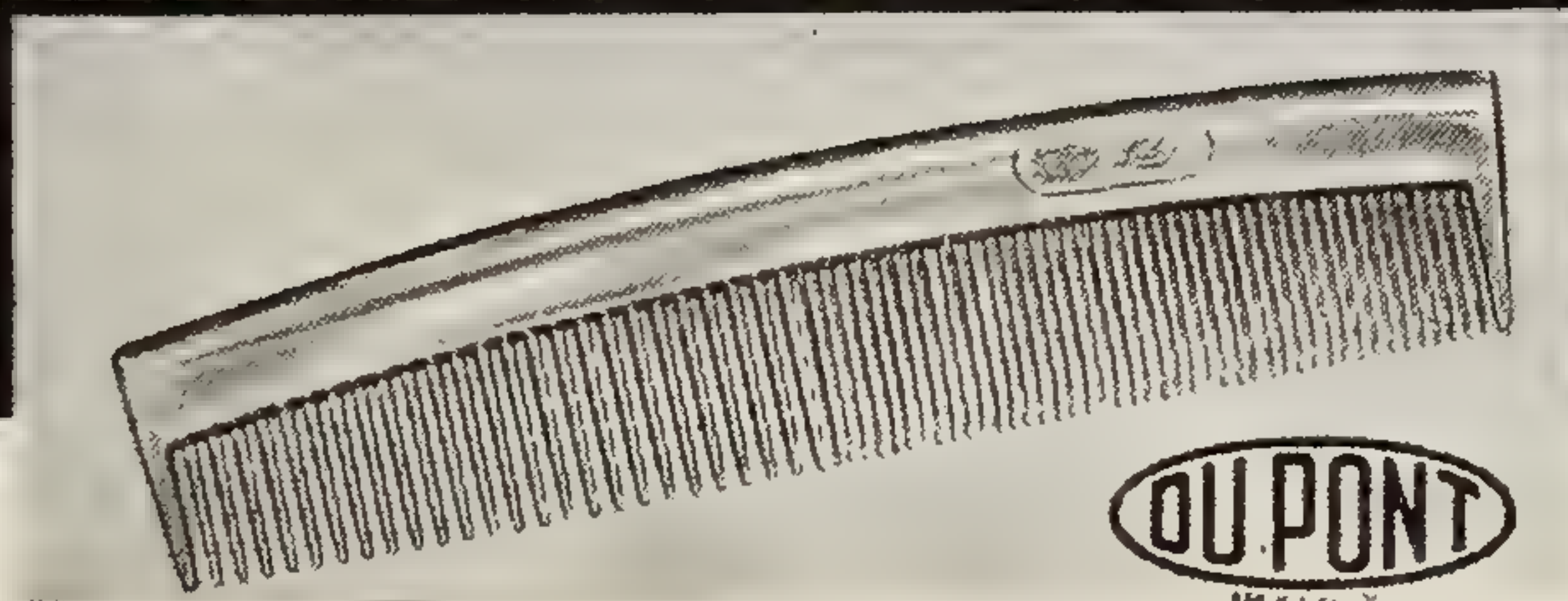
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"Jacob's made arrangements. We're going to that place in Blue Mound—what is it called?—the Cove?"

"Blue Mound! That's miles... and it's miserable out. I'm sure he'd understand—"

She shook her head. "He's here, isn't he—waiting?" she asked tartly. "It's just about his last night in town. I can't disappoint him."

"But why—"

"I like Jacob," she said, a trace defiantly. "And I have enjoyed seeing him. He was a friend of Jerry's father, and we have a great deal in common. I am well enough, and a headache is no reason to spoil something he's counted on. Besides—" she hesitated, then went on—"he once did us a very great favor. Jerry's father was misled into making some unwise investments in real estate, and if Jacob had not used his influence to save us, we could have lost everything, even our home. You see that so long as he is in town, I cannot refuse to be friendly."

FRIENDLY! I opened my mouth to speak, and closed it again. She knew well enough that Jacob's feelings exceeded the bounds of mere friendship. She knew that he was moving his office to California in order to be near her. She knew it better than I, and was even more distressed by the knowledge. Besides, the discussion was at an end. She had said all she was going to say, was busy unwinding the net from her hair.

Jill and I were alone that evening at a make-shift supper. Jerry had come back to the house and had gone out again on an emergency call, shaking his head over his mother and Jacob Johnson. I put Jill to bed and cleaned up the dishes, and drowsed over a book. The rain continued drearily.

Jerry woke me much later. He came in soaked and tired, shaking rain from his coat. "How's Mother?" he asked. "She's—" Startled, I looked at my watch. "Jerry—it's after eleven, and I don't believe she's come home!"

We even looked into her room to make sure. It was empty. Jerry's forehead creased in a worried frown. "What time did you say they left this afternoon?"

"Between four-thirty and five. Of course, Blue Mound's a good distance—"

"It's not that far. They should have been back—"

We went to bed, but not to sleep. After turning for an hour Jerry sat up, snapped on the light to look at the clock. "Twelve-thirty," he said.

"Do you suppose—an accident—"

The telephone rang. Jerry leaped for it; I was only a step behind him. Over the wire, thinly, I heard Mother Malone's measured tones. Jerry said "Yes" and "Okay" and "Why not let me pick you up?" and "All right," and then he hung up.

"What is it?" I demanded excitedly. "What's happened? Are you going after them?"

He turned from the phone, a peculiar expression on his face. "They've had car trouble. They're at a garage on the Blue Mound Road. And she doesn't want me to go after her. She says it won't take any longer to get the car fixed and get in by themselves. She says for us to go to bed, and not to worry."

Mother Malone came home at three-fifteen that morning.

Of course we hadn't slept. We'd lain awake listening to the clock, tensing as each infrequent car approached the

house—and went on. At three we went down to the kitchen, to fortify ourselves with sandwiches and coffee. "I could have gone clear to Blue Mound and been back hours ago," Jerry was saying, when we heard the car stop outside. There were voices in the hall, then the closing of the outer door, and silence. We looked at each other, pushed back our chairs, but before we could rise, the kitchen door opened and Mother Malone came in.

"I thought I saw a light!" she exclaimed. "Good heavens! What are you children doing up at this hour?"

Jerry's jaw dropped; then he flushed darkly. He'd been worried, really worried; now, in his relief, he was angry. "What are you doing out at this hour?" he retorted. "What happened? Are you all right?"

Calmly, Mother Malone removed her gloves. "Certainly I'm all right." And she was. She looked tired; the veil of her flowered hat was limp from the rain; she had the grace to look self-conscious, but otherwise, she was her usual self. No—better than usual. There was a light-heartedness about her, as if she had been relieved of a burden.

"I told you," she said, "we had car trouble. Something about the carburetor, I believe—"

"Why didn't you let me come after you?" Jerry interrupted.

"I didn't want you to. When the car broke down, Jacob was in the midst of a very interesting conversation, and I wanted him to finish." She glanced from Jerry to me, and her color deepened. "He has been—well, too much interested in me. Several times he's tried to talk to me about the future, and I've put him off. Last night, when he spoke of moving his office to California, I realized that I had been wrong all along."

"Do you mean," said Jerry, "that you wanted him to—"

She gave him a reproachful glance, paused delicately. "It is very difficult," she said finally, "to tell a friend that you are seeing him too often. He could easily misunderstand, and be hurt, or offended. But once a man has made clear that his feelings toward you are more than friendly, and once you have told him that you cannot return his affection, he cannot be surprised—he can even expect—to be told that you think it better not to see each other again. Goodnight, children. Don't stay up too late. Jerry, you—"

She was about to say, "You need your sleep." I could almost see the words form automatically in her mind. But she didn't say it.

The kitchen door swung shut behind her. For a moment Jerry and I sat without speaking, realizing just what had happened that night. Mother Malone had expressed it all very delicately—but the plain truth was that she had let Jacob propose to her, and had refused him—and after that, there could be no question of his pursuing her further. He could do nothing but accept defeat gracefully.

"My mother," said Jerry. "I wonder sometimes..." He didn't finish the thought. His face lighted. "You know," he said, "I'll bet we can go to Stefan's daughter's wedding now—and no questions asked. I'll bet that after this Mother will understand about inescapable social obligations—"

"And car trouble," I put in. "And late hours, even when they happen to other people—"

"Exactly," said Jerry.

Life Can Be Beautiful

(Continued from page 43)

where the sheep grazed, until she got enough to make a little mattress. She told me how she cleaned and carded it and said she would help me make it—if I gathered enough wool.

The next afternoon I left the baby with her and started out across the pastures with a little bag she had hung over my shoulder. It was fun to gather the big clumps of white that looked like balls of cotton hanging on a fence and I soon had a bag full. On the way home I found some bluebells I thought she might like. I was anxious to go the next day and I was far away when I realized it was time to go home. The willow thrush were singing such a cheery little song. I hadn't heard them before.

EVERY day brought new adventures. One time I saw a bob-cat in a tree and I found some wild tiger-lilies I knew my friend would love. I marked the spot so I could go back and dig up some bulbs for a little garden of wild flowers I had determined to plant near the house.

It took such a lot of wool to make even a little when it was all washed and carded. It was fun to pile it up, and I soon had so many interests gleaned from such a simple undertaking that lots of the loneliness and unhappiness had disappeared.

My little girl has now grown up and I am keeping the mattress for her baby.

It represents many things to me and was, perhaps, the start of my firm conviction that happiness is nearly always a cultivated quality. Life in the raw is pretty tragic. We only make it anything else by either conquering our dispositions, our environments, or our handicaps; or else, by acquiescing to fate and mentally and spiritually rising above our problems.

M. W.

ONE OF THE SWEETEST MOTHERS

Dear Papa David:

I was born in a small town to one of the sweetest mothers in the world. My father was married before his marriage to my mother and had three children by his first wife who was dead. Well, I guess he had a right to care more for them than for my sister and me and that's how it was. Anything mom, sis, and I had, mother had to work at picking cotton, etc., to get for us. He would bring his children candy and stuff and they used it.

Mom couldn't stand this for long so they were separated when I was about five and my sister three. How did she ever support herself and us kids? I don't know, but she did it and put me through high school. When I was the size that I could, I began to cut lawns, and so on, to help her a little. Then when I graduated two years ago I went to a larger city to find a job and found one which paid just enough for the three of us to get by in a city like this. Now my sister is married and seems to be very happy.

Mom kept me so now it's my time to keep her, so I go out with the friends my age about once every two weeks. Then I take mom to a movie or something, go to school (business course) two nights a week and—well that's about all. Oh, you say, "How can that life be beautiful?" O.K., I'll tell you.

Pineapple Party Platter

Your husband's bringing a guest home and there's no time to go to market! Take it easy—here's Patricia Collier, Dole Home Economist, with some "quickies" for using a can of Dole Pineapple and whatever happens to be in your pantry or in your refrigerator.

Look at the picture—see how **Chunks** can be strung with green and ripe olives or carrot and celery sticks; or grilled with sausage and ham skewered on toothpicks.

Notice how **Sliced** can be cut in dainty wedges and combined with shrimp; or pressed into cream cheese spread on crisp crackers.

Dole **Crushed** can fill cornucopias of salami; or be mounded on rounds of bread, topped with bacon squares and toasted; or combined with cottage cheese for dunking.

Fact is, there's no limit to what can be served on a **Pineapple Party-Platter**. Even now you may have thought up some ideas. Why not try them out . . . how about tonight?





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Life is helping others; doing something for someone else; that's what I try to do in my work or when not working. But when I really found this was a little while ago when some of the "kids" of this city were in trouble. I was in the barber shop getting a haircut while it was being discussed. Someone said that those kids should be working to support themselves at least and some of them have families. The man cutting my hair stopped to say, "I'll bet you've been supporting your mother since you were fifteen, haven't you?"

L. N. M.

THE ANSWER

Dear Papa David:

Our five-year-old son goes to kindergarten and, as do most children, had found a special pal. Danny and Jackie loved one another. They played together, had secrets together and dreamed dreams together. One day Danny came home from school grinning and said, "Today I broke my green crayon. I felt bad. Jackie's crayon wasn't broken but he broke his too so I'd feel better." Another time he said, "When we grow big Jackie and I are going to have big guns and go hunting in the forest for bad animals. We won't hurt the good ones."

ONE Monday in January Danny was disturbed because Jackie wasn't in school. Tuesday he was absent again so on Wednesday morning Danny left early so he'd know whether Jackie was back or not. About forty-five minutes later a sobbing, broken-hearted little boy came home to me with word from his teacher:

"There will be no school today. Jackie died last night of spinal meningitis. All parents are urged to take their child to the doctor for treatments of Prophylactic Sulfa to guard against an epidemic."

As far as our Danny was concerned he'd just as soon die. What was life with no Jackie? I pressed his dear little tear-stained face close to mine and tried to comfort him. Between sobs he said, "I can't see Jackie anymore or play with him or look at books with him."

Then we talked together about Jackie.

"Jackie was a good boy."

"Oh, yes, Jackie was always good."

"Well, good people go to be with Jesus."

"Yes, and if I'm real good I'll see Jackie again. But mommie, why did God let Jackie die?"

A question which all of us have asked at sometime—a question no man can answer except to say, "He knows best."

As Valentine Day came along the children made valentines for their mothers. Danny and another little boy said to their teacher, "Please, can we make a valentine for Jackie's mother because Jackie isn't here to do it."

And so it has gone week after week. Jackie has been in his thoughts and the unanswered question a blemish on his childish faith.

Then about two weeks ago we were reading a passage from the Bible before bedtime, as is our custom. Our reading this night was from St. John 14. "Let not your heart be troubled.—I go to prepare a place for you that where I am—there ye may be also."

Danny listened attentively and asked his usual number of questions to get things clear in his own mind. He said

his prayers and went right to sleep.

The next day as he came home from school there was a new gleam in his eyes. The tiny sprinkling of freckles across his nose seemed to dance over his face as he smiled and said, "Say, mother, you know if Jesus went to Heaven to build houses for us, I'll betcha he got Jackie's house all finished and wanted him to come up and see it!"

Oh, yes, it was as simple as that!

The sun shone brighter, the grass was greener and life was beautiful once more. Danny had found the answer to his question in a very wonderful way.

Mrs. E. A. F.

THE FIRST WORD

Dear Papa David:

I am a public school teacher in one of our large cities. Sometimes we see children in our schools who are considered feeble-minded, but who are really victims of paralysis or brain injury. Many of them, if given a chance, are able to prove that they are above average in intelligence.

Helen was very nervous, with poor muscle co-ordination and a speech defect. She was kept in the kindergarten four terms because she was thought to be feeble-minded. Finally, she was put in the first grade for a trial. She was larger than the other children, and different looking. In spite of all the teachers could do to prevent it, she was often the victim of cruel jokes and teasing. She was a pathetic sight as she moved about the room with her unsteady gait, or sat alone with an expression of anxiety upon her face.

After she had been in the first grade a while, I discovered that she was learning to read. Soon she knew all the words that the other children knew, and would read when alone with me, but if anyone else came into the room, she would immediately retire within herself, unable to utter a word.

I WANTED her to gain in self-confidence so that she could take her place normally in the group. One day I called upon her to go to the front of the room and read a page which I was sure she knew perfectly. She arose, and with jerky motions made her way to the front of the room. One child giggled as she passed. Soon she was before the class, where she stood, looking about her with terror.

"You can read it," I encouraged.

She said the first word, then stopped. She was entirely helpless, her face distorted in uncontrolled grimaces. I was in despair for her, and filled with remorse, when suddenly in the back of the room, a blessed little freckle-faced angel with pigtails exclaimed in a piping voice, "Gee, Helen's smart! I didn't know that word."

Helen looked with surprise, first at the little girl, and then at her other classmates, who were showing signs of friendliness. She had never before been called smart. Her hands shook with eagerness as she held the book, but she started to read, slowly at first, with her husky and defective speech. As she read, she gained confidence, and soon finished the whole page without help.

Then amidst exclamations of approval, she made her way proudly to her seat, a radiant smile lighting and transforming her small face. As she walked to her place that day, it was not merely a schoolroom aisle that Helen traveled, but a road toward a

beautiful life of achievement which she had just seen opened before her.
Miss G. S.

A DAUGHTER TO BE PROUD OF

Dear Papa David:

I am the mother of four children—one of whom is deaf. As there was no deafness in either mine or my husband's family, we knew nothing whatever about it.

My little girl was almost two years old before we knew she was deaf. She was the baby of the family and such a perfect child in every way, it seemed. We thought that she was just slow in learning to talk, because she made noise and played and cried like normal children do.

THEN the day came when I realized that she was deaf! The visit to the doctor verified our fears. I was frantic. "What on earth can we do?" I asked. Why had this happened to her—to us? Why? I saw other little children her age who could hear and talk—even little dogs and cats could hear—why did this have to happen to my child? I didn't stop to think that I should be thankful that it was nothing worse. I only felt sorry for her and for myself. I pitied her and spoiled her—just because she was deaf.

That was before she was old enough to send away to school. And then came heartaches and loneliness when I had to take her 200 miles from home and leave her there with strangers, when she was only six years old. I had to fight a battle with my heart on one side, and my common sense on the other. But the latter won, even though my heart was aching to see her go.

That has been nearly seven years ago—and God was indeed good to me during that time. He sent me a sweet baby girl to take her place just about two weeks before she went away. I had the baby to care for, besides the two older children—so the years went by.

My little deaf girl is nearly thirteen now, and one of the top students in her class. She is healthy and happy and gets more beautiful all the time. She writes to me every day or two, and she writes the prettiest hand. She won first prize on a letter she entered in the Fair at her school. I am very proud of her. She likes sports of all kinds, goes to a deaf class in church on Sunday. She is happy, contented, and will some day be grateful for the chance to learn and be like normal people. She reads lips wonderfully well, and is speaking better all the time. She is certainly a daughter to be proud of.

All this has taught me a lesson. Deaf people don't want pity. They only want a chance to prove themselves.

Mrs. J. I.

JIMMY'S PLACE

Dear Papa David:

My husband died suddenly in the late twenties, leaving me and baby Jimmy to face the world alone. Returning to the empty house, after leaving Phil under the shady trees in the quiet cemetery, I felt indeed that I was the loneliest person in the whole world; then I realized I still had my little son and as I clasped him tight to my broken heart, I vowed I'd do everything that was in my power to make his life happy.

The small cottage we called home,

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HOME PERMANENT

THE CREME COLD WAVE



had been a haven of love for Phil and me, and through the years it was a place of peace and security to which Jimmy always returned joyfully. First from school, then from work and later for the treasured hours of a short furlough before going overseas. To say I missed him is putting it lightly, but I kept busy every minute of the day, keeping the house looking pretty, helping with the Red Cross and keeping the flower garden weeded. One day I received a letter from Jimmy saying that they were sending him home, he had contracted malaria in the South Pacific. He hoped he could be sent to the hospital near our little town. Days ran into weeks but I didn't hear from Jimmy any more. The postman brought me a letter from the War Department saying Jimmy had died before the ship on which he was to have sailed left port. How long I sat there holding that letter I'll never know. My whole body seemed to be nothing but wood, and my heart a big stone. Days passed but I would see no one, talk to no one.

ONE day while looking through a desk in the living room, I ran across a snapshot album. They were all of Jimmy, from a little tot to the last one I'd taken just before he went overseas. Tears began to flow, the first I had shed since Jimmy died. I felt as if the four walls of the room were closing in on me, so I stumbled out of the house into the peaceful yard.

How long I sat there I don't know, but I struggled to my feet at the sound of the gate opening. I saw a strange young soldier twisting his cap in embarrassment and uncertainty—He said he was sorry to have frightened me, that he had heard me crying and thought maybe there was something he could do to help. "There's nothing you can do, nothing anyone can do," I answered bitterly, and blindly I started up the pathway. The boy put his strong arms around my shaking shoulders and guided me to the door.

The boy explained that he was one of the returned veterans at the hospital close by, and was trying to get in shape to go home. He laughed as he pulled up his trouser legs, "you see," he said, "I'm learning to walk all over again, but I'm doing a pretty good job of it." I gazed in shocked silence at the artificial feet revealed. "I go by your house almost every day, and often stop to look at your flowers," he went on. "You see at first it was hard, I didn't want to live. I thought of all kinds of crazy things to do to myself, it was awful and then I saw the blue star in your window, and later the gold one and I saw the flowers. I thought if you could go on—well, it gave me back my courage."

Looking at that eager young face I felt the tight bands around my heart loosen. Why, this could be my own son facing an uncertainty, needing the help and courage I could give. I told him to come often and visit. Perhaps there were other boys at the hospital that would like to come too. I smiled at the boy and for a moment it wasn't a strange face at all, but Jimmy who smiled back with understanding love.

I watched him as he walked slowly down the walk to the gate. Oh! how could I have believed there was nothing to do—nothing to live for. I knew then that life could be beautiful if we would but see it, and that always my heart and home would be open for some mother's son—my son.

Mrs. I. Q. D.

In Haste, Gordon MacRae

(Continued from page 25)

and I read about an amateur talent contest they were having. I entered it, and won it. This meant that I sang at the World's Fair for two weeks with Harry James and Les Brown. It also meant that I was in New York City, and I stayed. And *this* meant that I met my future wife.

I met her in 1940, right after singing at the World's Fair. I was a nineteen-year-old kid with no theatrical experience, but thanks to my family I had a flashy gray roadster. So when I applied to act in a summer stock company at the Millpond Playhouse at Roslyn, Long Island, the director said yes. I didn't realize it, but he was saying yes to my roadster, not to me—he figured that car would come in mighty handy hauling scenery and actors around!

Anyhow, my roadster and I went out to Roslyn. A few weeks later I came out from under a pile of scenery and met one of the actresses, named Sheila Stephens. She was five feet ten, blonde, blue-eyed, and she looks very like Ingrid Bergman. I remember the exact date of our meeting—September 24, 1940. "It's my eighteenth birthday," she told me. She also told me in a round-about way that she didn't like me overly much—I guess because I took one look at her and began rushing her like mad. We spent a wonderful month doing everything with the stock company—acting, painting scenery, inventing costumes. Came the Fall, and I became an NBC page boy.

Luckily for me, though, Sheila was going to dramatic school right across the street from NBC, in Rockefeller Center. So every day we met for lunch in the underground cafeteria there, and every evening we went out. Then, after three months, came the day that I've already noted, when I sang in the Men's Room and wound up in Horace Heidt's band. This meant that I also wound up traveling around the country, and I missed Sheila something awful. Finally, when the band was in Cleveland, Ohio, Mr. Heidt made a generous offer.

"If you get married, Gordon, I'll give you a raise," was the offer.

I paused only long enough to concoct a marriage campaign with Mr. and Mrs. Heidt. Then, with the plot well in mind, I tore to the telephone and

called up Sheila on Long Island, where she lived with her mother. Following my plan, I craftily didn't propose over the long distance phone. Instead, I asked her to visit us for a week in Cleveland, with Mrs. Horace Heidt as chaperone. Sheila agreed. I hung up, triumphant, and borrowed a few hundred dollars from Mr. Heidt in advance—since my weekly salary was then \$50 and I intended to pay for a big wedding.

I well remember where I talked her into marrying me. It was the day after she reached Cleveland, and we were in a taxi driving past Lake Erie. She said yes, and I said to the taxi driver, "Take us to the city courthouse." We went in and got the marriage license then and there, and four days later we were married.

It was at Cleveland's Old Stone Church on the Square, with Frankie Carle playing the wedding march and Larry Cotton singing Ave Maria—and the whole orchestra was there watching. Even though it was only nine in the morning, Sheila looked wonderful. She wore a beige shantung suit and a beautiful matching hat with a green veil that she'd bought in Cleveland the day before with Mrs. Heidt's help—on Mr. Heidt's former money. Me? I wore Larry Cotton's blue pinstripe suit! And it was May 21, 1941—exactly eight months after I'd met her.

By this time we've been married six years, and we haven't had a honeymoon yet. But we've been all over the country twice with Horace's band and twice when I was in the Army—I came out a second lieutenant as lead navigator with a troop carrier unit. After six years you'd think we'd have a lot of furniture and possessions to show for our marriage, but we haven't—just us, some dishes and towels, and two daughters. Meredith is three years old now, having been born in Houston, Texas; and Heather is almost a year old. Everything we have is rented, including all the furniture in our New York apartment. I got that apartment in the nick of time, three weeks before Heather entered the world. We also rent our summer place out at Seacliff, Long Island. I suppose we own so little because we've moved around so much. But it's moving fast that has brought me everything, in-

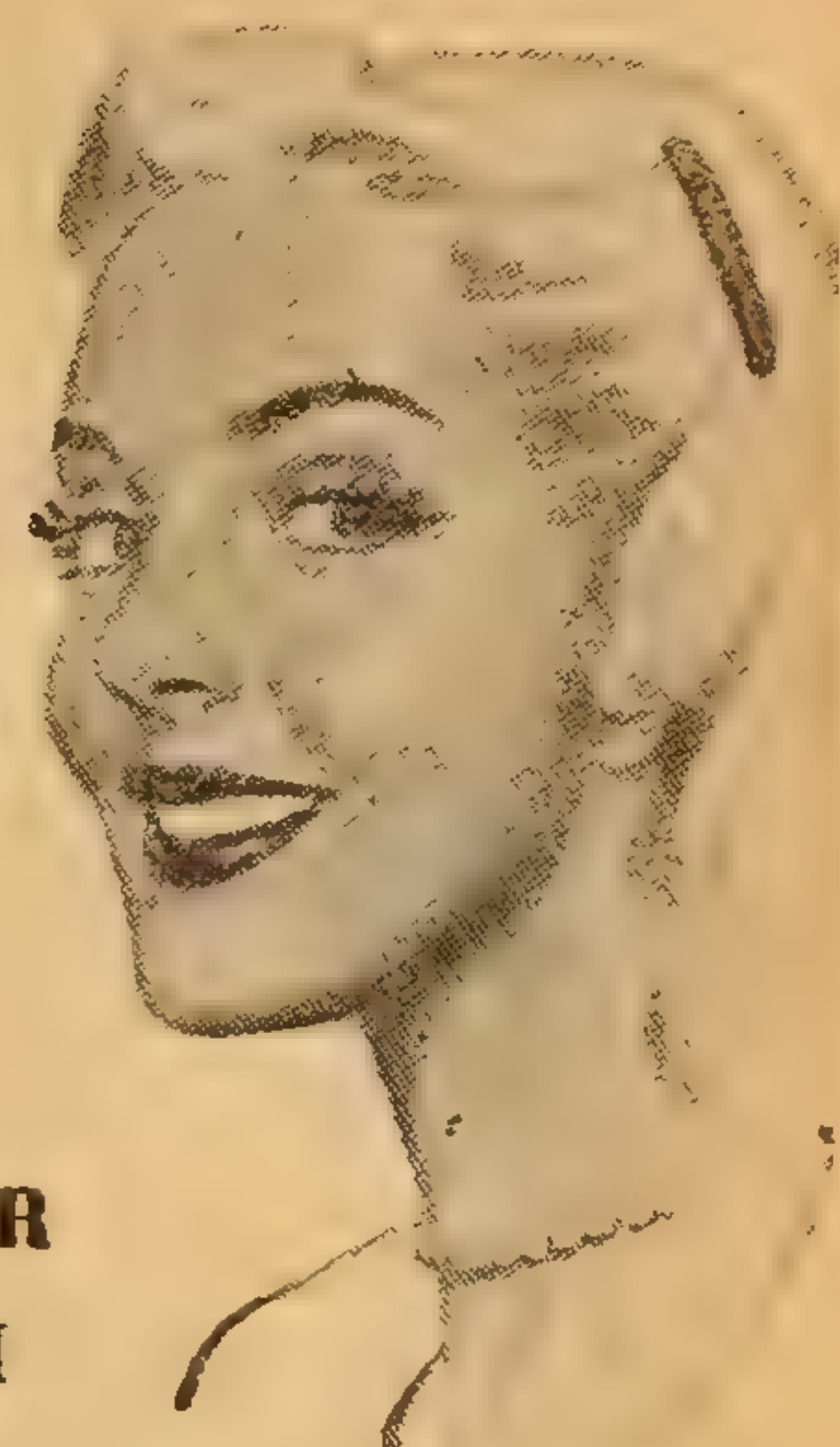
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cluding my own radio program. That happened like this: After two years with Horace Heidt, I came back to New York and replaced a fellow in the stage play "Junior Miss." Well, one Sunday Sheila and I came back from church to our apartment at exactly 11:55 A.M. . . . I'll never be able to forget that exact time, because there was a message waiting for me. It was from CBS, and it said: "If you can be at CBS at noon sharp, there's a chance you may take Frank Sinatra's show. Sinatra has laryngitis. If you can't be here at noon, forget it."

"Forget it! My chance to get on the air again—even if I only have five minutes to make it!" I shouted at Sheila. I grabbed the phone and rang up CBS. The man who'd sent me the message said, "You can't possibly make it—we need you in forty-five seconds at noon sharp. Besides, I think we've got singer Dick Brown in your place."

"I'll see you in forty-five seconds!" I announced. I hung up, rushed downstairs, jumped into a taxi and told the driver to go through every light and let me out at CBS.

It turned out that Dick Brown was committed to another show, so I went on after all in Sinatra's place—and luck had it that William Paley, head of CBS, heard me sing that day. The result was that he put me on a sustaining Columbia program, and then gave me my own show—that one in which Perry Como replaced me when I entered the Army in 1943.

When I got out of the Army in 1945 I had my own radio show again, and I was also in the stage musical comedy "Three to Make Ready." It's the life I've led ever since. Sheila and I were married that makes me say, "We live like normal people—but we've never been home a single evening since we were married!" And I mean both statements. I've always been in a play, or else singing at night with a band or radio program, so we really haven't been home evenings. But aside from that, we have the most un-show-business lives in the world.

Mornings I get up after a full eight hours sleep and play with the children for hours. In wintertime, we drive out to my mother-in-law's on Long Island for some game of sport and a home-cooked meal. Late in the afternoon we drive back into New York in time for my commitments. Summer-time, we're out on Long Island anyway.

Otherwise, we couldn't be more normal. I read the funnies and nothing else; she reads every book that's published. I pick out all her suits and dresses with her, but when she tries to choose my suits I elude her and disappear to the tailor's alone. We have a new dark green car these days, and we never play bridge, and thanks to our traveling we haven't had time to make many close friends.

And if you doubt the quiet attitude we both have toward my work, let me tell you that I did a screen test with Susan Hayward last year. The afternoon I was supposed to see the test, I got in a golf game instead. So Sheila went to see it alone. "You looked just like yourself," she reported.

"Is that good or bad?" I asked. "I'll leave that up to you," grinned Sheila. And that was our sole discussion of the test!

And I truly believe that that is the entire saga of the Gordon MacRaes—unless I added that we're very, very happy indeed!

Corliss Backs a Dark Horse

(Continued from page 37)

going to try. We women must learn to take our place in public life. We've been emancipated; yet men like Dexter still go around patting us on the head and putting us in our place."

Only slightly mollified at being classified as a man, Dexter gave a snort. "Patting you on the head!—we'd lose a couple of fingers, quick. But a girl President—golly! You'll have lace curtains on the gym windows and—"

Corliss rose to the attack. "So that's the opinion you have of me, Dexter Franklin. Well—let me tell you, if I don't get your vote—you don't get any date next Saturday!"

"Aw—gee—Corliss—" Dexter subsided, moodily.

Throughout all this, Minnie Jenkins said nothing. But her eyes grew bigger and she looked with awe at the impetuous Corliss. She was as astounded as Dexter, but for a different reason. Though Minnie could claim friendship with Corliss, she couldn't imagine ever being like her. Though always asked to parties, always included in anything that went on in her high-school crowd—Minnie had her own particular niche and she had never dreamed of climbing out of it.

Minnie was a fetch-and-carry-er. If sandwiches were to be made for a party, Minnie volunteered. If there was work to be done, Minnie did it. She was always running unasked errands. Always doing unasked favors:

MINNIE—her eyes like saucers—stared at the 'emancipated' Corliss.

When she did speak it was with doubt and awe. "But don't you know that Vincent Olds is going to run?"

"Yah—Vincent Olds. That drip. That phony! Corliss can beat him easy." Dexter changed horses in mid-stream as easily as a veteran politico.

"I know. But, Dexter, he's awfully clever." Minnie spoke earnestly. "And his father owns the malt shop. Lots of the kids run up credit. Vincent uses that to make them vote for him."

"He wouldn't do that! Why, that's simply too low for words." Corliss had always heard that politics was a dirty game—but this was carrying things really too far. "That's—why that's bribery!"

At dinner time she consulted her father. "Daddy, did you ever hear of a candidate for high office playing on the baser appetites to buy votes?"

"Have you been reading the newspapers again, Corliss?" Mr. Archer went on placidly buttering a roll. "I thought you never went beyond the comic sections."

Corliss sighed. "I suppose no one's ambitions are ever understood by their families. I suppose that even when President Truman was a child, if he said to his parents that some day he wanted to be President, he was told to run away and practice the Missouri Waltz. Here I may be the next Student Body President of our High School, and you continue to treat me like an infant."

"Good gracious, child—I didn't know!" Mrs. Archer was pleased and flustered. "I think that's just lovely. Now when I attend P.T.A. meetings, I guess all those other mothers will pay more attention to my reports."



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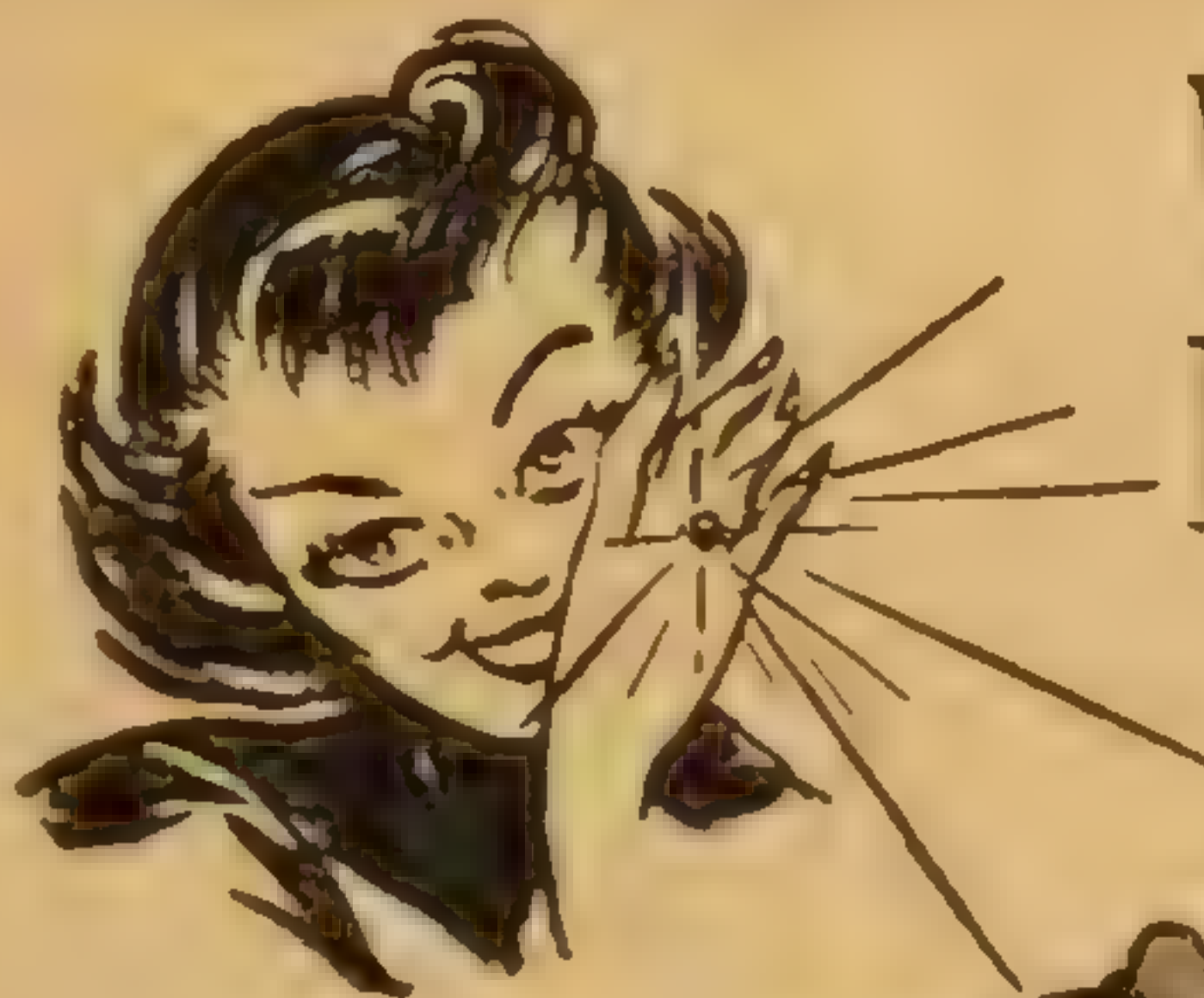
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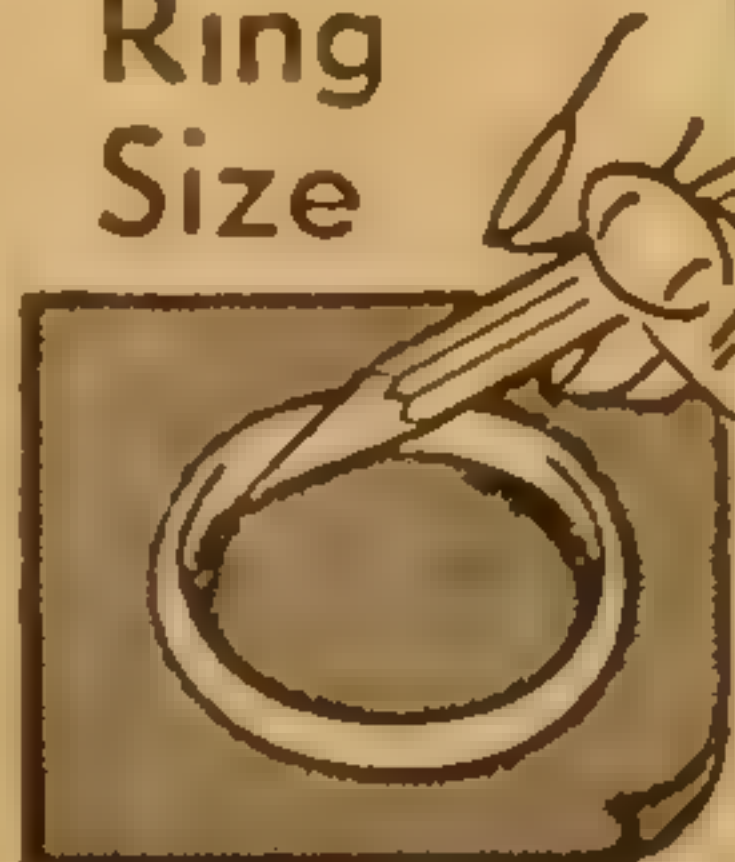
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*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Mr. Archer held up his hand. "Whoa—wait a minute! Corliss isn't elected yet."

Mother and daughter smiled at each other in perfect understanding. Men were so slow to grasp things! And they always brought up these minor difficulties!

"Who is buying votes, Corliss? Wasn't that where this conversation started?"

She explained about Vincent Olds. Her parents sympathized with her difficulties, seeing the tremendous advantage it was for him to be the son of the malt shop owner, but they could offer no solution. Mr. Archer made the mistake of sympathizing too well—he was immediately maneuvered into admitting that a new dress for Corliss would be an indispensable campaign expenditure. Mrs. Archer contented herself with remarking that Minnie Jenkins should be a great help in the campaign.

"—like putting up posters and lobbying and building election platforms and telephoning people. Things like that," Corliss' mother added, vaguely, being not too sure just what was expected of a political campaign.

THE news of Corliss' hat in the ring came as a real thunderbolt the next day at school. Corridors buzzed with the news and teachers were hard put to keep their classes in order as fierce pre-electioneering battles raged.

To Corliss' great surprise, Vincent caught up with her as she was leaving the schoolyard that afternoon.

"Hi! Shall we be friendly enemies, Corliss? Bury the hatchet?" If Dexter had been along, Corliss knew he would have mentioned the best place he could think of to bury it. But he wasn't there and it was flattering to be so noticed by Vincent—the clever, the prominent and poised, the boy who had held one student office or another ever since grammar school days—and who was now aspiring to be head of the whole high school student body.

Corliss jerked her thoughts back in a hurry. Why, so was she! Why should she be in awe of this boy? It was strange that Vincent always had that dubious gift of making whoever he was with feel small and insignificant beside himself.

But now he was smiling at her.

"Want to stop and get a soda? I might be able to give you some pointers on this election racket—after all, I've been a class leader for a long time."

While she resented his words, at the same time she was flattered by his tone of intimacy—as if they two shared an experience not granted to the lesser breed of classmates. Anyway, before she could protest, he had guided her into his father's store.

Regally he deposited her on the counter stool. And still with his proprietary air he went back of the soda fountain and insisted on mixing their sodas himself—with extra scoops of ice cream. Corliss had never known Vincent Olds well—Dexter's opinion of him had been shared by all her friends and they had had no occasion to mix. Now Corliss could see how this double-scoop-of-ice-cream treatment could bring Vincent a horde of hungry voter-friends to win him elections. She was weakening, herself!

He finally seated himself beside her.

"There's not much to winning an election, Corliss," he confided to her. "You just gotta know the right people and do a few favors where it will do the most good and put a little pressure

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in the right places. Like if you know a guy's been trying to learn to smoke and he doesn't want his dad to find out about it. Things like that."

Corliss' hair bounced on her shoulders, indignantly. "I don't intend to run my campaign that way! I'm just going to ask people to vote for me and tell them what I'll do for them if I'm elected and—"

"What are you going to tell them? It's easy to make promises—" he was still smiling at her, but Corliss felt, somehow, that the smile wasn't quite so friendly as it had been—"and, of course, you don't have to carry them all out. But it's still a lot of headaches. You know what? I'm getting a little tired of politics . . . all the work and everything. Maybe I'll let you run, alone, and withdraw my name. I'm getting tired of holding officers' meetings about what's going to be on the programs and having to study twice as hard as I'd like just because you have to keep your grades above average to hold office. And meeting with the faculty to hash over about the wastepaper being thrown in the halls and the gum under the seats in the library. And who cares about whether or not the kids shove each other in the school cafeteria?"

"Wastepaper in the—gum under the—meetings—cafeteria—" Corliss looked at him, aghast. She gulped. "You mean I have to think about all those things! And study twice as much? Jeepers creepers, when will I have time for fun? I thought all I had to do as President was to stand up on the platform at assemblies and pound that little hammer!"

HE looked at her with a patronizing air. "Oh, don't worry about it. You might be able to handle it, and they'd be easy on a girl."

Her backbone stiffened. "Certainly I can do it!" Then she remembered something. "Besides, didn't you say you weren't going to run this year?"

"For a consideration." This time he leaned towards her and Corliss decided Dexter was right—Vincent smiled like a drip; he looked like a drip; and he *was* a drip. "Just a little deal between you and me. I'll announce my withdrawal—and you promise me, right now, I can have all your dates for the next three months."

"You—you—!" Corliss sputtered. There weren't the words to express herself—but the way she slammed the door going out must have given young Mr. Olds a faint idea of her reaction.

It's all right to go away mad—Corliss found—to sizzle and fume every time she thought of Vincent Olds and promise herself that she was going to win, if only to spite him. But it was quite another thing to forget those awful things he had told her about the duties of a Student Body President.

"Oh—Dexter," she moaned, as they sat on the porch steps that evening. "I'm going to be just a slave to my constitu—constit—to my public. I'll have to study like mad every night and go to meetings with the faculty all day long. And I thought it was going to be fun!"

"Maybe you won't win," Dexter consoled her.

But that only made her think of Vincent Olds and his positively slimy offer, and that only made her angry again. "I have to win. I just have to. And I have to show him I can beat him in a fair way, too."

Dexter looked at her admiringly. "Gee, Corliss, you have such a wonder-



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ful character! And the way the moonlight shines in your hair like that, you're just beautiful. I'll bet when you get to Congress you'll have all the Senators proposing to you."

Corliss forgot her misery at this startling thought. It was a nice romantic thought, too—Senators proposing—and just then it didn't seem like a far jump from the halls of high school to the halls of the United States Senate. Maybe she was destined for a statesman's career! She could just see herself dining with polished, suave, dinner-coated ambassadors and calling on the White House—

"Hey! I've been looking for you two." Minnie Jenkins bounded energetically up the porch steps, her hands full of papers. "Didn't you know we were having a campaign meeting at Mildred Ames's house? You were supposed to be there, Corliss! After all, you're the one who's running for office." She thrust the papers into the candidate's hands. "Look—we've got a leaflet telling all about you. We were going to make it four pages, but Mildred pointed out that we can't fill up four pages just about your being in charge of the checkroom at the school dance last year. So we just used one page and said you were popular and honest and so forth. But I made them put in about what you said about women being emancipated and it was a woman's turn. I wrote that myself. Now—Dexter—you'll have to take this into the faculty office tomorrow and get Mr. Reed's permission to have it mimeographed and then you'll have to get some boys to put up posters and make signs and—" She stopped only because she was running out of breath.

SLOWLY Dexter hoisted himself to his feet. Just as slowly Corliss unwound herself from her comfortable lounging position against the porch rail.

Jeepers—did this election business mean she and Dexter weren't going to have any time for themselves?

All Corliss' presentiments seemed to come true. Not only did she and Dexter have no time for themselves and the moonlight, but when she did see him in the days to come, he wore a harried, exasperated air. He was always rushing this way and that; putting up posters as fast as the Olds forces could tear them down; writing out speeches for her campaign workers to make during lunch periods; getting leaflets mimeographed and distributed; holding meetings. His crowning achievement was getting a sign in the drug store window that read in huge letters "Archer for President."

And Minnie Jenkins was happy. She was being her usual busy self, button-holing students right and left, earnestly beseeching them to vote for Corliss. She was the hub and the wheel of the campaign, never forgetting to call a committee together, prompt to remind someone of a duty to be performed—and then usually doing it herself.

It was strange then, that in the midst of all this bustle and activity and attention, that Corliss' spirits should have drooped lower and lower. Any other time she would have been rushing around with the rest of them. Now the somber shadow of the presidential duties, should she win, loomed larger and blacker over her head the closer came election week. She felt like the lamb led to the slaughter, and she had sharpened the knife herself.

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Dexter told her. "We'll have to hold it here at your house because the candidate is supposed to treat her friends. We'll invite everyone who wants to come—everyone on our side. I've asked your mother and she said okay. Your Dad said he'll take all the furniture out of the house and lock up the refrigerator, but I think he was just trying to make a joke. We *have* to eat. And they'll want to dance and play ping-pong and you'll make your first big speech—"

"Dexter—" Corliss moved a fraction of an inch closer to him. It was moonlight again and the porch swing was a very romantic place. "Dexter—can't we forget about the campaign for a moment? Let's just talk."

For a second there was a flicker of eager interest in Dexter's face. Then it died. He yawned and stretched and got up. "Sorry, Corliss. Got to go. Got to get up early in the morning to start work on the party. And tonight I've got to find out what square's been painting mustaches on your campaign pictures!"

Drearily Corliss went to bed. The morning brought no ray of sunshine and she drearily took herself off to school.

But in the middle of biology class, she began to sit up and hope. Parties meant fun. Parties meant boys asking her to dance. Parties meant *new dresses!*

"MINNIE!" She had bumped into her campaign worker in the hall after class. "Please come with me. I simply have to buy a new dress for the party and I know the one I want. It's in Simmons' window and Daddy said I could have one last week when I asked him. It's utterly a dream. Let's go now—we can skip lunch periods and—"

"You'll do no such thing, Corliss Archer." Minnie squelched her, firmly. "You can't afford to have a new dress for tonight. We have to think of the women's vote, you know. And all the girls will simply *hate* you in a new dress."

"Oh . . . !" wailed Corliss. "You mean I have to be there tonight and give my speech in an old rag that everybody's seen a million times? Oh, I can't stand it!"

She fled into an empty classroom and flung herself into a seat, bowing her head on the desk. It was too much! Never again would she, Corliss, dazzle the eyes of girls and men with the latest creation from Simmons. Never again could she sweep into a room and hear the startled gasps from other envious girls. No—from now on she would be a drab, dowdy figure, bent and worn from running back and forth between faculty offices and committee meetings and cafeteria troubles—

"What's the trouble, Corliss?"

Corliss raised sad, tragic eyes to the sympathetic ones of Miss Fraeckel, the drama teacher. Corliss had the feeling she would like to throw herself on Miss Fraeckel's shoulders and tell her the whole story—but she checked herself. It would never do. It would never do to tell a teacher you didn't want to be Student Body President just because you wanted a new dress!

"I guess you're tired, Corliss." Miss Fraeckel supplied her own explanation. "All this campaigning is strenuous work. I was a little sorry to hear you were running for office, you know. There's a part in the Founders' Day play the school is putting on that would just suit you—you were the only one—I could think of who could wear



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the costume for the part. It's the part of a princess, in gold cloth and sequins. Well, I'll just have to find a substitute. We can't let you do too much—be an officer and be in a play and keep up with your studies, too." She patted Corliss once more and then was gone—completely unaware of the devastation she had left behind her.

This was the final blow. Corliss just sat, sunk in utter despair. To lose a part in the school play—and the chance to wear a gorgeous costume like that!—and all because she had wanted to be Student Body President. To give up being an actress and have to worry about gum under the library desks! Corliss clutched her head.

And who would be her substitute for the play? Betty Cameron, no doubt—that frizzed-out blonde! At the thought of her rival wearing that princess costume—walking across the stage in front of a whole audience—hearing the applause that should have been hers, Corliss—

It was too much! Betty Cameron to substitute for her...

SLOWLY—vaguely—an idea began to stir around in her mind. A substitute. It was just a little idea... just the germ of one—but by the time she had reached home, it was suddenly full-blown. She raced up the steps of the Franklin home and pealed the bell.

Impatiently she waited. Would Dexter never come?

"Oh, Dexter!" She flung herself down on the nearest porch chair, clutching his arm and pulling him down with her. "I've got the most terrific solution! You don't want me to be President, do you? I mean—I've been thinking it over and I think I really must sacrifice my political ambitions for the good of the school. They need me in the school play and I just have to wear that dress—I mean—look, Dexter—why can't we find a substitute for me? To run against Vincent Olds? A dark horse!"

"Gee, Corliss—" Dexter was bewildered. "You mean you don't think you should run? But why don't you just withdraw?"

She shook her head. "I can't do that. Then Vincent would be elected for sure. He'd have no opposition and I can't let everybody down like that, all the kids who've worked so hard to defeat him and elect me. We've just got to find a dark horse."

For a moment Dexter looked wildly, eagerly hopeful. Then, slowly, he collapsed into pessimism. "Can't be done, Corliss. The dark horse would have to be pretty, to get the votes from the guys. The women's votes aren't so dangerous—Minnie Jenkins has them all sewed up. They'll vote any way she says. But where are we going to find anyone that's pretty enough for a campaign picture and yet someone Minnie will get behind and work for, too? She thinks you're Joan of Arc."

Corliss thought for a long time and pessimism overtook her too. Then she sighed and slowly got to her feet, her shoulders held back bravely, her whole figure one of tragic renunciation. "I guess you're right. I guess I'll just have to go through with it. Dexter, when I'm President—will you call me up sometime? Or are Presidents allowed to have dates? Maybe we could go someplace where it wouldn't matter if I'm in old ragged clothes."

"Aw—gee—Corliss." But not even Dexter could find the right words to help. The future was dark for him, too.

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The party should have been a success. Mrs. Archer had made platters of sandwiches and fillings for more, when those ran out. Soft drinks were stacked in and around the refrigerator. The rugs were rolled up. The favorite dance records had been loaned. The ping-pong table was set up in the basement.

And Mr. and Mrs. Archer had cleared out, visiting the Franklins next door, where they could keep an eye on things and yet not be in the way.

Yes, the set-up was perfect. And Corliss, with hollow laugh and empty heart and lackluster eyes, noted that all of the guests had the insensitivity to think it was just that. A perfectly wonderful party. They couldn't see beneath the surface to the mockery it was for Corliss—and for Dexter. The two of them sat sedately, as befitted a candidate and her manager, on the sofa, wistfully eyeing the fun, but keeping a little apart. Evidently no one could tell that the smiles they wore were false.

"Oh, this is a simply drooly party, Corliss!" Mildred Ames bounced up to her hostess. And Corliss noticed, with practically no feeling at all, that Mildred's new dress was the identical one she, herself, had wanted in Simmons window. It didn't matter, now. "I'm having such fun. And you ought to pick up a lot of votes tonight. Everybody's enjoying—everybody's—Minnie Jenkins!"

EVERYONE turned and looked towards the doorway. What they saw was worth a look.

For Minnie Jenkins to make a late, dramatic entrance at a party was unheard-of. But for Minnie Jenkins to look as she did was incredible.

Gone was the harried, care-worn look. Gone was the usual practical cotton frock that wouldn't be hurt by working in the kitchen. This Minnie Jenkins was wearing a blissful, ecstatic dream of floating tulle and an expression of confident triumph. Her hair was piled up on top of her head with the perkier of black velvet ribbons to crown its perfection. With her glasses off, her eyes were soft and deep blue and—yes—coquettish!

Someone who had heard her name called and hadn't yet taken a look, came rushing up. "Minnie—we're running out of lemons for the lemonade. Mrs. Archer said we could come over to the Franklins and borrow some if we needed more. Will you—will you—" the speaker paused and took another look. Because Minnie wasn't listening. Minnie wasn't there.

She was out on the dance floor, having the time of her life that only comes to acknowledged belles. She was going from partner to partner. She was accepting a glass of lemonade from an admiring male—a glass, which, for once, she had not made herself.

Corliss stared in amazement. Dexter's jaw had dropped.

"Why—why, she's pretty!" he said. "Who'd ever have thought it? What has she done to herself?"

It came to Corliss suddenly "She's emancipated, Dexter. That's what's happened. She's standing up for her rights."

"She sure is. And I'm all for it." Dexter was enthusiastic and Corliss agreed.

In fact, everyone seemed to agree it was a fine thing. They liked the change. Not even the girls who carried the trays and handed around sandwiches could begrudge Minnie her

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night of triumph. Too many times she had waited on them.

But now the evening was drawing to its height and to its big event. To Corliss' speech. Her first campaign speech, which would launch her into the last and decisive days of the election battle. They gathered around in the living room, all these her friends and possible voters, seating themselves on floor and chairs and sofa, waiting to hear her maiden speech that would be the touch-off for the whole campaign.

The speech that would, to Corliss, seal her doom and cut her off from the human race for a whole year.

She struggled to her feet. Had she once—long ago—a week ago—looked forward to this moment with excitement and elation and pride? Had she seen herself born on the crest of popularity into presidential office? Jeepers!

She'd like to tell them the truth. But she couldn't. She'd have to go through with it. She began.

"LADIES and gentlemen—fellow-students—it gives me great pleasure—great pleasure—"

Her throat choked up. She had a sudden vision of a Corliss Archer who would never be—the Corliss Archer who might have walked across the stage in a princess' costume of gold cloth and sequins. She looked wildly around for help. Her eyes fell on Minnie Jenkins.

"—great pleasure to—"

Corliss stopped short. The dark horse! Why, of course! The idea was a natural.

"—to introduce your new candidate for Student Body President—"

A low murmur went through the room. Dexter had already said just that, introducing the candidate, Corliss Archer. Who was Corliss introducing? Herself?

"Minnie Jenkins!"

It was much later that night and Mr. Archer had already ordered Dexter—twice—to go home and get to bed, but he just couldn't leave. There was too much to be explained and talked about. And there was still a sliver of moon left and he and Corliss were alone, for once.

"Gee—Corliss—what ever made you think of Minnie? It was a colossal idea, that's what it was. And so noble and wonderful of you, giving up your chance to be President just so that Minnie could have it. Everyone is talking about what a terrific sacrifice you made."

"Dexter Franklin, you're just plain dumb! You know I didn't want to run for office. I told you this afternoon. And Minnie does. She says she's emancipated and I guess she is, but I'll bet she still likes doing things for people. It's in her blood."

"She's sure to win." Dexter was a happy man. "She's pretty enough to get the guys' votes—and all the girls remember everything she's done for them and they'll all turn out for her. It'll be a landslide."

Corliss turned over and over a piece of ribbon in her fingers. "Only one thing. Are you planning to be her campaign manager, Dexter?"

"Me? Gosh, no. The only reason I was manager for you and knocking myself out was because—well, you promised—you said if I was your manager you'd—"

And then he was alone. Corliss had gone into the house. Dexter put up his hand to his cheek, holding it there for a moment in grateful awe. She had kissed him!

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No Less Than Heaven

(Continued from page 27)

He and Thelma used to go out together on Saturday nights, to dances or movies or bowling alleys. In his second-hand roadster, they went on Sunday picnics, sometimes alone and sometimes with another couple. Jerry was about average height and he had average good looks—and that was the trouble, as far as Thelma was concerned. He was just too average.

Thelma still had her dreams, even if they weren't about stardom. "I want—I want more than that," she said once to Jerry, somewhere around the tenth time he asked her to marry him. "Oh, I'm awfully fond of you, Jerry, but—but I'm afraid I couldn't make you happy, because what I really want is—"

She stopped, and after a minute Jerry prompted her. "Is, what, Thelma?"

"Oh—everything, I guess," Thelma said, her violet eyes looking past him. "To be rich, for one thing. To have lots of expensive clothes, and eat in expensive restaurants and live in an expensive house. I want to buy perfume at a hundred dollars an ounce, and then give it away to the maid because I don't like it after all. I want to go to South America and have my name and picture in the papers—"

"Gosh!" Jerry said resentfully. "You do want just about everything in the world, don't you?"

"I'd be satisfied, I guess, with only part of it," Thelma admitted. "But don't you see—if I married you, I wouldn't get any of it? . . . Oh, I know that sounds horrible, Jerry, but it's true. I'm sorry to hurt you, but isn't that better than lying to you?"

"I don't know," Jerry said after a moment. "Doesn't the—the fact that I love you mean anything at all?"

"It does now—but it wouldn't always, I'm afraid."

Jerry thought awhile, a worried and unhappy frown creasing his forehead. "I just don't believe it," he said finally. "I don't believe you're as mercenary as you sound. You may think you are, but you aren't, really—because if you were I wouldn't have fallen in love with you in the first place. So I think I'll stick around until you change your mind."

That wasn't very logical of Jerry, perhaps. And yet, somehow, he was right. Thelma wasn't really mercenary. She didn't want money as much as she wanted excitement, escape, even danger. She was bored with her job and with her home—she lived with her aunt in an old-fashioned house on one of the streets where Los Angeles merges into Hollywood—with the people she knew, including Jerry, and most of all, she was bored with herself. But money and the things it would buy were the only symbols of escape Thelma knew, and that is why she sounded mercenary, even though she wasn't.

Her vacation was one of those symbols. For fifty weeks out of every year, Thelma lived for the other two weeks—her vacation weeks. She skimmed on lunches, on clothes for the office and things she really needed, in order to have plenty of money for that glorious vacation.

She never went far from Hollywood for these holidays, because traveling costs money and she wanted to spend

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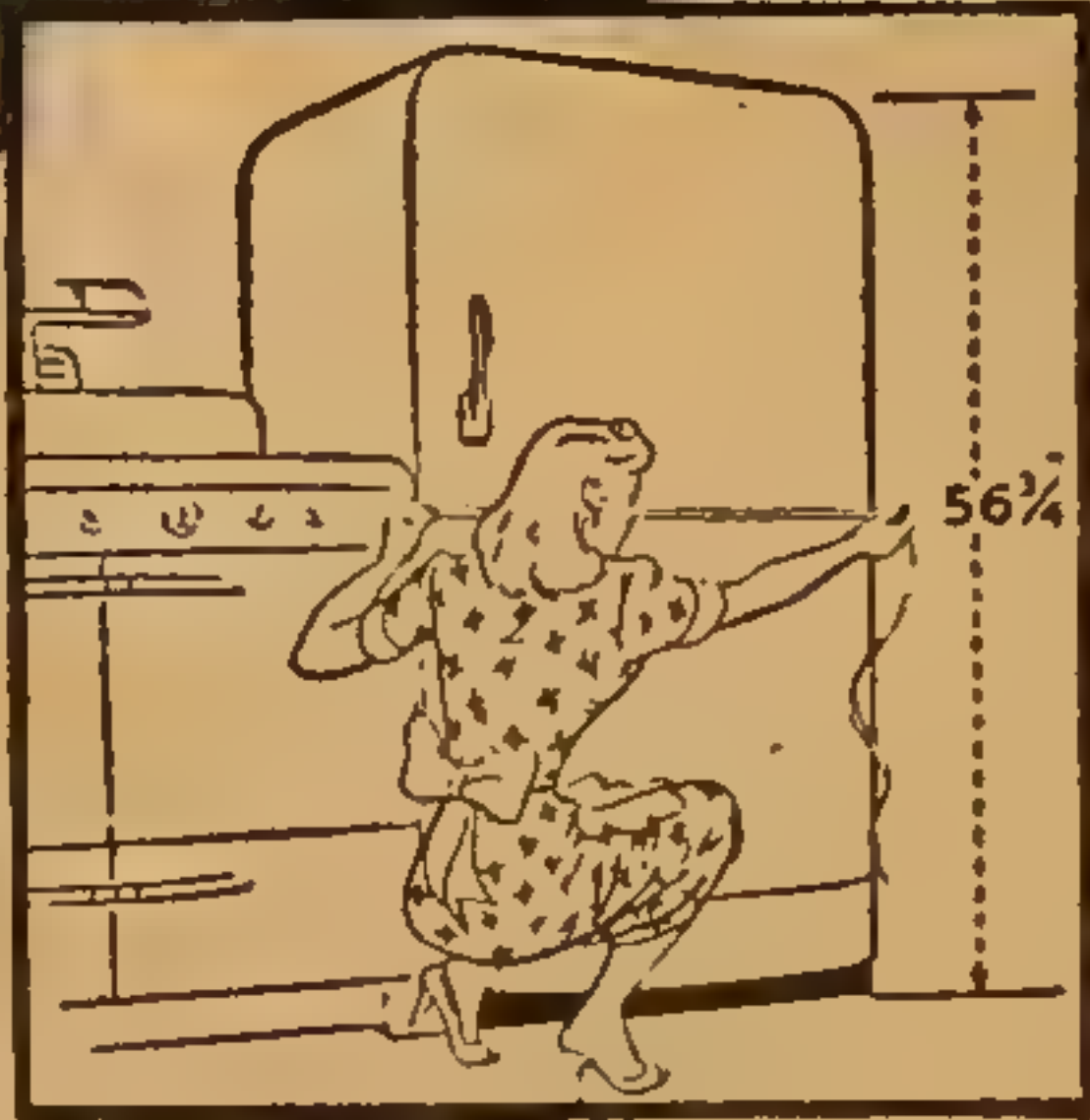
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what she had upon living luxuriously, at a fine hotel. So one year she had gone to Carmel, and another to Yosemite, and this year—the year it happened—she was going to the Lodge in the Pines, on one of the mountain lakes.

At sales in the good shops, all winter long, she had carefully gathered her wardrobe—sports dresses, play suits, evening gowns, accessories. Hardly anything she bought would be of any use to her when the vacation was over. A few of the sports clothes, perhaps, she could wear on Sundays; but Jerry's income didn't run to affairs you attended wearing a strapless evening gown. And, what was more, the girl who went out with Jerry wasn't the kind of girl who would wear these clothes, because they were daring clothes, sophisticated, eye-catching. They were clothes for the kind of girl Thelma would have liked to be.

AS the time for her vacation approached, Thelma grew more and more excited. It didn't matter that nothing much had happened on her previous vacations, nothing but a few mild flirtations with young fellows she had never seen again. This year it was going to be different, this year someone—some romantic someone—was going to fall madly in love with her, and—but, oddly enough, her anticipations never went beyond that point.

"I don't get it," Jerry said sulkily. "Going up to a fancy-pants place like that all by yourself. What fun is there in doing that? You won't know anybody, you'll be lonesome—"

"I'll meet people."

"If you were going with another girl, even—but all alone!"

Thelma didn't explain that she didn't want to go with another girl. Another girl would only complicate things. It would be like taking with her a little piece of her everyday life, and she wanted to leave that entirely behind her.

Thelma felt herself changing as the train took her up into the mountains, that first day of her vacation. In her new blue suit, she felt herself becoming exciting, mysterious, alluring—not just a stenographer embarking on her two-week holiday, but a woman of the world ready for adventure.

She reached the Lodge just in time to dress for dinner. It was a wonderful place, she told herself as she laid out the sleek new evening gown. Coming up from the station in a taxi, she had passed tennis courts and a golf course, where people in bright clothes were playing. The Lodge was a big, rambling building, with a dining room and dance floor built out over the lake itself; from her window Thelma could see the blue sky and bluer water, a speedboat cutting a sharp path in the distance.

At dinner, the tall head-waiter led her to a table near the window. That was a good omen; if he'd tucked her away in a corner it would have meant that nobody would notice her, nobody would try to make friends with her. She ordered and looked around the room at the other diners. Some family groups, a couple who looked like honeymooners, four young people eating together and being very gay, a distinguished-looking man with a deeply tanned face and dark hair, several tables away from her... The distinguished looking man raised his eyes and caught her watching him, and she let her own eyes travel past him, indifferently.

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After dinner she went into the lounge, where coffee was served. Suddenly she was depressed. It would be terrible if nothing happened on this vacation—if she just sat around by herself, and ate, and swam a little bit, and said "How do you do?" to the old ladies and married couples.

"May I?"

It was the man from the dining room, smiling and indicating the empty chair beside her. "You seem to be alone," he said, "and so am I. I thought perhaps—if you didn't mind—?"

Thelma's heart gave a startled leap of happiness, but she was careful not to let him know it. She smiled, not too eagerly, and said, "Of course."

"I'd better introduce myself," he said, sitting down beside her. Thelma wondered how old he was. About thirty-five, she decided. There was a little bit of gray in his dark hair, and fine smile-lines at the corners of his eyes, but he was very slim and erect. "I'm John Kennison, and I'm from San Francisco."

"I'm Thelma Evans, from Hollywood."

"Oh?" he said. "Are you in the movies?"

"Not exactly. That is, I don't act in them, but I work for International. I'm—" And without hesitating, without even thinking about it, Thelma heard herself telling a lie. She simply couldn't say to this obviously sophisticated man that she was a typist, a stenographer. She couldn't. "I'm a designer in the costume department," she said. I suppose she picked that particular occupation because she thought of me.

HE nodded, and somehow he managed to convey, without putting it into words, that he wasn't surprised—that the way she dressed showed she knew about clothes.

They talked about the Lodge and about the lake, about Hollywood and San Francisco, and he ordered brandy for them both. Thelma sipped hers, not liking it very much but ashamed to say so. After a while he asked her to dance, and when he took her into his arms she felt a thrill of excitement—because this was the kind of man she had pictured in her dreams, the kind who would some day fall madly in love with her.

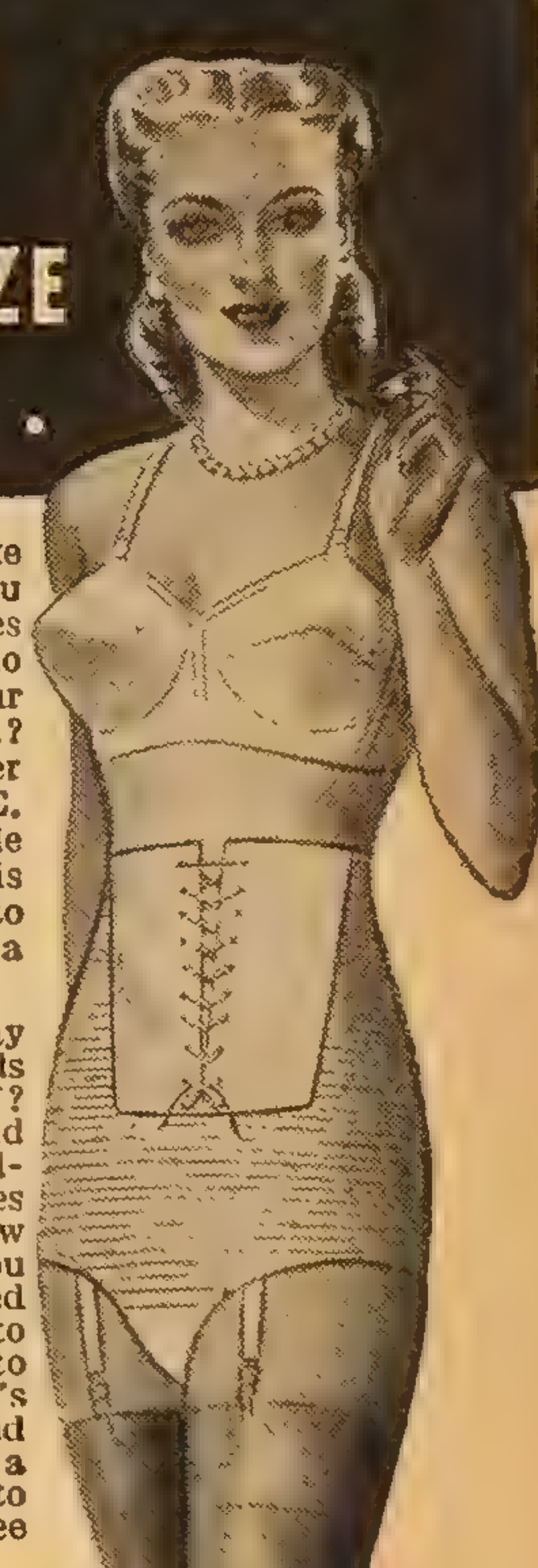
Oh, he wasn't in love with her—she realized that. He couldn't be, so soon. But his eyes told her plainly that he was attracted, more than interested; and he was making plans for places they could go, things they could do, tomorrow and the day after tomorrow and the day after that. He was calling her Thelma and she was calling him John.

That was the beginning of an enchanted week. Riding in John's car, swimming with him, going at night to an elaborate gambling club where he gave her a handful of chips and laughed when she lost them all—every ecstatic minute she heard a voice singing inside her, "It's happening! This is what I've always wanted, this is what I was made for!" She hardly thought of Jerry.

"I get down to Los Angeles pretty often on business," John told her. "We must see each other whenever I'm there."

"Oh, of course!" Thelma agreed—but at the thought of these two weeks coming to an end, of seeing John in Los Angeles, she remembered her lie, and went cold inside with apprehension. Down there, could she keep up

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the masquerade of being a costume designer? She knew she couldn't—she couldn't even continue to be the gay, exciting person she was here at the lake. He'd expect to meet her friends, maybe see where she worked, and she would have to confess.

"Let's not talk about Los Angeles," she said, trying to laugh. "Let's pretend we never have to leave here."

"Suits me," John agreed. They were on the beach, and he smiled into her eyes. "Do you know, I almost didn't come up here for my vacation? I almost didn't take any vacation at all—didn't think I wanted one. But you've made it worth while."

"I'm glad—awfully glad." For once, she wasn't playing the part she'd set for herself, the part of the worldly, clever young woman. She said it simply, honestly.

That was the afternoon he told her about his marriage. "We were both too young, I guess," he said. "Anyway, it didn't work out, and we split up for good when I went into the Army." She was almost afraid to ask it, but she did. "Do you—still love her?"

"No," he said, and shook his head and repeated, "No. It's all over, long ago."

Usually, though, he talked very little about himself, and Thelma was glad because it spared her the necessity of revealing anything about her own life—or of lying about it, which would have been worse. That one lie was quite enough. He seemed satisfied to be with her, to accept her as a holiday companion, as if this time they were spending together were a time cut off and apart from the rest of their lives.

The week went by, and it was Saturday night. John suggested, after dinner, a run over to the gambling club again. He felt lucky, he said, and although secretly Thelma was shocked at the idea of risking good money on the turn of a wheel, she laughed and agreed. At first, John was lucky. Time after time he won, until he had a dozen stacks of chips in front of him. Then his luck turned, until finally he shrugged and said, "That's enough," with perfect good humor. He had lost as much as Thelma was paid for three weeks' work at the studio. And he didn't seem to care! That was what impressed and awed Thelma.

They drove back to the Lodge slowly, and when John had put the car into the parking lot he said, "It's such a wonderful night, let's walk out on the pier." Dreamily, Thelma nodded. Nothing seemed quite real to her.

The pier was deserted. Across the lake, the headlights of a moving car winked and disappeared, came back again. The water lapped softly against the wooden piles underneath the pier. John put his hands on Thelma's shoulders and turned her to face him. His arms went around her and very slowly, he kissed her. Thelma stood still, her eyes closed—knowing that he had brought her out here for this purpose, because he meant to kiss her, and knowing, too, that she wanted him to kiss her again and again.

"You belong here," he said, "in my arms. I'll never let you go. My darling—"

Thelma felt nothing but her lips under his; the rest of her seemed altogether dissolved in a warm, glowing softness. Half-thoughts came and went vaguely in her mind. If only

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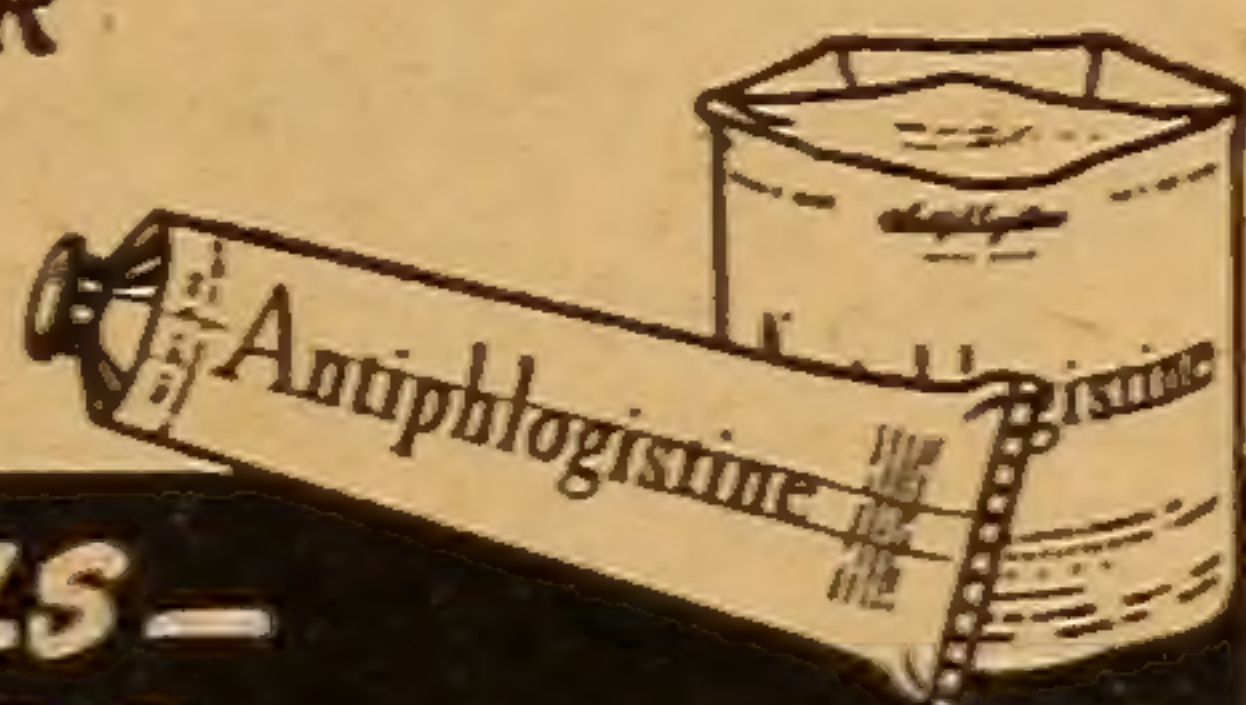
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the night need never give way to day . . . if they could stay here, forever. Together . . . with the glamor of the night and of the kisses wrapping them round.

It was the word glamor that suddenly gave her back the feeling of her feet, in their open sandals, on the damp rough boards, and the chill little breeze across the back of her neck. Because with it came the recollection that the glamor she'd created around herself was a fake. She wasn't a fabulous Hollywood designer, whose whole life was an exciting background for these kisses. She was an ordinary, one-of-a-million stenographer. The glowing warmth faded; flatness came instead. Wouldn't it fade for John, too, if he knew that his arms were around just another girl—a girl just like the one he gave his letters to each office day, or saw crowding into any corner lunchroom?

Stumblingly, but doggedly, she told him. She was doubly ashamed as she heard the humiliating words—ashamed for having lied, ashamed for making such an elaborate "confession" now. Maybe, if she was casual about it, he would have passed it over without a thought. If he really loved her . . . "wanted to impress you," she finished almost inaudibly.

His arms were still around her, but she felt them relax, and then he said in an odd, uncertain voice, "To-impress me?"

"Yes—because being a stenographer is so dull and—and ordinary."

"But how could you afford this place—and your clothes—on a stenographer's salary?"

THE question surprised her—she expected him to be angry, and he didn't sound angry at all. "I saved up all year," she confessed. "So I could have two wonderful weeks, at least."

"You poor child," he said softly. "Oh—you poor little child." He let his arms drop and took a step backward, leaning against the railing that ran around the edge of the pier.

"I know I shouldn't have pretended to be something I'm not," Thelma said miserably. "After I got to know you better, I'd have told you the truth, but I was ashamed."

"Why did you tell me the truth, then?"

"Well—" Thelma said. "I—wanted it to be me you were kissing—really me. I wanted to be able to tell you all about me. I wanted us to—to really know each other. It doesn't count, otherwise—does it?"

"Oh!" he breathed, and for a minute there was silence. Thelma's heart sank. It did make a difference to him, then, after all.

"I'm sorry," she said, and turned to go back to the hotel.

"Wait!" He jumped away from the rail and stood in front of her. "Don't go in, Thelma. Not yet, anyway. I—You see, I've got a confession to make, too. I didn't realize, until just now, that you were so—so very much worth not lying to. Good Lord, I wouldn't care whether you were a costume designer or a stenographer or a waitress—but I did think you were the kind of girl that knows her way around."

"I don't understand," Thelma said, but she was beginning to.

"I thought I could make love to you and you'd take it the way I meant it," John said. "And now that I see how wrong I was—I'm ashamed. Thank goodness you told me about yourself before I really made a mess of things!"



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He laughed a little ruefully. "It's true that my wife and I are separated, Thelma. But we're still married—we always will be. She won't give me a divorce. All I could offer you is—well, what I intended to offer you, and that isn't good enough for a girl who worries because she's lied about the way she makes her living."

"You're still married?" Thelma couldn't believe it. He'd seemed so—whole-heartedly, spontaneously attracted; she couldn't believe he'd been offering as much of a lie as she.

In the starlight, she saw him nod.

"You shouldn't do such a good job of acting smart and sophisticated, Thelma," he said gently. "It fools people—and it might get you into trouble." He lifted a hand toward her and let it fall again. "I'm sorry."

In the coolness of the night, Thelma's face was burning. What a naive little idiot she had been! Of course she wasn't the kind of girl who would have anything to do with a married man—no matter how attractive he was, or how attentive and generous. Every instinct in her revolted against the idea. Yet there she'd been, posturing and pretending, doing her very best to attract him, and succeeding in giving him the wrong impression of her.

She couldn't speak to him. With a sob, she whirled and ran back over the weathered planks, back to the hotel.

The next morning, early, before John was up, she packed her smart new clothes and paid her bill. There was no taxi available at the hotel, and the bus didn't leave until time to connect with the train, but the thought of seeing John again made her desperate to get away. "Isn't there any way I can get to the station sooner?" she begged the desk clerk. Mystified, he told her there was a small truck going in for supplies, and she could ride in it. She had a two-hour wait at the station, but it was better—anything was better—than having to face John in the cruel daylight.

All the way back to Hollywood Thelma huddled against the worn upholstery of her seat in the day-coach, staring out of the window and hearing over and over again John's gentle, ironic voice saying, "You shouldn't do such a good job of acting smart and sophisticated. It fools people..."

Because she wasn't smart, she wasn't sophisticated, she wasn't made for the kind of life John could have offered

her. She realized that now. She was just a little stenographer, after all, who had thought that life ought to be like a technicolored movie—bright and handsome and gay, with all the ugliness left out. Well, it wasn't. Life was never like that, neither her kind of life nor John's.

It was late Sunday afternoon when she got back to her aunt's house, hot and tired from the train and bus. The door was locked—her aunt had probably gone visiting, she supposed—but she had a key in her purse and she went on inside, up to her own room. There she threw the windows open and lay down on the bed. She still had a week of vacation coming to her, and a moderate amount of money. It had been silly, probably, to come back to the city—she could have found another hotel to go to, if she'd tried.

But—but she didn't want to go to another hotel. Looking around her familiar room, the same room that had seemed so uninteresting only a week ago, she knew that she *couldn't* have gone to another hotel. She got off the bed and went out into the hall, down the stairs to the telephone. Lifting the receiver, she dialed Jerry's number. Oh, he mightn't be home; very likely he was out driving somewhere...

"Hello?" It was Jerry's voice.

"Hello, Jerry."

"Thelma! What are you doing back in town?" He didn't sound especially pleased, she thought—just surprised.

"Oh—I got bored, so I came back. I—" She had started to speak lightly, casually, but all at once she couldn't. All at once she was starting to cry. All at once she was saying, "No, Jerry—that isn't true. I mean, it's true, maybe, but—I came back to spend the rest of my vacation with you!"

Thelma is still a stenographer for International, but she's Mrs. Jerry Heath now, and she and Jerry will take their vacation together this year. They're going to drive up to the mountains in Jerry's car, and stay at a place called Kerr's Kamp, which isn't at all fashionable but is quite inexpensive. I think they'll have a good time.

You see, they will be taking the right kind of a vacation. They will be leaving their workaday lives and surroundings behind—as they should, as everyone should. But they won't be trying, as Thelma used to try, to escape from *themselves*. Jerry is too wise for that, and so is Thelma—now.

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